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# BIZARRE.

AN ORIGINAL, LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOL. V.

APRIL, 1854, TO OCTOBER, 1854.

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# INDEX.

## A.

	PAGE
A Song of Punch,	6
A Dream,	32
A Character,	41, 54
A Love—Not of a Day,	57
A L'Inconnue du Nord,	98
A Comfortable Carol,	119
A Riddle,	165
Apparition of the Chevalier De Saxe,	177
Alfred Tennyson,	237, 301
A History of our Constitution,	305
A Mute Woman,	310
A Biblical Relic,	322

## B.

By-Gone Years,	20
Barcarolo,	106
Byron as Man and as Poet,	259, 273

## C.

Charles Dickens,	2
Current Literature, 8, 23, 36, 46, 61, 72, 83, 99, 112, 128, 143, 156, 171, 184, 198, 213, 225, 240, 255, 268, 283, 297, 310, 325, 342, 357.	
City Characters,	217, 237, 252

## D.

Despairing Love,	65
Don Juan,	175, 190
De Origine Vitæ et Mortis,	213
Dryburgh Abbey,	238
Dialogue,	297

## E.

Editor's Chapter, 10, 24, 36, 50, 61, 74, 88, 100, 114, 131, 145, 158, 173, 186, 201, 214, 226, 241, 256, 270, 284, 298, 312, 326, 343, 357.	
Epigram,	42
Ellis Lewis of Wales,	71
Enigma,	252, 290
Epilogue,	280

## F.

Fair Susan,	189
Franklin,	315, 332

## G.

	PAGE
G. P. R. James, Esq.,	245
Giles Collins,	266
George Barrington,	295

## H.

History of a First Tenor's Indisposition and its Cure,	7
Hope,	161
Hugh Grotius,	281

## I.

Inedited Letter of Thomas Walpole,	98
In Feline Obitum,	198
Inscription on a Clock sent as a Wedding Pre- sent,	356

## J.

John Wilson,	91
Joy,	263
J. B. Macaulay,	266

## K.

Kind Words,	148
-------------	-----

## L.

Life and Death,	17
Letters from China, 34, 59, 193, 232, 294,	240
Lines on being asked to wear a Moustache,	72
Lines to ———,	79, 112
Lines,	83, 93, 139, 217
Love Song,	111
Lines sent with a Bouquet of Wild Flowers to a Lady Convalescent,	142
Letter from Virginia,	308
Lay of the Inconstant,	342

## M.

Memory,	5
Miss Catharine M. Sedgwick,	32
Mrs Emma C. Embury,	44
May,	45
Metrical Version of Psalm CXXXVII,	91
Miss Mitford's Lottery Ticket,	224
Memento Mori,	276
My Havana Cigar,	293
My First Client,	320

N.	PAGE
New Coats vs. Old Coats,	267

O.	
Orson à Paris,	18, 29, 43
On seeing a Lady put a Watch in her Bosom,	162
Ode to Bogle,	218
Our Scientific Correspondence,	280
One Year Ago,	341

P.	
Popular Songs of Spain,	67, 78, 99, 108, 122, 137, 150, 163, 177, 192, 210, 222, 234
Percy Bysshe Shelley,	336, 347

Q.	
Questions and Answers,	9, 34

R.	
Reliques of early American Ballad Poetry,	67, 79, 93, 106, 126, 143
Robert the Devil,	127
Robertson's History of Charles V.,	161
Rhymes on a Runaway,	184
Rambling Observations on Free Trade and Colonial Possessions,	207
Readings from Haydon's Memoirs,	223

S.	
Stanzas,	1
Scenes and Incidents in the North of Europe,	57, 106, 150, 163
Spiritual Manifestations,	80, 94, 108, 122, 139, 152, 166, 181, 194, 210, 220, 234, 263, 277, 291
Sonnet to the Dying Gladiator in the Capitol at Rome,	133
Snipe Shooting,	155
Spanish Proverb,	155
Sage Dressing,	197
Sonnet,	198
Scenes in Spain,	231
Sorrows of Werther,	213
Sorrow,	142
Summer Evening in the Country,	147
Song to a Pretty Mouth,	331

T.	PAGE
The Path for Asses,	6
To a Downcast Maiden,	7
True Chivalry,	19
The Study of Languages,	20
The Churchyard at Cambridge,	22
The Flowers,	29
The Bright Eyed Maids of France,	44
The Soldier's last Farewell,	53
The Fiscal Resources of Russia,	65
The Proposed Franklin Monument,	77
Twilight,	83
The Wolf and the Lamb,	105
The Monkey's Toilet,	111
The Executioner of Colmar,	119
The Good Old Things,	125
To Mary,	123
The Loves of Little Job and the Beautiful Blanche,	133
The Vision of Paul of Russia,	137
The Masked Ball,	168
To a Young Lady, on her Marriage with M <sup>r</sup> Gee,	180
The Charmer,	181
The Fair Unknown,	143
The Dead Bird,	147
The Deaf Mute,	148
Theatrical Reminiscences,	203
The Watchet Pitcher,	206
The Mesmeric Sitting,	208
The White Rose,	249
The Toilet,	254
Trial of William Penn,	254
The Spirits,	279
The Modern Othello,	320
The Petticoat,	335
The Continental Buttons,	341
The First Beginning and Form of Freemasonry,	350
The Purgatory of Suicides,	351
The Cipherer,	357

U.	
Unpublished Letter of General Montgomery,	5

V.	
Vincenza,	33

W.	
We Met—'Twas in the Briny Deep,	150

# BIZARRE.

AN ORIGINAL, LITERARY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PART 1.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL EIGHTH.

YEAR 1854.

## STANCES.

(THE ORIGINAL.)

Je t'aime tant, je t'aime tant,  
Je ne puis assez te le dire,  
Et je le répète, pourtant,  
A chaque fois que je respire.  
Absent, présent, de près, de loin,  
Je t'aime est le mot que je trouve,  
Seul avec toi, devant témoin,  
Ou je le pense ou je l'éprouve.

Absent je ne te quitte pas,  
Tous tes discours je les divine,  
Je suis les traces de tes pas,  
Ce que tu fais je l'imagine.  
Près de toi suis-je de retour,  
Je suis aux cieux, c'est un délire !  
Je ne respire que l'amour,  
C'est ton souffle que je respire !

Neixy, je t'aime en mille façons,  
Pour toi seule je tiens ma plume,  
Je te chante dans mes chansons,  
Je te lis dans chaque volume.  
Qu'une beauté m'offre ses traits  
Je te cherche sur son visage,  
Dans les tableaux, sur les portraits  
Je crois démêler ton image.

En ville, aux champs, chez moi, dehors,  
Ta douce image m'est tracée,  
Je te perds quand je m'endors  
Avec ma dernière pensée ;  
Quand je m'éveille je te vois  
Avant d'avoir vu la lumière,  
Et mon cœur est plus vite à toi  
Que le jour n'est à ma paupière.

T'aimer est mon seul bien, ma loi,  
Te plaire est mon unique envie,  
Enfin, en toi, par toi, pour toi  
Je respire et tiens à la vie.  
Ma bien aimée ! O mon trésor !  
Qu'ajouterais-je à ce langage ?  
Dieux ! que je t'aime, et bien encore  
Je voudrais t'aimer davantage !

## STANZAS.

(TRANSLATION.)

How much I love thee, charming fair,  
My faltering tongue can never say,  
Though still to thee the oath I swear,  
And at each breath the vow I pay.  
Absent, or present, far or near,  
The love of thee fills every hour ;  
Alone, I shed the tender tear ;  
Witnessed, I feel fond Cupid's power.

Absent I still behold thy face,  
Thy converse vibrates in my ear,  
Thy steps thro' every scene I trace,  
In Fancy's glass thy deeds appear.  
Near thee, beside thee do I move,  
To bless me deities conspire ;  
I breathe the honied sighs of love,  
It is thy breath that I respire.

I love thee, fair, in thousand forms,  
To thee alone my pen's decreed,  
In all my songs I sing thy charms,  
I read thee in each book I read.  
Is Beauty to my view displayed,  
I see thy roses on her cheek,  
In portraits of each charming maid  
Thy lovely features still I seek.

In country, town, at home, abroad,  
Thy cherished image still I see,  
Subdued by slumber's leaden rod,  
Lingers my last fond thought on thee.  
Waking, thy sweet smile meets my sight  
Before I see the morning's ray,  
Quicker to thee my heart's swift flight  
Than to my eyes the beam of day.

To love thee, O ! what bliss divine !  
To please thee my last sigh to give !  
By thee, with thee, for thee, in fine,  
Thee only, would I ask to live.  
My treasure, O ! my best beloved !  
What can I add to vow like this ?  
Gods ! love so great none ever proved,  
Yet I would still increase the bliss !



## CHARLES DICKENS.

Few impartial persons, however much they may disapprove the *moral tone* of some of Dickens's writings, will deny him the possession of distinguished genius and remarkable literary ability. We have, indeed, encountered two or three individuals, who could not even *force* a hearty-seeming laugh at either his most exquisite strokes of humor or his broadest, most irresistible comicalities. How these beings were organized passed our comprehension. A certain individual, too, in one of our Monthlies perpetrated a "slashing article," wherein he taxed Dickens with wanting not only refinement of taste and genuine humor, but also genius and even talent! If this article had any effect, it must have been simply to "hoist the engineer with his own petard." The decision pronounced concerning our author by an overwhelming majority of the popular suffrages is what I have stated above.

Dickens has two characteristics, which are rarely found united in the same individual, and more rarely still found existing in the same degree as in him. These are originality and popularity. Original he undeniably is both in matter and manner. He copies from none. He borrows from none. You cannot tell, from his writings, whether he is, technically speaking, a scholar, or not, or even whether he is a variously read man, or not. For he scarce ever *quotes*, either from authors ancient or modern, or from writers whether in his vernacular or in other tongues. He rarely ever *alludes* directly or indirectly to such authors, or exhibits indications of acquaintance with books of any description, or with the sciences and arts. This is a singular and altogether anomalous trait of Dickens, which I do not remember having ever seen noticed by his critics or his readers. And certainly I can recall no writer of any age or language, who either matches or even greatly resembles him herein.

Indeed his books would seem to have been drawn entirely from his own mind acting on the materials furnished by human beings and human life, as these have passed before his own eyes. The life he paints, too, is mostly *humble* life, as existing in England, or else the life of what is there called the "middle classes." And how rich and overbrimming with various and often profoundest interest appears even this contracted sphere in the light of his genius! How many persons has he introduced to our acquaintance from this sphere, whom, though new in many of their traits and shades of character, we recognise as veritable men and women, and whom we recall to memory and think about precisely as though we had

known them in actual life! Who will ever forget Sam Weller, so shrewd, so full of resources and ready for all emergencies, so overflowing with mother-wit and native humor, and so admirable for his invincible fidelity? Or who forget Tony Veller, the sire, in whom "width and wisdom goes together," and whose recipe for curing gout, "to marry a vidder," survives as a boon to all coming generations?

Who is not thankful for his introduction to S. Pickwick, Esq., the venerated president of the Pickwick club; the illustrious author of a "history of tittlebats," and the daring explorer of "the sources of Hampstead ponds"—that matchless composite, in whom many of the most excellent qualities of our nature are covered by such an infantile simplicity and lack of so-called worldly wisdom, that he is daily meeting the most ludicrous mishaps and you perforce never cease laughing at him, though, all the while, you respect and love him from the bottom of your soul? And the "Cheeryble brothers," with Tim Linkinwater, their forty years' clerk; and Tom Pinch and his peerless little sister, Ruth; and John Peerybingle, the "man every inch of him," under a carrier's frock, with that most charming of chubbies, his wife "Dot;" the true-souled, gallant Nicholas Nickleby, with his counterpart and sister, Kate, not forgetting honest John Browdie; and that most sweetly pathetic of all creations, the "child-angel," little Nell;—who does not "mark with a white stone" the day, when these and a kindred throng became known to him; beings nigher to his heart and more real than most of the men and women, that breathe and move around him in his daily walks; and beings, that constrain him to think better of and prize more cordially that human nature, which he shares with them? It is most wonderful, too, that you get so profoundly interested in persons, having so little of the extraordinary or romantic in either their characters or the incidents of their lives. It is but the simplest elements, the commonest traits of Humanity, showing themselves, too, amid every-day scenes and in the most familiar acts, out of which are compounded the characters, that impress you as so admirable and so meritorious of love and respect!

And precisely *herein* it is, that the genius of Dickens displays both its marvellous potency and its thorough genuineness. It works like nature itself, whereof it is a veritable correlative,—nature, which on a single drop of wayside water, or on the soap-bubble blown from the urchin's pipe, pencils the unmatchable splendors of the prismatic spectrum; which from the little acorn, not bigger than the boy's marble, evolves the vast, symmetrical, six-centuried oak; which

from a tiny, brown-hued seed, chance-dropped in a lump of dung, elaborates the divine beauty and the exquisite fragrance of the queenly rose; and which from the bare, dreary fields of Winter summons forth, with its sweet and gentle but omnipotent breath, the green, budding promise of Spring, the prodigal luxuriance of Summer and the golden fulfilment of Autumn!

It is a diversified, a noble, and a vast work, that Dickens is performing for our time; and that, too, mainly through the *natural* exercise of his powers, with but a partial, if any, consciousness of the quality of his mission. He is veritably and most efficiently laboring for that grand, and, we may add, *divine* Reform, wherewith this Age is travailing, the emancipation of the great popular mass from that doom, which has weighed crushingly upon them for immemorial generations, in every clime, under every government, and in every form of society,—the doom of midnight ignorance; of uncongenial, unintermitted, penuriously requited toil; of a lot interdicting the development of all the higher qualities of its victims and confining them eternally within the circle of coarse, animal appetencies, vulgar enjoyments and material activities. For the *mere fact* of his constituting *humble life* the principal source of his literary materials operates as a mighty furtherance to this Reform, by interesting, in the pursuits and joys and griefs of the common mass, those intelligent, leading classes, who give tone to opinion and virtually originate institutions, laws and usages.

Not, however, in this *indirect* way *exclusively*, is he promoting by his pen the general good. Not seldom he makes a direct, forceful assault upon those wrongs and oppressions, which press sorely on various orders of the people; and through living *example*, immeasurably more potent than precept or argument, he renders it impossible that the public eye should remain longer blind to their existence. Report says, that Yorkshire boarding schools have been, to some extent at least, regenerated through the exposure of their prior condition under the veil of "Dotheboys-Hall" in Nicholas Nickleby. We can easily credit the report.

Dickens is undeniably among the most popular, and perhaps he should be pronounced the most popular of living writers. The circulation is absolutely immense of whatever drops from his pen, and his emoluments must be enormous. If anything should make an American blush for his Country, it is that its people still persist in profiting by the labors of the transatlantic author without proffering one penny of compensation. Our National Legislature can

find time and means and inclination for any and every enactment, save *one* based on the axiom, "the laborer is deserving of his hire," and embodying the precept, "do ye unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

But this injustice, much as we regret and denounce it, we cannot personally rectify. Suffice it, for the present, to say, that we heartily rejoice in our author's popularity, inasmuch as we believe the influence of his books to be, on the whole, healthful and in various ways beneficial. Much as is the literary use he makes of the debased and vicious of all classes and grades, he yet does so with that infallible tact, which conserves the reader's mind from taint, and makes pollution and infamy themselves inculcate most impressively the lessons of purity and rectitude.

The reading public very naturally like to know something of the appearance and manners of a favorite author. Having passed one evening with Dickens, during his stay in this Country, I will try to give my impressions of him.

He is decidedly a very elegant looking man throughout. He is about, or perhaps rather above, the medium height, slender, well proportioned and genteel in person; with a handsome, expressive face of that *healthful-palish* tint, which, for lack of better name, I call *pearly*, and rather prominent, large, bright eyes, of a dark-blue, if I saw aright in the evening. His head has a fine, classic appearance from its long, brown, silky hair being crisped in small natural ringlets. The forehead is not remarkably large, though well shaped and open, and, craniologically speaking, I should say the entire head was of fine configuration, as it undeniably was gracefully set upon the neck. I noticed, moreover, that his feet fulfilled the patrician requisition of being small in size and handsomely modelled.

His manners are easy and gentlemanly, with the accompaniment of a dignity indicating self-respect and self-reliance, and his movements and general demeanor are alike graceful, cordial and manly. On the whole, when I saw Dickens, I thought him one of the finest, most elegant and most striking men in appearance I had ever seen.

I know of no individual living, who holds a more desirable position before the public than he. While his words are transmuted into *gold* for himself, they are even far better than gold to the world at large. Long may Heaven, in its benignant ordinations, continue life and activity in his chosen sphere to him, who is competent to produce "the Christmas Carol," "the Chimes," and "the Battle of Life!"

## HISTORY OF A FIRST TENOR'S INDISPOSITION AND ITS CURE.

Giacomo Sereno was born in the *Concari*, or beggars' quarter, of Naples. His parents were of the ancient family of the Lazzaroni, from whom they inherited—their laziness! An inheritance at once entailed, on his birth, to their son, without his parents losing any part of their interest in it by this act of generosity. At a tender age,—three years,—he was left to shift for himself (a very easy affair for one with so small a wardrobe), and daily fed on water-mellon rinds, &c., purchased by the income arising from the segar stumps he discovered and sold. A good voice, good looks, and a lucky chance, at the age of twenty made him a chorus singer at the San Carlino Theatre. A few years later we find him at the San Carlo, with title of *primo tenore assoluto*—they might have added *dissoluto*! From that time he was spoken of as “Sereno,” and his fame went abroad. After a while he went with it. St. Petersburg, Paris, London, Vienna; all saw, all applauded, and what was more to him than that, paid him. At last lured on by that modern Fata Morgana—a large fortune; he left the Old World and came to New York. Arrived at the wharf of Jersey City, he found—no Indians! At the Opera House the only trace he could discover of aboriginal simplicity, was the equal attention paid by the audience to the chorus as to the choice *morceaux*, sung by the *prima donna*, *tenore*, *basso*, &c. The Company of which Sereno was one of the tenors, for a wonder, made money; the salaries were promptly paid, and the season bade fair to end prosperously—if it had not have chanced otherwise!

One day at rehearsal, the *prima donna* Signora Seghetta having attended a champagne breakfast, and feeling very dreamily-careless in consequence, reprimanded Sereno sharply for singing “flat” in a duett they were practising. Out came a denial. Reference was made to the conductor; he, poor man, being afraid to decide either way, kept as quiet as Gargantua after Eudemon's discourse. The dispute ran high. *Cospettos* and *Iddias* flew round like bats in a ball room. The tumult was finally calmed. Sereno appeared serene, and one only saw peace in the face of Seghetta. Vesuvius slumbered, the eruption was postponed.

Days glided along swiftly and silently as gondolas over the lagoons of Venice. (Pardon the similes, but Italian comparisons are so appropriate when one is writing an Italian History!) At last appeared on placards in Titan-ic characters,

### BENEFIT OF SIGNORA SEGHETTA.

Sereno's face beamed with cheerfulness, as he greeted Signora Seghetta, on the morning when the Opera of the “Borgia” was rehearsed, for her Benefit. To a careful observer there was too much joy in his face, too much brilliancy in his eyes,—it was deception. It deceived Seghetta.

Her Benefit night came: seven o'clock came: the conductor came: the audience commenced coming—but no Sereno! In his place a servant brought a tea-color'd note, highly perfumed, elaborately sealed and wretchedly written; informing the manager and conductor,—that his “heart was breaking with sorrow at the event, that would so incommode the Signora Seghetta, but—he was unable to leave his room through indisposition!”

Seghetta felt, when the manager burst in upon her and informed her of the fact, handing her the note to read,—as if she had been eating a pound of dry wine-biscuit and had nothing to wash them down. She choked with wrath; she swore revenge; “*mi vendichero di lui!*” She half screamed as the manager on “swiftest wings” flew to repair, as far as in him lay, the breach made in the Opera by the absence of Sereno. The other tenor of the company who had often taken the part of “Gennaro” with Seghetta, before Sereno's engagement, was soon found. Begged, entreated, implored to save the Opera from ruin by taking the character, he consented “at five minutes notice”—as the manager informed the audience, while apologising for the absence of Signore Sereno, on account of indisposition.

At eleven o'clock that night, the “indisposed tenor” entertained a trio of friends at his rooms; seated at the head of a remarkably well appointed, well provided little supper table, with wine *à discrétion*. At twelve o'clock their mirth was at its height, when Sereno feeling cold, called the servant to close the door at his back. No answer was made. Suddenly a feeling of faintness, dizziness, seized him: he had the *mal de mer* on land. The lights swam before his eyes, when, to his astonishment;—dressed in black, appeared before his wavy vision, Seghetta!—as the “Borgia!” With outstretched arms she pointed to the goblet before him, exclaiming with the tragic earnestness of Lucrezia,

“*Il veleno bevesti!*”—(ye drank a poison!)

Sereno clasped his hands in agony over that part of his person which lay below his heart. His companions, mute with horror, regarded his prisoner with fear and dread. While Seghetta continued:

“You vainly thought to go unpunished.

My revenge is ample. *Dell 'ihgiùria mia  
piena vendetta ho già."*

Sereno groaned with anguish. She again spoke.

"But this time I will spare thy life! Take this (handing him a vial), drink it, one drop of that counter-poison alone will give thee life. *T'accompagna del Ciel la pietà!"*

Sereno seized the proffered vial and drained it. The next morning he awoke with a bad head-ache—nothing more. He finished his engagement without any other quarrel with Seghetta.

\* \* \* \* \*

Never to this day does Signore Sereno know that the poison (ipecacuanha!), the antidote and the Borgia's appearance, formed a well executed plot for *the cure of a Tenor's indisposition!*

## MEMORY.

—  
(FROM LAMARTINE.)  
—

In vain the constant flight of Time :  
It passes by, and leaves no trace  
Upon my soul; nought can efface  
The memory of a love sublime.

As midst its leaves the oak doth stand  
When chill November's blasts blow loud,  
I see my years behind me crowd  
In long array, a numerous band.

My head is whitened o'er with age:  
The languid blood flows through my veins  
As flows the stream, whom icy chains  
Hath tempered of its youthful rage.

But thou—though countless years should roll—  
Still will my heart thy image hold:  
Within my heart 't will ne'er grow old:  
For Time cannot affect the soul.

No—thou wilt never leave my eyes:  
For when through earth my lonely glance  
Hath vainly sought thy countenance,  
Sudden I see it in the skies.

There, as thou wert on that last day,  
Thou still art present—that sad morn,  
When, disappearing with the dawn  
Unto yon heaven thou took'st thy way!

And, taking with thee to the sky  
That beauty which thy soul inspired,  
Thine eyes appeared, as life expired,  
Radiant with immortality.

No—thou whom aye my heart doth hold;  
Whose youthful charms I image yet;  
Whom fancy mourns with wild regret;  
Thou in my heart can'st ne'er grow old.

The breeze that steals from twilight's caves,  
Still wantons with thy silken hair;  
Still casts upon thy bosom fair  
Its undulating chestnut waves.

And through the shadow of that veil  
Thy fairest features still beam bright,  
As through the clinging mists of night  
Day lifts on high his forehead pale.

The sun bath his appointed goal;  
With day's decline, is lost to sight:  
But love like our's knows never night:  
Thou shinest always on my soul.

In passing clouds, by desert cave,  
Thy words I hear, thy form I see;  
The air breathes thy soft melody;  
I see thy image in the wave.

When all the world in dreams are bound,  
I hear thy steps about me glide,  
Thy whispering tones my couch beside;  
While winds of night are murmuring round.

And when, above, the sapphire skies  
Bright with ten thousand lamps do blaze,  
I see thee in that orb whose rays  
Fall fairest on my upturned eyes.

And when the sleepy summer's gale  
Wakes from his bed 'mid Orient bowers,  
Above the scent of thousand flowers  
Thy breath alone I do inhale.

It is thy hand that dries the tears  
Which from exhaustless fountains roll,  
When, in the secret hour, my soul  
Doth struggle with its weight of fears.

I know thou'rt with me when I sleep:  
That o'er my couch thy spirit bends:  
That every happy dream it sends  
In sweetest hopes my thoughts to steep.

And slumb'ring thus, should life's cord break,  
And launch my spirit towards its goal;  
Celestial portion of my soul!  
Upon thy bosom it would wake.

Like to two rays of morning's sun;  
Like to two intermingling sighs,  
Our souls will join above yon skies,  
And melt forever into one.

## UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF GEN. MONTGOMERY.

—  
We publish the following autograph letter for the first time. It was written by the unfortunate Montgomery, at Quebec, previous to his making the fatal charge, in which he was killed. It is well known that the British were defeated, and were meditating a sur-

render, when a chance shot deprived Montgomery of his life, and threw the American army into such disorder, as to prevent them from following up their advantage. But for that we would now be in possession of Canada. The letter is addressed to Sir Guy Carlton, commander of the British forces.

#### HOLLAND HOUSE.

SIR:—Let me once more entreat you to have compassion on the unfortunate inhabitants of Quebec—to what purpose do you compel me to distress them? You can but protract for a few days that event which must inevitably in a very short time take place. If you possess any share of humanity, you will not sacrifice the lives and properties of so many innocent people to a vain punctilio.

Embrace the opportunity I offer you of retiring in a manner suitable to your rank. You shall not be a prisoner. You shall have a safe conduct to New York or wheresoever you may chuse to embark. The Lieutenant Governor shall have the same indulgence.

I engage in the most solemn manner for the security of the lives and properties of the citizens—our dispute is not with them—we bear no malice, and the hopes of affording them relief alone induce me to make these proposals.

Should you decline the offer I now make, I hope I shall stand acquitted in the eyes of the world of the fatal consequences which must attend your refusal—which I have sufficiently explained in my former letter.

RICH'D MONTGOMERY.

#### A SONG OF PUNCH.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID  
ABOUT PUNCH.

Tell me not, ye empty tumblers,  
"Life" last night was all a dream!  
That the Punch was drunk—in slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Whiskey's real, sugar's ditto!  
Lemons do unite the whole;  
Dost thou dare, or dost thou dare not  
"Pitch into" the full Punch Bowl?

Not in haste, and not in sorrow,  
Should we send it on its way;  
But so drink it, that to-morrow  
Find us "straighter" than to-day.

Punch is going, Punch is fleeing,  
And our heads, though stout and brave,  
Still like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches o'er *its* grave!

In that glorious field of battle,  
In the Punch Party of life,  
Drink! but not like thirsty cattle  
Quarrel, or create a strife.

Trust no champagne—howe'er pleasant!  
French or German, or "Home made!"  
Drink—drink all the Punch that's present—  
Think not of an aching head!

Lives of Topers all remind us,  
That they had a "jolly time,"  
And departing, thus defined us  
Their position in the rhyme:

"Drink my loved ones—lest another  
Thirsty soul the Punch Bowls drain,  
Drink!—or else some thirsty brother,  
Will take heart, and drink again!"

Let us then, be up and doing,  
Doing drinking, soon and late;  
Or, while some one Punch is brewing,  
Learn to make it, and to wait!

#### THE PATH FOR ASSES.

The Memoirs of the Countess du Barri, the celebrated mistress of Louis XV., though a work known to be a forgery, is one of the most amusing of all that voluminous collection of French Memoirs that has so greatly tended to the information and entertainment of posterity; and is doubtless well known to some of our readers. Though a forgery, as we have said, and written by some Parisian adventurer of the present day, it really consists of a collection of the most amusing anecdotes of the period, interwoven with the most authentic narrative of the life of Madame la Comtesse, within the reach of the biographer. Of no value as an authority, it possesses great merit in other respects. From its pages we quote the following story, which may find an especial value in the eyes of some of our readers as the original of a well known passage in the *Pickwick Papers*:—

During the earlier portion of the reign of Louis XVI., a most amusing incident occurred, founded upon a little mistake made by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. During some excavations going on in the lime quarries of Bellevue, a stone was discovered bearing several Roman characters with no apparent connection with each other. This wonderful inscription was much talked of, and the Academy assembled to deliberate upon the affair. The result of their meeting was an order to their Secretary, M. Dupuy, to write to his majesty, requesting his gracious permission to place the antique stone at the dis-

posal of the academicians. This being granted, the necessary orders were forwarded to the church-wardens and parish authorities, by virtue of which the precious block was carefully removed from its resting place, and conveyed, at a vast expense, to the Louvre, where the learned members of the Academy received it with all due honor. A committee was immediately formed, consisting of M. de la Curne de Sainte Palaye, the abbé Barthélémy, Dupuy, de Breginquin, Auquetel and Keralio, who labored with the most unrelenting zeal to discover the meaning of this singular inscription, but without success, each person finding a separate key to the enigma, and expounding it after his own fashion. In achieving the solution of the characters, which all concurred in pronouncing merely initials, the Academy applied to the Comte de Gébélín, author of *Le Monde Primitif* (to whose writings Pope was indebted for the machinery of the Rape of the Lock), and famous for his skill in ancient languages. The disposal of these famous letters was as follows, and their singular arrangement not a little contributed to increase the difficulties of the erudite philosophers I have named:—

I		C
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	E	
C		H
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	I	N
D		E
S A N E		S

The very interpretations of this wonderful stone were sufficiently obscure to need a second explanation, and the committee durst not venture to give in the proposed signification to the Academy, from a fear of provoking the ridicule of the numerous literati and antiquaries, both French and of other nations, assembled in eager expectation of the event.

While the solution of this wonder excited the attention of all Paris, the mystic characters were copied upon hand-screens, chimney-ornaments, and every article in which it was possible to introduce them, and whole evenings were spent in endeavours to find out this all provoking secret. During the fever of curiosity, and while science was beginning to hang her head in confessed inability to solve the riddle, the Beadle of the parish of Montmartre, chancing to hear talk of an affair which was engrossing all Paris, came in haste to the Academy with a request to be heard on the matter of the inscription, the true meaning of which he affirmed he could furnish. His vanity and ignorance

were rewarded with a loud and derisive laugh from the learned body he addressed. Nevertheless, tired of his importunity, the sapient literati deigned to admit him within their sacred walls, when he thus addressed them:—"Gentlemen, I am but a Beadle, and perhaps an ignorant fellow besides; but I have to state that near the spot where this stone was found, and in the same quarry, it was formerly the custom to sell out the lime to persons who brought asses with panniers to carry it away; now as those who conducted these animals did not always know the precise road they should take to reach the limepits, a stonecutter engraved the one you have before you, according to his own fancy, as a sort of guide. You may perceive that beginning with the first letter, and reading in straight lines, its signification is as follows: *Ici le chemin des ânes.*" (Here is the road for the asses.)

The confusion of the academicians and the unextinguishable mirth of the public when informed of the discovery brought about by this modern Daniel, may be conceived. The Comte de Maurepas suggested that instead of destroying this asinine monument it should be converted into a guide for the academicians on their road to the Hall of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres.

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## TO A DOWNCAST MAIDEN.

---

Why should maiden's heart be moping,  
Why should tears unbidden start—  
Where would'st thou look for sunshine, if not  
In a rosy maiden's heart?

Should a shadow cross thy pathway,  
Deem it not a coming sorrow,  
Every shadow is but transient,  
Here to-day, and gone to-morrow.

Never storm so darkly lowers,  
Ne'er is sky so overcast,  
But the light of sun or planet,  
Streameth through the gloom at last.

Maiden, look ye, Hope is near thee,  
Like an angel bright and fair,  
With a smile of beauty, rising  
From behind the cloud of care.

Cling to her, and every burden  
Life imposes, will be light:  
Never yet the path so dreary,  
But her smile could make it bright.

Cling to her, though passing sorrow  
Chance to make thy visage wan:  
Sages tell us, night is always  
Darkest, just before the dawn.

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

*The Poetical Works of William H. C. Hosmer.* Redfield: New York: 1854. 2 Volumes. Pp. 751. Steel portrait.

Mr. Hosmer deserves no little credit on several accounts. First, for his courage. For courage it certainly demands to publish two thick duodecimos of verse in this prosaic and material, and especially headlong-hurrying age.

The bard's *patience*, too, matches his courage. These 750 *printed* pages must have filled two or three times that number of *manuscript* pages, and if covering two or three thousand letter-sheet pages with one's autography does not demonstrate the possession of *patience* in a marvellous degree, we know not what would.

We trust the writer may be amply compensated for his labors, both by fame and gold. There is a pure spirit manifested in his verses universally, which is calculated to impress the reader beneficially. The author has considerable facility of expression and aptness in versifying. If there have not been vouchsafed him that high creative imagination and those magic felicities of utterance, which signalize the few poet-immortals of our race, and which both would seem a *gift*, and not an *acquirement*, he does but share the lot of the measureless majority even of those, whom the world have agreed to entitle "poets."

In fact, the great mass of the verses, produced at the present day, are little other than measured utterances of the obvious thoughts or fancies suggested by some event or scene, which has specially struck the writer, and might almost invariably be more vividly and forcefully, as well as easily, expressed in prose. Metre, especially when coupled with rhyme, is a very considerable restraint and impediment to the development of one's *whole* thought and feeling. Unless, then, one is distinctly conscious of a faculty stirring within him, somewhat akin to the Homeric, or Miltonian, or Shakspearan potency, we think him far wiser to confine himself ordinarily to prose. Not, however, but that he is free to make his election.

For these handsome volumes we are indebted to H. C. Baird.

*Russian Shores of the Black Sea.* By Lawrence Oliphant. Redfield: New York: 1854.

The present complication between Turkey and Russia, affecting, as it does, all the rest of Europe and no small portion of Asia, has naturally drawn forth numbers of books relating to the regions, which must be the

seat of the menaced war, as also to the histories and resources of the nations primarily concerned. The present volume is a 266 pp. duodecimo, comprising a summary account of the Russian territories bordering the Black Sea, most of which have, within the last century, been wrested from the Turks. The author seems a sensible observer and a faithful describer, and the reader may gather from his pages both instruction and entertainment. We suspect, however, that most readers will lay down the volume, with the feeling, that between Russian and Turkish domination there is little to choose. Russia seems to combine the evils of barbarism with the falsities and rascalities of a thoroughly corrupt civilisation. On the other hand, it is no pleasant thought, that the very garden of the earth, the ancient home of the arts, the embellishments and splendors of high culture, should have been, for four centuries, under the sway of a race with no better result, than a constant decline and decay of all, that once made these lands the excellency and glory of the world! Pity, that *both* these contending peoples could not be driven into the deserts suited to their genius, leaving the countries bordering the Euxine and Mediterranean Seas to be settled and developed by a race more humane and noble than either!

H. C. Baird sends us this volume.

*Merrimack, or Life at the Loom.* By Day Kellogg Lee. Redfield: New York: 1854. Pp. 353.

This duodecimo, with which H. C. Baird has favored us, we can commend to the reader's notice with unqualified heartiness. Its style is simple, lucid, manly and vigorous, and its matter, with variety enough to keep alive attention, is of very peculiar interest to us, as Americans. It is a chapter, or rather several chapters, of genuine American life, and its contents are such, as not only to please, but to make us proudly grateful for our cis-atlantic birth. The reader may here learn what American *factory* life is, and how many peculiarities are comprised in it, which give it a vast superiority over the same life beyond the seas.

There are not a few well drawn characters in the book, and they are planted amid scenes and circumstances, which serve admirably to display, while severely testing, those *principles* distinguishing them, which have long been the glory of New England's domestic discipline. The writer capable of producing a volume like this, would certainly be unjust both to himself and society, if he long suffered his pen to lie idle.

*The Forresters.* By Alex. Dumas. Translated from the author's original MS. D. Appleton & Co.: New York: 1854.

Dumas is undeniably a wonderful man in many respects. His fertility of production, in especial, is absolutely prodigious. We have had, within the last and the now-passing generations, several specimens of the same attribute sufficiently marked to amaze the generality of readers, and even of writers as well; but, if we mistake not, none of them come near Dumas. Possibly Lope de Vega might have been his peer, but we know of none beside.

Nor is it absolute trash, as many things of the Spaniard are said to have been, which the Frenchman pours forth with such unprecedented rapidity and copiousness. As *stories*, his books are invariably interesting. They "grapple us to them with hooks of steel" from preface to finis. He has, moreover, very considerable skill in *characterization*. His three, or rather four "Guardsmen," are eminently brilliant specimens of this kind. We follow them through several successive books, amid an infinite variety of scenes, which bring vividly out their piquant idiosyncrasies, with an interest never flagging, and with precisely the same sense of *reality*, as if we were noting the experiences of authenticated historic personages. "Monte Christo," moreover, is not only an amazingly powerful character, but one intensely original, as is also the tale, through which he manifests his singular, yet by no means monstrous, individuality.

Dumas excels alike in the historic romance, and in the novel, or tale of every day life. He has done for French history what Scott did for Scottish, and portions of English history.

The present volume, with which we have been favored by C. G. Henderson & Co., Arch and Fifth streets, is one of his common life tales, and is a sufficiently favorable specimen of this class of his writings. The story, as is usual with him, is interesting, and brings before us some specimens of character, both good and bad, which manifest the author's genius in conceiving and aptitude in developing and shaping. The book will afford a fair resource for a leisure hour.

*Memoirs, Journal and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.* By Lord John Russell, M. P. D. Appleton & Co.: New York: 1854. Part VIII.

This work must needs have a certain interest for the reader, partly from having been written by a favorite poet, and partly from its dealing with a multitude of the

notabilities of the generation just expired. Otherwise we can hardly think it would have secured much notice. Certainly, as a literary performance, it is what might have come from *any body* familiar with the pen, as well as from Moore. We are not sure we can detect in it any of Moore's specialities, unless it be his fondness for the society of the great and the fashionable.

However, from its familiar and perpetual allusions to so many personages, who have gained a place in our regards through their books, or otherwise, this work will always have a real and considerable value. It is one to keep on our table, to be caught up again and again at odd moments. We are therefore glad of its publication.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

[It is proposed under this new head to present to the readers of BIZARRE questions from our correspondents upon literary matters and others that may pass within the scope of our paper, and the replies that may be made to them. We furnish one respecting a Philadelphia Periodical, but little known to the present generation.]

### THE TRANGRAM.

Who were the authors of a periodical published in this city in the years 1809 and 1810, under the title of "The Trigram, or Fashionable Trifler. By Christopher Crag, Esq., his Grandmother and Uncle"?

The motto, which is Shakespeare a little altered, was very happy:

"How now ye cunning, sharp and secret wags!

What is it ye do?

A deed with a double name."

It is on the model of the *Salmagundi* started a few years before in New York, and furnishes some very curious particulars of the fashionable manners of Philadelphia forty-four years ago. Many persons who then figured in high life are described in a way which doubtless was quite intelligible to their contemporaries but rather less so to us. No. 1, for instance, contains an account of a "rout given by my lady Bolus," who doubtless was the wife of some physician. Among her guests were Dapper Dumpling, Billy Mushroom, Oliver Crank, and Lydia Lively. Mention is made in another paper of Tristram Rostrum, an auctioneer, Squire Groom and the lovely daughters of Commodore Hatchway, likewise of a Counsellor Flummery.

All that I have been able to learn respect-



ting the authorship, is that three writers were concerned in the work, one of whom wrote Christopher Cragg's paper, another those of his Grandmother, and the third those of his Uncle, and that the late Mordecai M. Noah, at that time an apprentice to a maker of looking-glass frames, was one of the three. Cannot some of the readers of BIZARRE enlighten us as to the others?

GWILLIM.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

### CHESS WORSHIP AND MRS. ANNA BACHE.

There appeared in BIZARRE, week before last, an article entitled "Chess Worship, or the Temple of Caissa," which the reader must have perceived had reference to events occurring in private life, and was scarcely sufficiently intelligible or interesting to the general reader to entitle it to be printed in a public newspaper. Its appearance at that time in the pages of this Journal, happened entirely through a mistake. The publication was immediately complained of by the author in a letter to the Editor, who endeavoured, without the loss of time, to make every apology in his power, and to explain how the mistake occurred. Though expressly against the rules of this paper to publish the names of the authors of the respective articles, in view of the peculiar manner in which "Chess Worship" made its appearance, and of the great offence its publication afforded to the author, who was furthermore a lady, in our note of apology and explanation we offered an abrogation of these rules, of which offer, advantage has been taken in expressive terms. Our explanations, moreover, did not prove satisfactory, and the communication received in reply from the lady, requests us, amongst other things, to give to the public, through the pages of BIZARRE, an explanation of the occurrence. As the best means then of making the *amende honorable* as fully as lies in our power, we submit the correspondence, in which, and in the preliminary remarks here ensuing, may be found the clearest explanation it is in our power to make.

Five and a half years ago the author of the article in question, and the Editor of this paper happened to be members of the same domestic circle, for the entertainment of which, "Chess Worship" was written, and, as its author had gratuitously made flattering mention of us therein, we were pleased, in order to exhibit some interest in a matter which had evidently cost its originator some pains, to be made the possessor of a copy of the poem, and, further, to conceive recently the idea of pub-

lishing it. A feeling of a friendly character subsisted at that time between the lady and ourselves, which—although individual interests in life subsequently separated us—was never interrupted on our part, nor had we ever, to our knowledge, given the slightest cause for its cessation on the part of the lady.

The first of the following letters, it will be perceived, was addressed to "The Editor of BIZARRE," the lady being then ignorant that we fulfilled the functions of that office.

The ensuing correspondence the reader will now find to be perfectly intelligible.

### LETTER NO. I.

[Mrs. Anna Bache to the Editor.]

PHILADELPHIA, March 28th, 1854.

To the Editor of BIZARRE.

SIR—Yesterday I saw in your BIZARRE of Saturday last, a poem, entitled "Chess Worship, or the Temple of Caissa"—of which I am the author. Under other circumstances, it would have given me pleasure to see any thing I had written, in a paper so ably conducted as BIZARRE—but that poem is *my property*, and was intended to form part of a volume which I am preparing for the press. It is published in a garbled form, and without the notes which make the key to any merit it may possess as a mock-heroic poem. I have declined several offers for its publication in the pamphlet form, and to see it printed without my knowledge or consent, is, of course, both vexatious and disadvantageous to me.

"Chess Worship" was written about four years ago. I never gave but *one* copy of it, and *that* was to one of the gentlemen alluded to in the poem. I gave it at his earnest and repeated request, and not until he had given me his *word of honor*, never to circulate it, and never to copy it, or allow a copy to be taken.

Will you be kind enough to explain to me how it came into your hands, and whether it was *sold or given* to you? An answer at your earliest convenience, will oblige me much.

I am, &c.,

ANNA BACHE,  
288, Chestnut street.

### LETTER NO. II.

[The Editor to Mrs. Anna Bache.]

PHILADELPHIA, March 29th, 1854.

DEAR MADAM—I do not wonder at the displeasure you manifest in your letter of this date, to "the Editor of BIZARRE." Though it may seem an impossible task at the outset, I venture to say, that I will convince you that I thoroughly merit your pardon for the misconduct of which still you so justly complain.

I have been an Editor of BIZARRE from its commencement, and its sole Editor for some months past. The manager and publisher of the paper, for my convenience, lately established his publication office in the same building in which, for many years, I have had my own office. This contiguity made him familiar with my quarters—from a large table drawer in which, he had more than once observed me to extract material for the printers. This drawer, be kind enough to observe, is my belles-lettres conservatory, being both an arsenal of prose and a Helicon of poetry—comprising *every* literary production in the manuscript state that I possess, whether of my own or others' writing; and there I cherishingly preserved your, to me, peculiarly engaging poem. (These details may strike you as insignificant, but I am anxious to omit *nothing* which can serve to make out my complete justification before you.) I left town the latter part of last week after preparing all the "copy" necessary for the forthcoming number of BIZARRE, leaving, however, two pages of space for an article from the German, by my friend, Mr. Robert M. Richardson, which he was to have sent to the printers upon the day of my departure—upon his doing which, I had every reason confidently to depend. Nevertheless he failed to do so, and in this strait the publisher (who is a person of considerable taste), thought himself authorized to resort to my *repertorium* above described.

A very short time prior thereto—perhaps the day before—I had been reading over, for the "thousand and first" time, "The Temple of Caissa," and had left it among the prominent, uppermost papers in my drawer, with the very design of soon soliciting its author's permission for its publication in the first number of the new volume of BIZARRE, to appear in an improved aspect in the beginning of April. Whether it was the actual merit itself of the article, or that it was the first to hand—or whether that it happened to be of the required length, or because that the folios still retained a lingering perfume from your *porte-feuille*, and were coquettishly laced together with a pink ribbon, bearing the original bow tied by your own free hands—making it pre-eminently the most attractive MS. of the whole *entrepot*—which of these reasons, I say, influenced the diabolical printer—evidently my evil demon—in selecting your poem, I cannot tell. I only know, alas, that on returning to town on Monday morning I was horror struck at the appearance of "Part 25" of BIZARRE, not only because it offered to my sight your *epic*, but—to barb the dart—because it presented it upon a most revolting quality of paper, and, as you state, in a "garbled form." The

whole "number" abounds also with typographical errors. That you may not doubt then the master-hand's total freedom of responsibility for this botchery, I refer you to the ordinary, neat appearance of BIZARRE, a few of the preceding numbers of which I send you by way of contrast. The very publication itself of your poem, in your own city, and in a paper with an almost exclusive Philadelphia circulation, and too, among that excellent society in which you would be most likely to meet it—as, you see, you have straightway done—contains I should imagine sufficient internal evidence that I could not have been so possessed as deliberately to have sanctioned its publication. If I could have ever entertained the idea of doing so without your consent, the slightest glimmering of reason must have suggested that very issue which has conformably survived. You see I lay no stress upon any claims of my own to credit upon my mere statement, but address to you an argument, the force of which, I think you will acknowledge. Nor do I assign as cause my own *conceptions of honor* in regard to any disposition of a MS. confided as this had been by you in my hands, for, in your demand whether your poem was *sold* to BIZARRE, have I not cause to consider my feelings outraged? May I ask you to explain how you were justified in propounding so bold an hypothesis? Though it is far from incumbent upon me, I will state that such a conjecture is so wide of the truth, that my whole editorial services to BIZARRE are rendered entirely in a spirit of dilettanteism.

You very naturally inquire now why I did not consider it my duty immediately on Monday, to apprise you of all these facts, and this is a matter equally susceptible of explanation. Upon inquiry I found that about the first half of Saturday's edition had been printed on the usual white quality of paper, the supply of which then becoming exhausted, an inferior *article* (I speak commercially) had been carelessly adopted to complete the regular edition. *Every one* of the better copies had been mailed, or distributed in Philadelphia, on Saturday, and being too deeply mortified at the appearance of the only ones left on hand that I could submit to you, I had given the carrier directions to recover, if possible, from some of the subscribers a few decent copies, to send to you with an explanatory letter. Having failed to obtain these, I was about making up such a parcel as I best could for you yesterday morning, when I received your note, the nature, and style of which required a somewhat periphrastic reply, which my ever recurring business duties have precluded me from rendering to you at an earlier hour than the present. The half-

a-dozen copies I send you have the trifling advantage of *white covers*—in other respects they are as badly printed as the worst.

If I can make you *any amends* for this mischance, whether by apology in the columns of BIZARRE for its publication, or by giving you in the same public manner the credit of its authorship, or *otherwise*, be assured that I will concede with alacrity to any proposition you may be pleased to signify to me.

I am, dear madam,  
your very sincere friend,  
and most obedient servant,

To Mrs. Bache. \_\_\_\_\_

LETTER NO. III.

*Received April 1st. The copies of BIZARRE sent with LETTER No. II. being returned with this letter.*

[Mrs. Anna Bache to the Editor.]

PHILADELPHIA, March 31st, 1854.

To Mr. \_\_\_\_\_.

SIR—For the affront offered to me in leaving the MS. confided to your keeping, (on the *express condition* that it should be seen by no one but yourself,) exposed in an open drawer, you can offer me no reparation; nor can I readily calculate the amount of pecuniary injury done to me by the surreptitious publication of the poem, intended as the leading article of a book, for which I had reason to expect an extensive sale. The price I should have received for "Chess Worship," had I sold it singly, is fifty dollars, and that sum at least, I am entitled to claim from you. Also, a republication of "Chess Worship" in BIZARRE, in *better type*, with an explanation, crediting the authorship to me; and I think I should receive a written apology from the person who purloined the MS. from your drawer.

ANNA BACHE.

LETTER NO. IV.

[The Editor to Mrs. Anna Bache.]

PHILADELPHIA, April 1st, 1854.

MADAM—Enclosed I send you my check for Fifty Dollars, being the price of your poem, entitled "Chess Worship," as fixed by you in your letter of March 31st.

I am, madam,  
your obedient servant,

To Mrs. Bache. \_\_\_\_\_

The lady's requisitions, as embodied in LETTER No. III. may then be capitulated as follows:—I. The payment of Fifty Dollars, the price at which she estimates its value. II. A republication of "Chess Worship" upon better type. III. An explanation to the public of the manner in which it made its appearance. IV. The announcement of the name of the author. V. A written

apology from our printer and majordomo for purloining the MS.

It will appear by the foregoing correspondence that we have yielded to all of the lady's requirements with the exception of those contained in ARTICLES II. and V. of the capitulation. As to these requests, we think that the public will bear us out in saying, that the lady can hardly be justified in insisting upon them:—As to that contained in ARTICLE II: *First*. Because we have *no* better type. *Secondly*. Because however excellent the poem may be to the initiated, its reception, by that class of our readers with whom we have been immediately brought into contact, was not sufficiently enthusiastic to call for an *encore*. Our own personal feelings and interests we are willing to sacrifice—we cannot take liberties with the patience of our readers.

With regard to the final request, comprehended in ARTICLE V: Though *purloin* was hardly a fair word to describe the act of the printer, we still submitted to his better nature the propriety of making the apology demanded, but he obstinately and unfeelingly refused. We only regret that there is no law to compel him.

We think then we may safely say that, to the extent of our power, the lady's utmost requests have been complied with, and we trust that she will now acknowledge that we have done her justice.

—  
"L'HONNEUR VEUT DU SANG."

The age of chivalry is gone—that of practical wisdom, shrewd common sense, and enlightened philanthropy has succeeded, and (to the glory of Europe) a mischievous absurdity is exploded for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that abject servility to rank and station, that tyrannical subjugation of sex and condition, that enthrallment of the heart which suppressed beneath the bonds of feudal servitude the exalted spirit of freedom. The costly pomp of idle pageantry, wrung from the thrift and industry of nations, the nurse of privileged classes, of narrow prejudices and blind fanaticism is gone. It is gone, that perversity of principle, that mistaken sense of honour, which magnified every fancied affront into a stain that could only be washed out by the blood of the offender, which stifled all moral courage while it stimulated ferocity, which suffered to languish in obscurity the humble merit it never deigned to touch, and under which vice itself, disguised in the trappings of grandeur, escaped with impunity.

Nevertheless we still meet with the term occasionally in some of our exchanges; and we shrewdly suspect that the principle is

not yet entirely gone, but has only found a more congenial home, nearer the sun, between certain parallels of latitude on this side of the Atlantic. When we read a grave state paper couched in the language which Mr. James, the novelist, puts in the mouths of his heroes of romance, and see the governor of a redoubtable state in his annual message to the assembled legislature, declare himself ready to obey their "high behests"—can we doubt the disposition to revive this obsolescent spirit, or suppose for a moment that Don Quixote had ever been written?

To be sure, the word is generally printed with quotation marks—a sly innuendo, as much as to say "chivalry," so called, or pseudo-chivalry—but this is sufficient to substantiate the existence of somewhat that passes current under that name—a derivative whose etymon (as every body knows) is *cheval*—a horse. Whence we can easily perceive how the language of the "chivalric" naturally has a strong savour of the turf, and assimilates kindly with the slang of Tattersall's, or the "chaff" at Newmarket.

"Almost an 'affair of honour,' which recently sprang out of one of many similar interchanges of parliamentary courtesies in the *Wittena-gemote* (meeting of wise men), of a great country sufficiently proves our theory.

Amadis of Gaul would have thrown down his gauntlet, in *consimili casu*, as a challenge to mortal combat. But the Hon. gentleman from Nebraska, by the simple use of two plain Saxon monosyllables of unmistakable import, like the "*dummer jungen*" of the German student, flings defiance in the teeth of his adversary.

After the manner of Touchstone's classification, we proceed more clearly to define the different forms of giving the lie as practised in an august body of legislators, the present session of which has been particularly fruitful of brilliant examples.

First, there is the lie inferential, or by implication—as when the Hon. gentleman from Kansas rises in his place and says, "whosoever makes such or such an assertion declares that which is false." The inference is, that the member from Sonora who has just taken his seat, is not a man of his word.

Next comes the lie conditional, or coupled with a condition, which, admitted, impeaches at once the veracity of the party to whom the premise applies, as thus:—

The Hon. gentleman from Sonora—"If the gentleman from Utah says he saw such a statement—"

Hon. gentleman from Utah (rising hastily)

—"I said I *believe* I saw such a statement."

Hon. gentleman from Sonora—"If the gentleman says he believes he saw the statement, I tell him that I don't believe that he believes, &c."

Then follows the lie direct (this occurs also in the Touchstone enumeration)—it is properly applied in the second person, and usually meets with the retort of a *tu quoque*, if nothing more.

Last of all comes the lie "in the throat"—the culminating point and capped climax of verbal provocatives. This intensive, drawn from the old play books, naturally brings about a dramatic termination that calls for the immediate intervention of friends, and "an amicable adjustment of the difficulty." Such, we are happy to see, has been the case in a late 'very pretty quarrel as it stood,' which exhibited in its newest aspect one of the various phases of modern "chivalry."

What has long been a *desideratum* (we speak as a member of the legal profession), is a *codification* of the "laws of honour."

#### DRAMATIC CRITIQUE.

The friends of the legitimate drama have never, within our recollection, had more just cause to congratulate themselves than during the past fortnight. During this period, no less than three sterling pieces, of the very highest order of merit, but which were erroneously supposed to be obsolete in their ideas, antiquated in their language, or so embarrassed in their incidents as to be incapable of giving satisfaction to the public at the present age, have been brought forward by as many managers in generous competition, each in satisfactory style, and each drawing crowded and delighted audiences. The *Jealous Wife*, *Love for Love*, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, it is true, are all of the first class of theatrical compositions, but for a long time it seems to have been taken for granted, in this country at least, that they were only adapted for the days gone by—that they were now closet-plays merely. Experience has proved the falsity of this theory.

To begin then, like charity, at home. (The *Hypocrite*, as brought out at the Arch Street Theatre, we have already noticed.) The same management have since produced, to crowded houses, Colman's sterling comedy of the *Jealous Wife*. In this piece we would especially commend in their respective characters, Messrs. Wheatley, Drew and Thayer, and Miss Kinlock. We were better pleased with the latter as Lady Freelove, than in any other part we have seen her

assume. There was not a bit of herself visible in the whole performance; she was thoroughly and naturally the *fade*, frivolous, hollow-hearted fine woman of fashion. In some of the parts, we thought there was rather a disposition to over-do the thing—to tear a passion to tatters—a very great defect in scenes like some of those of the *Jealous Wife*. But, it seems to us, this is a rare fault now-a-days, when actors are so much less apt to go too far than to stop too short. A wooden, sticky, cold-blooded dawdler on the stage is our abhorrence. One thing more we must notice. In the representation, Lord Trinket's part is *cut*, so that the soliloquy in which his real designs towards Miss Russett are declared, is left out. Now this is all wrong; without it, Lord Trinket's conduct is inexplicable to the spectator. He must stand confessed a genuine scoundrel, ere it can be expected we should rejoice in his disgrace and defeat. It is not enough that the man is a fop, to ensure him our ill-will, unless we are willing to give it from motives that Colman would never have wished to excite. Charles Oakley is a bit of a sot—and of rather bad-dish temper—yet we are forbidden to despise him on the score of mere manners. No, Lord Trinket's soliloquy should be restored. And if honest Captain O'Cutter will pardon the suggestion, we would hint that topboots are not a part of the usual costume of a sea-captain.

*Love for Love*, by Mr. Congreve, was brought out lately, for the first time in many years, at Wallack's Theatre in New York. We believe that about ten years ago it had a short run in New York or Boston, but the details of this circumstance have utterly escaped our recollection. Certain it is, that it has never before been given so successfully as now on this side of the Atlantic, and probably never upon the other. The scenery, costuming, &c., are prepared with the greatest fidelity to truth in the design, and with unwonted luxury and skill in the execution: in fact, as the bill-stickers would say, it is gotten up "regardless of expense." And the cast of the characters is as follows: Sir S. Legend, Mr. Blake; Valentine, Mr. Lester; Ben, Mr. Brougham; Tattle, Mr. Walcot; Foresight, Mr. Thompson; Scandal, Mr. Dyott; Angelica, Mrs. Hoey; Mrs. Foresight, Mrs. Cramer; Mrs. Frail, Mrs. Brounham; Miss Prune, Mrs. Stephens.

It would be superfluous to say a single word in commendation of the wit so unsparingly strewed by this author through all his comedies, and in none with a more bounteous hand than in this. Even himself (except, perhaps, in the *Way of the World*) has never written anything to surpass it. As Mr. Macauley says, the very valets and

*femmes de chambre* of Congreve speak more real wit than could be found in the whole *Hotel de Rambouillet*. This constitutes, in fact, one of the chief stumbling blocks in our author's way, and may, perhaps, be in part the cause of *Love for Love* being so seldom produced, and of his other comedies' (the *Old Bachelor*, the *Double Dealer*, etc.) total banishment from the stage; as well as, to a great extent, the scanty justice meted out to those of his imitator and successor, Sheridan. Where can a company be found to fairly represent a play, every part of which demands a first rate performer? Occasionally, it is true, wind and tide concur, and then we have such a treat as Mr. Wallack has lately afforded us.

"Congreve's style," says Mr. Hazlitt, "is inimitable, nay, perfect. It is the highest model of comic dialogue. Every sentence is replete with sense and satire, conveyed in the most polished and pointed terms. Every page presents a shower of pointed conceits, a tissue of epigrams in prose, is a new triumph of wit, a new conquest over dullness. The fire of artful railery is nowhere else so well kept up. This style, which he was almost the first to introduce, and which he carried to the utmost pitch of classical refinement, reminds one exactly of Collin's description of wit as opposed to humour,

'Whose jewels in his crisped hair  
Are placed each other's light to share.'

In the representation of *Love for Love* at Wallack's Theatre, Mr. Blake as Sir Sampson, Mr. Lester as Valentine, Mr. Thompson as Foresight, Mrs. Stephens as Miss Prue, and Mrs. Cramer as Mrs. Foresight, were capital. Ungallant as it may seem, we are forced to yield the palm in this piece to the male performers over the ladies. Angelica (Mrs. Hoey) exhibited careful study; but, to our thinking, she was a little too cold and formal. This character is one of coquettish vivacity, and should be so rendered. Tattle and Scandal were rather coldly given; Mr. Jeremy struck us as too pert and forward in his manner of speaking; Mrs. Frail was represented by a lady of great cleverness, but too bulky for the part allotted to her in this piece. Mr. Brougham as Ben, was one of the most attractive features of the play. He was perfect in his part, according to his idea of it, and his conception is not only a vivid but an agreeable one—the only question in our mind is, whether it is not different from the author's intent. To us, Congreve's Ben seems a surly, hoarse-voiced, narrow-minded sailor, grumbling and discontented on every occasion, save only when the tender passion comes in to soothe his "savage breast;" and even then, it is his vanity that is

interested and not a pure affection. See how readily he is imposed upon by a few honied words from Mrs. Frail, and how brutally he "turns again and rends her" when she scorns his suit. But Mr. Brougham makes of this "surly sea-monster" an honest, free-spoken, open-hearted sailor; who, after acquiescing voluntarily in Sir Sampson's hateful plot to swindle his elder brother Valentine out of his patrimony—a business, in which Ben himself was to be the whole pecuniary gainer—turns about, the instant the scheme falls through as it is on the moment of execution, and heartily congratulates the very brother whom he had all along hitherto been seeking to triumph over and wrong. This we take to be a mistake of Mr. Brougham's; nevertheless, he plays his part with so much fire and excellence, that we are unwilling to assume even the air of censure. The part of Foresight ought to be a very satisfactory one to Mr. Thompson, when he contemplates the success he has attained in it, and reflects that it was a leading character of the great Munden's. Sir Sampson's figure of body, according to Mr. Blake, suits so well with the tyrannous, overweening, arrogant "habit of his soul" as to command our especial commendation. We may mention here that in preparing this piece for representation, many judicious "cuts" have been made. The famous bedroom passage between Tattle and Miss Prue, and the bodkin discourse are wisely omitted.

At Burton's Theatre in New York, the *Midsummer Night's Dream* has had a capital run. We subjoin the "bill of particulars," but our limits will not permit us to dwell as long as we could wish upon its detailed merits:—Theseus, Mr. Fisher; Egeus, Mr. Moore; Lysander, Mr. Jordan; Demetrius, Mr. Norton; Philostrate, Mr. Levere; Nick Bottom, Mr. Burton; Quince, Mr. Radcliffe; Flute, Mr. Johnston; Snout, Mr. Andrews; Oberon, Miss Raymond; Titania, Mrs. Burton; Hippolyta, Mrs. Cooke; Hermia, Mrs. Hough; Helena, Mrs. Buckland. As in *Love for Love*, the scenery, costumes, &c., of this piece were handsome and appropriate in an eminent degree (though, in point of scenery, the same piece is produced at the Broadway Theatre in equal, if not superior style), but, unlike *Love for Love*, the women actors in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* are capital in their places. Mrs. Cooke, as the "Hippolyta," Mrs. Buckland (Kate Horne), as Helena, and Miss Raymond, as Oberon, are excellent. And Hermia is well played by a very pretty woman, Mrs. Hough, who may be well excused for not being blind to the charms of the face her glass presents her every morning of her life, let alone the

other times of the day. She makes a very good Hermia, and if, in addition, she comforts us with the prospect of a very pretty face and figure, of expressive features and of a pair of neatly turned, soft falling, white shoulders, how much more thankful ought we to be for the providence. Beauty is, of all things, "an excellent thing in woman" when that woman has to seek for the public approbation. It seems positively ungallant to think even of a young and pretty girl what we would unhesitatingly blurt out against any ugly old witch, and therefore we are always glad to see a pretty woman on the stage—she is sure to make the audience so contented.

If to her share some human errors fall—  
Look at her face, and you'll forgive them all.

As Bottom the Weaver—a part in which even Liston failed—Mr. Burton is very successful. The mock-play of *Pyramus and Thisbe* is very well done by his "hempen homespuns"—his Athenian fellow-mechanicals. Quite a ludicrous scene occurred, by the way, at one of the representations, in consequence of the appearance of a second dog upon the stage at the moment when Moon, with his lantern, bush and dog, presented themselves. The exchange of civilities between the two canine brethren, though not "down in the bills," was very absurd and amusing.

We may dismiss the other characters in a lump, by saying, with great justice, that they were all well done; a thing so unusual as to induce us to regard it as a very great compliment to Mr. Burton's *troupe*. But the charming little fairies were really so winning, so pretty, and so graceful, as to render us eager to specially proclaim their merits. Many of them were the nicest, happiest-faced little girls of ten or twelve years of age that can be imagined. By employing children of superior sprightliness and inferior size to perform the fairy parts, Mr. Burton has removed one of the chief difficulties that have hitherto attended the representation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

#### FELICCO AND SALVOTTI.

About thirty years ago, Signor Salvotti made himself hateful to all Italy by condemning Silvio Pellico and many others to terrible punishments for certain political offences. At the very moment Silvio Pellico was appearing before a higher tribunal, the son of Salvotti was being condemned to twenty years imprisonment, and hard labor, by his father's friends and colleagues, for a similar political offence, during the independence of Italy.

## WALNUT STREET THEATRE.

The "novelty" of the week has been the reproduction of the old favorite ballet of "Giselle." A constant frequenter of the Walnut Street Theatre, will begin to believe in the truth of the theory, that we live in cycles—and that the "novelties" which bring a troubled feeling to the mind as things which have been experienced before, though, of course they could not, are simply a reproduction of events which happened to us in a previous state of existence—probably far in the Antediluvian Era. And upon our faith in this theory, and the additional authority of some fossil remains of a gauze dress, and a pair of worn out skeleton legs having been found in the third stratum of the primary formation of this establishment, we are willing to risk the assertion that three hundred thousand years previously, the same piece was brought out at the same place; that we saw it—and that as Mr. Pepys says of his visit to the Play-house to see Mistress Nell Gwynn, "we liked it mo."

The ballet, as a composition, is one of the most beautiful known to the stage. It is eminently delicate and poetical in its conception, and to be given well, requires the highest order of talents, not only in the principal parts, but in the coryphées, and in the orchestra. We are not prepared to say that any of these requisites are complied with. M'lle Mathias has to bear the whole burden of the piece and performs, as she always does, creditably. But this ballet was not written for the school to which she belongs. Perhaps, however, we should judge otherwise if we saw her in it properly supported. But M'lle Blangy had previously made the Giselle as much her own peculiar ground in America, as we believe M'lle Mathias to have made "Bella, La Paquerette" her own. The leaving out of of "the shadow dance," we might also add, is about as trifling an omission as would be that of Hamlet in the play of the same name.

On Wednesday evening the Ravels appeared in a pleasant little pantomime, entitled "Jeannette and Jeannot," and on Thursday in a very extraordinary composition, called "Kim-Ka, or the adventures of an Aero-nant." Upon the latter evening "Giselle" was omitted and "*Une Fête Dansante*" substituted, in which M'lle Mathias danced the *Cracovienne*, and the *Bolero*—the national Spanish dance, and we think the *chef d'œuvre* of the fair *danseuse*: upon consideration, however, our thoughts are divided upon it and the *Madrillenne*. In these delirious dances M'lle Mathias is in her true sphere, and they are decidedly the best cal-

culated to strike the universal tastes and passions. They also afford the best possible opportunity for dress and every sort of personal embellishment; and none could practice these arts with more refinement or elegance than Yrqa Mathias. Few either seem to have such an extent of appointments and resources as she: the close observer must have remarked her graceful and ever-varying *toilette*, the richness and newness of her satins and watered silks, the freshness of her velvet bodices, the purity of her tiny slippers, the delicate laces and embroideries of her skirts, and her *pendants*, now blazing with diamonds, then with emeralds, then with rubies. Nor should we in this enumeration omit to mention the exquisite taste displayed in her *coiffures*: they are well worth the studious consideration of the ladies in the boxes. Nature, it must be confessed, however, assists Yrqa bountifully in this portion of her decoration.

By all means let M'lle Mathias choose the joyous, exhilarating, *quick-motioned* school of her art.

## NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.

"The Wizard of the Wave," with Mr. J. R. Scott in the character of Captain Falkner, was brought out last Monday evening for the first time, before a large and admiring audience. We learn that for 200 successive nights Mr. Scott played this, his original character, before crowded audiences in the Bowery Theatre. By such practice does the actor become perfect in his part. Mr. Cony the enterprising Stage Manager of the National, who has superintended and produced this piece, deserves credit for the manner it is put on the stage; his activity and energy are imparted to those around him, and the pieces he produces are carefully and well represented.

In addition to the "Wizard of the Wave," the fascinating M'lle Marie witches the audience with her horsemanship. The thoroughbred dancing horse Tammany, introduced by Mr. Levi J. North, is a 'splendid' animal, and adds another attraction to the Acts of the Circle.

## A DUTIFUL HUSBAND.

A letter, now before us, from a French gentleman to his wife, dated June 15, 1744, concludes thus:

"Ton tres humble, obeissant serviteur, amy et epoux, T— M—."

Thy very humble, obedient servant, friend and husband, T— M—.

How many husbands *might* thus conclude their letters; how few *would*.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, what say you, madcap?"—Pargular.

# BIZARRE.

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## LA VIE ET LA MORT.

*Par le Berger Sylvain, (Sylvain Maréchal.)*

A peine, depuis une année,  
Daphné, Daphnis,  
Sous l'heureux joug de l'Hyménée,  
Étaient unis.

Attendant l'heure d'être mère,  
Déjà Daphné  
Faisait le trousseau nécessaire  
Au nouveau-né.

Formant mille projets d'avance  
Pour son enfant,  
Daphnis, bercé par l'espérance,  
Allait disant :  
Encore plus heureux que son père  
Simple pasteur,  
Si c'est un fils, je veux en faire  
Un laboureur.

Qu'alsément l'espoir nous transporte !  
C'est un besoin.  
Le malheur est à notre port ;  
On le croit loin.  
Hélas ! une fièvre brûlante  
Frappe l'époux ;  
Dans ses veines le sang fermente :  
Daphné ! Quels coups !

Oh ! quelle déchirante image  
Offrent tous deux !  
On trouver un meilleur ménage  
Plus malheureux ?  
Daphné se trouve veuve and mère  
Au même instant,  
Et son cher époux se voit père  
En expirant.

Daphnis, atteint d'un coup funeste,  
Veut, à grands cris,  
Pour le seul instant qui lui reste,  
Veut voir son fils : . . .  
Tiens ma place auprès de ma femme,  
Sois mon lien !  
Avec ce baiser, prends mon ame,  
Pour l'aimer bien.

En disant ces mots, il embrasse  
Son premier né ;  
D'un bras défaillant il l'enlace,  
Pauvre Daphné !  
Dernier gage de sa tendresse !  
Daphnis n'est plus . . .  
Quels cœurs apprendront ta détresse,  
Sans être émus ?

## LIFE AND DEATH.

*Imitated from the French of Sylvain Maréchal.*

A year had scarcely fled,  
Since Daphné, Daphnis,  
In Hymen's bands were wed,  
Sure of happiness.

In hopes to be a mother soon,  
Daphné, quite wild  
With joy, the tiny wardrobe spun,  
To clothe her child.

Revolving o'er a thousand schemes,  
For his child's sake,  
Daphnis ill'd in Hope's sweet dreams,  
Thus to Daphné spake :

"More blessed than his father's fate,  
A shepherd plain,  
If he's a boy, a farmer's state  
He shall attain."

By Hope transported, high we soared—  
We need this power.

Misfortune is at our door—  
'Tis thought afar !

Ah ! a fever's violence  
Lays Daphnis low,  
And in his veins the blood ferments  
How hard the blow.

The scene, both offer of despair,  
None can express !  
Where find so truly matched a pair  
In such distress ?

Widow and mother Daphné finds  
At once she's made :  
And Daphnis, now a father, pines  
On his death bed.

Daphnis, in agonizing death,  
With piercing moan,  
Demands, before he yields his breath,  
To see his son.

"My tie to Daphné be, and live  
My place to fill :  
With this last kiss, my soul receive  
To love her well."

He kissed the child—embraced its form  
Tenderly ;

Encircled thee with trembling arm,  
Poor Daphné !

Last token of his tenderness !  
Daphnis is dead . . .

What heart has learned Daphné's distress,  
And has not bled ?



## ORSON À PARIS.

## CHAPTER I.

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro."

BYRON.

Tell an Englishman that the small island of Britain is not the first country in the world, and, if he boasts the true fervor of an emphatic Bull, you will probably be called a "damned aas." Tell a Frenchman that *le plaisant pays de la France*, as Marie Stuart apostrophised it, is not the first country in this world or in any other, and he will shrug himself into a fine frenzy, informing you all the while that it is an act of condescension on the part of a Parisian to exchange his home for Heaven. But intimate to an American that it is possible to inhabit a country as great and grand as his own, and—if he is of the calibre of my hero—you will most likely refrain in future; you may conceive that a horse kicked you.

Neptune assigned me Mr. ORSON LYNCH for a state-room partner on a voyage from New York to Havre. It was after twelve, the first night out, when I had cuddled myself in execrable sensations and the mouldy blankets of the *upper* berth, that my mate in misery made his first appearance—like a Satyr fresh "staring from the woods," and tossing his Hircynian head. A single leather bag, in a highly washed condition, containing a few changes of linen, and nearly bursting with its rank freight of "honey-dew" and plantation segars, was the sum-total of his travelling effects. For a moment he stood *mooning* at everything around, after which he blew his sonorous nose like a trombone, and proceeded to squirt a jet of tobacco juice with the violence of a garden hose against the opposite wall. A short shaggy dog, intensely perfumed with salt water, and to all appearance arrayed in a coat of the same material as his master's, shot between the latter's legs, and leapt blithely in his berth.

"The devil!" thought I.

"Ha-ar you, sir?" inquired Orson, with a patronizing growl; at the same time crouching his more than fathom form into a more convenient relation to the dimensions of our den.

"———" sighed I, trying to make an affirmative noise from beneath the pillow, whither my fastidious nose had slunk in a last effort to repress the rising gorge incited by the combined aroma of strong whiskey, strong segars, and strong dog.

"Whoop!" howled he, letting off a loud oath as a moderate barrel-full of water surged through the broken port-hole down

his nape, permeating the very necks and heels of his boots in its impetuous discharge—"I say, old torpid thar, the Mississippi's risin'; you'll feel directly like a grizzly bar wakin' up in a crevasse, with his tail fast to a snag. Thar sint nare a tree about, whar Snaffle an' I ken roost till the freshet's over, so I 'spose we'll jest have to take it out under the bank here while you're snoozin' overhead. But I don't know about that neither; I calculate you were d—d clear o' stowin' *yourself* so low down in the muck, war'nt you? An' I can't exactly see why you should have *all* the upper crust o' the pie, when thar's only one o' you and thar's two of us—me an' Snaffle—so beggin' your pardon, you'll agree that its no more'n good breedin' to toss up about the choice o' that dry crib. I'm your man, sir; I'll take you at loo, poker, or old sledge, if you prefer, an' stand the whiskey as long as the game lasts. I reckon that's fair—hey?"

Between grief and nausea my utterance was still unmanageable. I would fain have represented in a conciliatory tone to him whom the Gods had sent as sharer of my vicissitudes, that my title to the dry crib was founded in fair purchase as well as in occupancy. Policy rather than sympathy, whispered the propriety of instituting friendly relations with an unknown savage, whose ill-will, if rashly evoked, might possibly doom me to a series of bedevilled nights and days. So, projecting my ghastly countenance over the narrow ledge, I prepared for a desperate endeavor at propitiation; while "Mississippi" was already, acting on his idea, far gone in a hunt through the intricacies of his carpet-bag after a pack of cards. Already had Orson laid hands upon the object of his search, when, during a tremendous lurch, a trunk resembling a small omnibus in size and shape (my precious property), stole forth from its recess and rushed with the impetus of a battering ram between his long-stretched legs.

The consequences were—*imprimis*—the whiskey bottle was in fragments—a well-filled camphine lamp also catching the contagion of its broken heart. A fierce flame sprang up to the altitude where I lay, in its cruel ascent licking off to the scalp every love-lock that hitherto had adorned the unkempt cranium of ORSON LYNCH. The greasy cards falling like dry leaves, supplied sad nutriment to the conflagration. The dog was all on fire. With a multiplex yell he started from his canine trance and began a swift stampede around his cell. Thick and fast flew curses from the lips of Mr. LYNCH when the door burst open and out flew Snaffle, still ablaze: shriek followed shriek throughout the long cabin as the lambent animal appeared and vanished—

like the quadruped hero of a German romance. For, at this weird apparition the sheeted figures of sea-sick humanity commenced a resurrection from all sides. Night-gowned loveliness was knocked over by my colossal trunk, as it bulged heavily beyond my door into the wider arena of the ladies' drawing-room. Fortunately—*most* fortunately—at this crisis a fresh cascade of salt-water gushed through the port-hole and laid low in a trice both flames and Mr. LYNCH.

When the inquisitive crowd, attired with the fig-leaf simplicity appropriate to the place and hour, flocked to the inquisition of the cause of so much terror, Orson was discovered to be prostrate amid his chamber gods. A sixteen-inch bowie-knife, which had graced his bosom during the day, was found—by what process I know not—plunged completely through the side of his berth, where it wedged with such tenacity, that the instrumentality of a chisel and hammer could hardly effect its release. An intolerably pungent *attar*, of which turpentine, burnt hair, burnt dog, burnt whiskey, burnt feathers, and fried cheese, were the principal ingredients, pervaded the apartment with its compound strength. Through the dense vapor I could occasionally discern the sheeted and spectral figures present themselves and depart in double quick time, as their noses secured a sniff of most excessive rankness. Few cared to gratify their curiosity at such a truly overpowering price.

Slowly at length rose Orson from his trance; his first token of existence being a nasal explosion, which Polyphemus might have been proud of. "Whar's my dorg—whar's Snaffle?" was his curt query.

"My good sir," I expostulated, "to be plain with you, I trust your dog has jumped into the sea, for you must know that he is the cause of all these infernal proceedings. Just now you were proposing to play poker for choice of berths (Orson's face lit up); let me tell you it is quite unnecessary. Although I have every right to this berth, as it was assigned to me, and though you have none at all, I will consent to give up my claim, and exchange without arbitration of either poker or old sledge—but on one condition. You must positively give up *at once* all idea of quartering your dog in this room; and you must permit me to remain unmolested for the remainder of to-night. (Orson yawned like a lion with red distended jaws.) I will accept no compromise," I added, "and you will do well to close with my offer; particularly as there is every likelihood that your dog is dead by this time, if fire or salt water can kill him."

"Snaffle dead!" rejoined Orson with an

uneearthly guffaw. "Wall, that's cool, rayther. I tell you, mister, that's a great pup, *that* is. He's equal to a whole stack of wild cats, and a bale of coons. Fire and water! I tell you, stranger, what it is; fire and water can't kill him—that's jest the fact. That pup, sir, has run through a burnin' pe-rairie afore now—I don't deny he lost his skin, but I ken let you know *his* beauty's more'n skin-deep. Take *my* word, sir, the fire's not kindled that's to burn *him*. That pup ken swim the Mississippi in a flood, an' bring down any coon in the state arterwards. And so you guess he's drowned, do you? *prehaps* you'd like to make a small bet about it—spose you jest make it a dozen bottles o' whiskey. No? I'll stand you two to one, I fancy," concluded he, with a grin of astute ferocity.

And so on. What to do with such a Choctaw! "Do you accept my proposition or not," I asked, hoping to cut short the discussion.

"Faugh!" exclaimed he, distorting every feature from his chin to the top of his huge singed head. "Stranger, the fact is, I should be afeared to bring Snaffle back to this ground jest now. He'd suspect thar was a *skunk-hunt* a goin' on; an'—great Crockett!—he wouldn't be fur out o' the way. I'll jest leave you alone in the funk fur the rest of to-night. Thar's acres of frolic overhead, an' I'll jest go see what I ken scare up. D—n your exclusiveness, stranger, an' good night."

He did go—into a nocturnal bar-room, situated almost immediately above my aching head; where was gathered a choice company, consisting of three Germans, who celebrated their return toward *faderland* in discordant ditties—one Polish Jew, who talked treason and atheism—two New Yorkers, who talked dry goods—a bumpkin—some chocolate colored refugees, and two old "sea-dogs," who chewed pig-tail and lied till all was blue. These gentlemen, Mr. LYNCH regaled through the small hours with a series of appalling stories; of which, one about two niggers who murdered their overseer and packed him up in a barrel of salt-pork, figured with eminence.

The honorable association of the "SCREECH OWLS" dated its existence from that night.

(To be continued.)

## TRUE CHIVALRY.

The first attempt, as is well known, to carry San Sebastian by storm failed, and the English retired from the walls, leaving at their feet nearly 600 of their dead and wounded companions. The affair is graphi-

cally described by Sir Richard Henegan, in his "Seven years campaigning in the Peninsula," II. 46, who then goes on to say, "The trenches once regained, and the intelligence of our failure promulgated, our batteries reopened a continuous and tremendous fire upon the fortress; the very guns appearing to sympathize in the revenge we were taking for the events of the night. The grey dawn was just peeping through the eastern sky, and the surrounding objects beginning to emerge from shadowy perceptibility into the tangibility of their accustomed forms, when Colonel Frazer, of the artillery, visited the twenty-four pounder battery, then actively employed against the fortress. His eyes naturally turned in the direction of the scene of the previous night's failure, and through the curling smoke that lightly wreathed through the morning air, he thought he perceived a figure on the summit of the breach. Again it was concealed by the thick flakes of smoke that followed the returning fire of the fortress; and again, as the smoke curled off into the blue air, it assumed a more distinct appearance. As the morning's light increased, the outline of the figure became clearly perceptible, and Col. Frazer could then distinguish that it was a French officer, making sundry telegraphic signals with his sword to the English batteries. The singularity of the circumstance caused Colonel Frazer to stop the firing; which was responded to by a similar cessation from the fortress, and an officer was despatched forthwith for an explanation of this extraordinary proceeding, under the security that was offered by the continuance of the Frenchman's position on the breach, his sword pointed to the earth.

"Under the walls of the fortress, and strewed along the strand, lay our wounded officers and soldiers. The shells from our batteries bursting over the walls of the fortress, fell upon these poor defenceless creatures, killing and wounding the already wounded, while the shots also rebounded from the walls among them. The spectacle of so much suffering was not to be endured even by their enemies, and a noble-spirited young French officer stepping forward to make known their distressing situation, sought the dangerous and conspicuous position on the breach, as the best means to acquaint us with the fatal effect of our own guns on our wounded countrymen. In consequence of this information, one hour's truce was agreed upon by the belligerents, and a very curious and interesting scene occupied this short period. British and French soldiers were promiscuously engaged in carrying off the sufferers, and it was a subject for reflection to see the ease with which the French soldiers, each encumbered with the

burthen of a wounded man, managed to ascend the same breach that so many had found to be impracticable. It is true that broad daylight was now substituted for the cover of night. The hour expired, the contending foes returned to their respective strongholds, and the guns recommenced their thundering."

Some months after, under the eye of Wellington, a second and successful assault, with terrible carnage, was made. This young officer, with the survivors of the garrison, was made prisoner, but he was unconditionally released by the English Commander. Through some strange oversight his name is not given by Henegan, whose book, we believe, is the only authority for this, the most interesting episode in the Peninsular campaigns.

### BY-GONE YEARS.

There was a time when I could love,  
But ah! those days have long fled by;  
What once my tender heart would move,  
Would scarcely now attract my eye.

There was a time when I could view,  
With fondness every joy that pass'd;  
But even then I felt—I knew  
Those boyish feelings could not last—

No more than flowers could hope to bloom  
In beds of Winter's pallid snows;  
When losing all their rich perfume,  
With every chilling blast that blows.

And now perhaps I could recall,  
The brightest scenes of early years—  
But let them pass!—for 'mid them all,  
Are mingled some repentant tears.

For e'en the joys which I have known,  
And sought so fondly to obtain;  
When now they have forever flown,  
I would not wish them back again.

Farewell to every smile and tear  
That lighted up, or dimm'd my eye;  
Farewell to every by-gone year,  
Whose mournful memory brings a sigh.

### THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES.

The relative value of the ancient and modern languages, considered not as valuable *per se*, but as a means to an end, has of late excited a good deal of attention, and as a consequence provoked a good deal of discussion. The interest in this subject has undoubtedly been stimulated by adventitious circumstances—by the general diffu-

sion of education, and education of a higher standard than formerly prevailed—by the constant and increasing intercourse with Europe, and by the presence among us of so many learned foreigners. These gentlemen have, in most instances, escaped from the political storms, that convulsed their own countries, and sought an asylum in ours—bringing with them little else but blighted prospects and broken hopes. In the absence of other and congenial modes of employment, they have, in great numbers, resorted to teaching. The facilities which are thus offered, in every town of any pretensions in point of population, to acquire the modern languages, combining with the other causes which we have specified, has led to a very general study of them.

We are very apt to depreciate acquirements that we do not possess, and magnify those that we do. Hence, with the modern languages entering into, and forming so important a part of the present system of education, it has begun to be doubted whether the old and consecrated course of study, is suited to the progression, and more enlightened ideas of modern times. It has begun to be doubted whether the study of the Greek and Latin, in any commensurate degree, repays the time which is commonly expended upon them. The subject is considered from this point of view: A living language possesses a great many advantages over a dead one. It opens the portals of a contemporaneous literature, and at the same time is of vast service in the practical duties of life. Now one or two modern languages can be acquired in a fourth part of the time that is usually devoted to the Latin and Greek. These latter languages are not of daily and practical use. Whatever knowledge is to be found in the Greek and Roman literatures, has been unlocked, and thrown wide open to the contemplation of the student by well-executed translations. Why then expend time in the acquisition of these languages, when science and art, and the highest problems of philosophy and theology, are inviting our earnest and undivided investigation.

This is one mode of viewing the subject, and we are inclined to believe, the prevailing mode. We have however, as yet, seen no full and satisfactory discussion of this fruitful theme. De Quincey, in the recent volume of his works, from the press of Ticknor & Co., containing his letters to a young man, has considered it, and with his usual brilliancy and discursiveness. But we might as well attempt to transfix the shadows upon the wall, as to hold De Quincey to a rigid, and consecutive line of thought. His mind is acute, keenly perceptive, and stored with vast and various

learning. But it moves in an eccentric orbit, and scorns all steady and equable motion. Whatever subject he touches, he irradiates, but it is by fitful and uncertain flashes. He does not let his light shine long enough to enable us to obtain a full and clear view of the wide domain of discussion and speculation, over which he conducts us.

In the letter from which we are about to quote, he professes to speak from reflection and a twenty years' experience. We shall premise, however, before inviting attention to the extracts from De Quincey, that the usual argument in favor of the Greek and Roman languages, has been, that they were admirably adapted to fix the attention of the student, that they offered that happy amount of resistance to his powers, which tended gently, but surely to harden them into consistence and vigor. It has never, we believe, been contended, that they were valuable solely from the knowledge which was to be derived from them. If that were the ground upon which the study of the ancient classics was sought to be defended, it would prove wholly untenable. A sufficient answer would be, that the same knowledge could be acquired, and in a tithe of the time, through the medium of translations. But the vindication of that study has been placed upon higher ground. It is claimed that it imparts something more valuable than mere knowledge. *That* is not a plant which thrives only in distant lands and Hesperian gardens. It is at our feet, *and the dull swain treads on it daily with his clouted shoon.* But *power* is a different, and more important thing than mere acquisition, and that, it is contended, is the abundant and certain recompense of the study of Latin and Greek. The student is furnished with a capacity so trained and exercised that he readily assimilates, and makes his own, whatever branch of knowledge invites his attention. And he who does not possess this power of assimilation, may be "deep versed in books" but he will remain "shallow in himself." If therefore this result is attainable more surely by the study of Greek and Latin, no matter what amount of time and trouble is expended upon it, they are outweighed by the benefit derived. But this is the exact problem, which has not yet received a satisfactory solution. "De Quincey is of opinion that the Greek does impart intellectual vigor, but *how*, he does not explain, nor does he stop to consider, wherein consists its superiority in that particular, over other languages.

With these preliminary observations, we shall now lay before the reader several extracts from De Quincey, which especially

arrested our attention. It will be seen that he does not consider the study of any language, except the Greek, as valuable *per se*. On the contrary, he regards it as a positive injury. After saying that a professed linguist, who has "a theory and distinct purposes," should "examine the structure of as many languages as possible; gather as many thousand specimens as possible into his *hortus siccus*," he observes: "But to you, who have no such purposes, and whom I suppose to wish for languages simply as avenues to literature not otherwise accessible, I will frankly say—start from this principle—that the act of learning a language is in itself an evil; and so frame your selection of languages, that the largest possible body of literature *available for your purposes* shall be laid open to you at the least possible price of time and mental energy squandered in this direction. I say this with some earnestness. For I will not conceal from you, that one of the habits most unfavorable to the growth and sincere culture of the intellect in our day is the facility with which men surrender themselves to the barren and ungenial labor of language learning. Unless balanced by studies that give more exercise, more excitement, and more aliment to the faculties, I am convinced, by all I have observed, that this practice is the dry rot of the human mind."

In all this we have no doubt of the correctness, of De Quincey's views. For, as he pertinently asks, "How should it be otherwise? The act of learning a science," he says, "is good, not only for the knowledge which results, but for the exercise which attends it; the energies which the learner is obliged to put forth, are true intellectual energies; . . . . . comparing, combining, distinguishing, generalizing, subdividing, acts of abstraction and evolution, of synthesis and analysis, until the most torpid minds are ventilated, and healthily excited by this introversion of the faculties upon themselves. But in the study of language," he continues, "(with an exception, however, to a certain extent, in favor of Latin and Greek which I shall notice hereafter,) nothing of all this can take place, and for one simple reason—that all is arbitrary—wherever there is a law and system, wherever there is relation and correspondence of parts, the intellect will make its way; will interfuse amongst the dry bones, the blood and pulses of life, and create 'a soul under the ribs of death.' But whatever is arbitrary and conventional, which yields no reason why it should be this way rather than that, obeying no theory or law, must by its lifeless forms, kill and mortify the action of the intellect."

Upon the question of the value of the Greek and Latin, considered apart from the modern languages, De Quincey gives us no satisfactory disquisition. He leads us to the temple, but the oracle utters no response. He tells us that it is not for knowledge, that Greek is worth learning, but for power. Yet he fails to answer the question which he propounds, "of what value is this power?" This question he wholly declines, and dismisses the Greek literature with this summary of its advantages—1. 'The *power* which it offers generally as a literature; 2. The new phasis under which it presents the human mind; the antique being the other hemisphere, as it were, which, with our own, or Christian hemisphere, composes the entire sphere of human intellectual energy.' But why the student may not avail himself of these advantages, by means of translations, Mr. De Quincey has not thought proper to inform us. The Latin he esteems as of far less consequence than the Greek, and seems to value a knowledge of it chiefly as a key to unlock the treasures of knowledge which have been communicated in that language, and which otherwise would remain inaccessible to the student.

We have thus put the reader in possession of the salient points of De Quincey's views upon this subject, and imperfectly indicated our own. Of their propriety others will judge.

### THE CHURCHYARD AT CAMBRIDGE.

[We have not noticed the following exquisite verses of Professor H. W. Longfellow's, in any American publication. They appeared in a recent London periodical, whence we transcribe them.]

In the village churchyard she lies,  
Dust is in her beautiful eyes.

Nor more she breathes, nor feels, nor stirs;  
At her feet, and at her head  
Lies a slave to attend the dead,  
But their dust is as white as hers.

Was she a lady of high degree,  
So much in love with the vanity  
And foolish pomp of this world of ours?  
Or was it Christian charity,  
And lowliness and humility,  
The richest and rarest of all dowers?

Who shall tell us? no one speaks;  
No colour shoots into those cheeks,  
Either of anger or of pride,  
At the rude question we have asked:  
Nor will the mystery be unmasked  
By those who are sleeping at her side.

Hereafter!—And do you think to look  
On the terrible pages of that book  
To find her fallings, faults and errors?  
Ah, you will then have other cares  
In your own short-comings and despair,  
In your own secret sins and terrors!

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

*The Divine Character Vindicated.* By Rev.  
Moses Ballou. Redfield: New York: 1854.  
1 vol., pp. 412.

As BIZARRE ignores, in its pages, all partiality, whether secular or religious, we shall restrict ourselves to speaking of the above volume simply as a literary performance. The origin and design of the book are as follows:

Some time ago, the Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher undertook to relieve his own system of faith, the Calvinistic, from certain grave objections urged against it by the world at large—objections which, he himself confesses, are rightly urged, if the commonly received history of the human race be the true one. These objections, as he himself demonstrates with overwhelming force, make the Creator a tyrant, compared with whom our historic Neros are quite mild, equitable, kindly beings. To obviate these objections and wipe off the stain wherewith they brand the Divine character, Dr. Beecher supposes the present race of man to have had a *prior existence*; that, in this pre-existent state, having been created *innocent*, they *voluntarily* sinned and plunged themselves into the depths of wickedness; and that the present world is a sort of *moral hospital*, into which these pre-existent criminals are sent to afford them *another chance of cure*, &c. &c. This theory, Dr. B. thinks, justifies the Deity even in dooming countless myriads of our existing race to eternal flames.

Rev. Mr. Ballou handles this strange theory with considerable acuteness and logical force. Less diffuseness, and more concentration and compactness had doubtless been better, but, even as it is, the reader fond of this species of literature will find these pages very interesting. Mrs. Partington lamented, that "she couldn't open her mouth *without putting her foot in it*!" We cannot help thinking, that Dr. Beecher "put his foot in it," when he opened his mouth to let loose his theory. For *his own representations* of the obnoxious features of his faith cover that faith with such super-midnight blackness, that a stranger to it, we suspect, would conclude, that by no conceivable means could it be *washed white*—and least of all, by the means he has actually adopted. All this, however, is his affair.

Mr. Ballou has certainly done himself no small credit by the present work, as the reader will find on examination.

The book comes to us from H. C. Baird.

*Bentley's Miscellany.* March, 1854.

This is perhaps the best magazine at present published in any part of the world. It will always be prized as having been the means of first introducing to the public some of the most valuable writers of the present day; and it still maintains its deserved reputation. It is true, that after having been the nursing-mother, as it were, of many of the cleverest English writers, they, with unfilial ingratitude, seemed for a season to have turned the cold shoulder on it in their own days of prosperity. For a space Bentley languished, and was decidedly trashy. But in January, in 1853, a new life warmed upon the cold ashes of its pages. Albert Smith announced to the world, that though not actually become the editor, he had assumed a decided connection with the magazine; and a number of sparkling and witty writers have flocked around his standard. Foremost among these is one bearing the title of Shirley Brooks. Whether Mr. Shirley Brooks is an actual, *bona fide* person, or whether it is only a *nom du plume* (possibly that of Albert Smith himself), we do not know. It suffices us, for the Past, to recollect that he was the author of that charming series of papers which appeared some time ago in *Punch*, called "Miss Violet and her Offers;" and for the Present, that he is the author of the pleasantest story of the day, videlicet, "Aspen Court: and who lost and who won it," a tale of our own time, now in course of publication in Bentley. And for the Future, we will argue, from "the touch of his quality," that we have had already, that there is

"A goodly promise of a glorious morrow."

"Aspen Court" does not pretend to be a deeply conceived novel, like one of Thackeray's. It is simply a witty, bright, sparkling tale, filled with good points and effective positions. It reminds us of the pleasantest style of French comedies; or, if we were to make a comparison, we should perhaps more justly call upon Congreve or Sheridan to furnish us the means.

But besides this tale, Bentley abounds in abundant variety of all sorts of political, historical and biographical essays; fanciful sketches, reviews of new books, and poetical and fictitious compositions. Of our own countrymen, we observe Messrs. Longfellow, Boker, and Tuckerman among its contributors. The illustrations are frequent, and excellently conceived and executed;

and, in short, we cannot advise a man to do a better thing than to go to Penington's, and order his name to be placed upon the subscription list of Bentley's Miscellany. It will cost him eight or ten dollars a year; but he will be sure of getting a dollar's worth of comfort from it every month.

*Putnam's Monthly.* April, 1854.

We have received Putnam's Monthly for April, which, to speak frankly, does not nearly justify the impression we have entertained of the work generally. Let us try to discriminate.

"The Encantadas," which we suppose is by Melville, is quite interesting, as might have been anticipated. "Connecticut Georgics" make a capital piece of rural description, coming straight home to the "business and besoms" of all country-born readers. "Notes from my Knapsack," are but so so—well enough, if you can get nothing better. "Fireside Travels," though the style has too much of the "tramp" and the pretentious, are on the whole very interesting, especially to the *alumni* of old Harvard. "The great Paris Cafés" make a quite agreeable piece of light reading; and "A Chat about Plants," though much of it appears copied verbatim from an article on the microscope in "Chambers's papers for the People," is nevertheless a very instructive and entertaining article. We were greatly pleased with Curtis's "Vision of Hasheesh," the latter being a preparation from the Indian hemp and employed by the Orientals for the same purposes as opium. He swallowed, it seems, a measureless *over-dose* of the drug, and by consequence if the "bliss" was transcendent, the "bane" attending reaction was agonizing beyond expression. We were reminded, in reading the latter, of our own experience on once taking by accident an over-dose of belladonna and hyoscyamus. Among other terribly distressful symptoms, the pupil of the eye enlarged so as actually to fill out nearly the whole space occupied by the iris. The consequence was, that we could not read a word for more than half a day.

The remaining articles are rather mediocre generally, while the editorial notes are quite tame and flat.

*Household Words.* April, 1854.

Of all specimens of literary tact known to us, that of Dickens strikes us as, on the whole, the most infallible. Though, among the various things he has thrown off with such celerity, there are *degrees* in excellence, not one of them can be pronounced an absolute, complete *failure*.

But this hebdomadal, "Household Words"

affords, perhaps, the most remarkable specimen of his tact. We have read nearly, if not all its Nos. from its commencement, and we cannot recollect having lighted on a single *indifferent* article in the whole. As he personally pens but a small part of each No., it is certainly wonderful how he has been able to find helpers to supply the large residue to match so fairly the productions of his own pen. But so it is, and the benefit is ours. We know not the weekly, that is better worth its cost.

Of the present No., comprising three of the weekly issues, it is praise enough to say, it shows no falling off from the wonted variety and excellence.

*Godey's Lady's Book.* April, 1854.

A fair number of this popular journal. For ourselves we are too aged and *blasé* to care much for the love stories, though we can vouch for their being pure in character, and the ladies, we know, greatly affect them. But a feature we heartily approve in the "Book," is the quantity of useful information of various kinds and on different topics, which is regularly introduced. For *this alone* the journal would be worth binding for preservation, and certainly the subscriber obtains it "dirt-cheap" at \$3 per annum.

*The Illustrated Magazine of Art.* April, 1854.

We find this a very interesting number. In its 71 pp. are combined the useful and the amusing in judicious proportions, which make it excellent family reading alike for the juniors and the adults. The illustrations are quite unequal in character, some of them being well executed and pleasing to the eye, while others make but a sorry show. On the whole, however, this journal holds an exceeding creditable rank among our numerous monthlies.

*Chambers's Journal of Popular Literature, Science and Arts,* for February and March, 1854.

We have, several times before, had occasion to speak of Chambers's Journals, and we ever spoke in strong commendation. They are conducted with much ability and judgment, and contain much valuable, as well as entertaining reading. These two numbers will maintain the former character of Chambers's works.

*Chatiments, par Victor Hugo.* Geneve et New-York: 1854. 32mo.

Here is a book containing some of the most powerful and sarcastic poetry we have ever read. The fledgling Emperor of France is lashed more terribly, if possible, than in "Napoleon Le Petit."

For sale by G. A. Correa & Co..

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

"CITIZEN."

The Editor of BIZARRE acknowledges that there is considerable force in your remarks. There are really, however, so many other fields open for the class of writers referred to by you, that we cannot believe that we would have retained our numerous excellent contributors, were they not well contented with the system in that respect upon which it is at present conducted.

## QUERY.

Can any of the readers of BIZARRE inform me what were the names of the members of the Council, who were actually present with William Penn, when he made the famous treaty with the Indians under the Elm tree.

C.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

## THE WELLINGTONIA GIGANTICA.

One of the most remarkable curiosities we have ever seen is now being exhibited in this city, under a spacious tent, at the corner of Broad and Locust. It is a section of an enormous tree, known to savants under the name of the *Wellingtonia Gigantica*, a species of Red Cedar, and called Red Wood by the people of California, where the trees are found growing, and always of a large size. The tree, in question, grew in Contracosta County, about forty miles from San Francisco. Its height was three hundred and twenty-five feet! It had taken root in a spot peculiarly favourable to a high growth, being in a narrow and fertile valley with a hill six hundred feet high upon each side. The diameter of the tree at its very base on the ground was thirty-one feet, and its circumference ninety three and a half feet! The first regular, manageable portion of the trunk was at a distance of forty feet from the ground, and there a section of about ten feet, the one now exhibited, was cut out—a specimen, however, that will strike the spectator with wonder. To facilitate its transportation by diminishing its weight, the whole of the interior has been cut out, leaving a rim five or six inches thick, covered however with the bark, which is itself in some places ten inches deep! This section then presents the appearance of a short cylinder of immense diameter—to wit, fourteen feet—the circumference being over sixty-two feet! This, we presume, would be of sufficient size to permit an *omnibus* to pass through—the reader may now judge how monstrous it is. So unwieldy is it

that its transportation from the spot it grew in, to the port of Philadelphia, was very little short of \$1000. It was first hauled over a bad country eighteen miles to the Sacramento river, down which it was carried on a schooner to San Francisco, whence it was shipped—via Cape Horn—to Philadelphia, the present being its first exhibition to the public. The bark all around is very much charred. This was caused by the fires kindled at the base by Indians, who have encamped around it for ages. That it should be burned forty feet from the ground the reader must regard as nothing extraordinary—the wood becoming exceedingly inflammable during the long dry spells frequent in that climate. It is no unfrequent thing to find trees there burned and charred in this manner two hundred feet from the ground. The most remarkable thing about this tree however is its age. When the reader reflects how slowly and imperceptibly Nature always performs her tasks, he is prepared to believe that a piece of solid wood thirty-one feet in diameter at the base and three hundred and twenty-five feet in length, must have been a very, very long time in the course of formation—but he may be startled when informed that this tree had attained the age of *three thousand five hundred years*, at least, and was a gay, green tree when lopped down by the ruthless ax of a speculating Yankee.

The poor trees have not the facilities of concealing their age, attained by certain of the fair sex—the progress made from each sap-flowing in the spring, until that occurring in the succeeding spring, being registered as clearly, regularly, and unmistakably in the grain of the wood, as the most accomplished almanack makers could do it with a crow-quill and Arnold's ink upon parchment. Upon examining the trunk, transversely any one may see these layers and can count up for himself the years that they represent. In any transverse space of three inches of the external rim of the specimen one hundred and twenty of these strata can be distinctly counted, each one being of about the thickness of a dime. A foot would then embrace four times one hundred and twenty of these layers, *i. e.* four hundred and eighty; and seven feet, (the radius of this section of the tree) three thousand three hundred and sixty. The laminæ however, gradually, but imperceptibly to the eye, diminish in thickness towards the centre of the tree, for which an allowance must be made in accepting the foregoing calculation. That allowance will add nearly two hundred to the above total of three thousand three hundred and sixty.

Our new California friend may then be said to have been a promising sprig at the



period when one Cecrops an Egyptian founded a city in Greece and called it Athens.

We assure our readers that an inspection of the tree will afford great satisfaction at the time, and much food for after reflection.

#### THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

We had always believed until the following revelation, by the *Tribune's* London correspondent, that the *Editor of The Times* was merely a symbol; we find him, however, making his appearance now in a pair of ordinary names—the one a surname and the other a baptismal appellation, as in the case of Robert Morris, or Morton McMichael—and the respect and awe with which, as a typical myth, we were accustomed to regard that functionary, have been entirely dispelled.

“One of the most severe articles I ever read, appeared in *The Times* on Saturday last, against Prussia. The expressions used are much stronger than those against Russia. In fact *The Times* is more ready to declare war against Prussia than against Russia, while the same paper regards the vacillating course of Austria as most praiseworthy. As to the reason, I am told that it is entirely personal. Mowbray Morris, the ‘financial and political manager’ of *The Times*, went, soon after the revolution, to Germany, in order to amuse himself, and to see the state of affairs. He arrived at Berlin while the military sway was yet rampant. Manteuffel and Count Brandenburg had just ‘saved Prussia and order, society and family,’ and the police was as yet in the hands of some General, I think of ‘Father Wrangel’ himself. It was reported to him that a suspicious Englishman had arrived who was bold enough to declare that he was a newspaper editor. The old General did not know the importance of *The Times*, and according to his principle, that all newspaper writers are very dangerous people, he issued an order to expel Mowbray Morris, giving him only a respite of twenty-four hours to arrange his affairs. Of course it soon transpired that it was the important man of *The Times* who had been ordered so unceremoniously to leave Berlin, and an apology was offered to the insulted Manager, accompanied by permission to stay at Berlin for any length of time. But the Prussians are not accustomed to do such things in a graceful way. Mr. Morris felt himself too much hurt, and departed within the original twenty-four hours. The Austrian Ambassador had heard of the Prussian mistake, and immediately telegraphed to Vienna, who Mowbray Morris was, and how import-

ant it might be to make him a friend of Austria. Dr. Bach, the Minister of the Interior, understood the hint, his own carriage and pair went to the railway terminus, and were offered to Mr. Morris during his stay at Vienna. A ‘Hofrath,’ or Privy Councillor, complimented, the astonished editor on his arrival. Dr. Bach had an interview with him, and told him of his good intentions, and of all his schemes of reform for Hungary and Italy, for Poland and Germany,—intentions and reforms which have been forgotten, and exist only on paper,—in fact Mowbray Morris became convinced that Kossuth and Mazzini, and all the Germans and all the Poles, were a mixture of reactionary Aristocracy and of blood-thirsty Socialism, and that it was only in order to save the world, and to save the Union, and to save order and society, that the most eminent men of Italy and Hungary were hanged by hundreds and imprisoned and banished by thousands. He found the theatres, and the music, and the dinners and the evening parties of Vienna to be delicious, and from that time has never allowed a hard word against Austria to appear in his paper, while Prussia is constantly abused. The revenge of a journalist is not to be despised, even by a King of Prussia.”

#### “TO WRITE LIKE AN ANGEL.”

This is a proverbial expression, often thought to have originated in some fancied excellence of celestial authorship, just as Thomas Aquinas is called the “Angelic Doctor.” But the phrase, in point of fact, is derived from the beauty of the penmanship of one *Ange Vergece*, a famous writing master of the sixteenth century. He furnished the model for the celebrated font of Greek type, for the press of Francis I., and was attached to the Royal College of France in the rather unique capacity of “*Ecrivain du Roy en Lettres Grecques*.” Garrick therefore, mistook the meaning of the proverb, when he spoke of Goldsmith as one

“Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll.”

as it was not a question of penmanship. The French use the same expression: “*Ecrire comme un Ange*.”

#### THE CZAR.

N o pity moves him, and no laws affright  
I n the brute exercise of brutal might;  
C old as the snow-drift of his barbarous lands,  
H is heart relents not when his pride commands.  
O'er cringing slaves, who hear but to obey,  
L ashes and knout proclaim his genial sway.  
A free soul's curse is on him, and his name  
S inks to an immortality of shame.

*London Examiner.*

## FANNY FERN.

Under this *nom de plume* a lady, yet unknown, has gained considerable literary repute throughout the United States. It has been frequently asserted and generally believed, that the lady was a sister of Mr. N. P. Willis. This however is denied *ex cathedra*, as will appear by the following:—

## A CARD FROM FANNY FERN.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: A few days since a paragraph entitled "The Veteran Printer" was copied in *The Tribune*, in which occurred the following sentence:

"Three of his children, certainly, are widely known in the world of letters, viz.: N. P. Willis, Mrs. Farrington (Fanny Fern), and R. S. Willis."

So far as the foregoing statement refers to me, it is incorrect. With due deference to Mrs. Grundy and Paul Pry, Esq., I beg to state that, several years since, by a sudden reverse of fortune, I was deprived of all my relatives.

Respectfully, FANNY FERN.

## THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER.

The following is from a late *N. Y. Tribune*: "We have seen a bit of muslin in which were stitched thirty pieces of silver, composed of ten three cent pieces, cut into thirds, and intended to accompany the following letter:

NEW LEBANON SPRINGS, }  
Wednesday, March 29, 1854. }

To Stephen Arnold Douglas: We, the undersigned, women of New Lebanon Springs, in the State of New York, do herein inclose thirty pieces of silver, being, in our estimation, the full value of such a Traitor to Human Freedom as you have proved yourself." (Here follow a list of thirty names.)

## APOLLOS AND VENUSES BELOW PAR.

The following advertisement appears in the *Public Ledger*:

Fat women, lean women, dwarfs, lilliputians, giants, living skeletons, &c., can meet with speedy engagements at the Museum of Curiosities, Market street, below Ninth.

## GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

The neatest style of fashionable pantaloons in Paris is described as a light grey ground, with the castle of Heidelberg in dark blue, on one leg, and Mount Vesuvius vomiting forth fire on the other.

## EXTRACT FROM WATTS' HYMNS.

The following appears as an advertisement in the *Public Ledger*:

Lines by Miss Louisa Thompson, of No. 9, Penn Street.

Giver of all Good,  
Praise to thy name forever.  
For sending Dr. Watts to us,  
With his Magnetic Sugar.  
Only a few months ago  
Mother's heart was full of wo,  
And her eyes were full of tears;  
I had fits for fourteen years;  
My affliction was her grief,  
But "The Sugar" gave relief,  
And I now enjoy health,  
More precious than all wealth;  
And I love to make it known,  
To each family and home,  
That all mothers in each clime  
May rejoice as much as mine,  
By their daughters being cured  
Of the worst disease endured.

## NEW SONGS.

Jullien's Katy-did Song, "T is the Witching Hour of Love." 25 cents. There is certainly a great witchery about this little song. The melody is from Jullien's celebrated Katy-did Polka, and the words are adapted in good taste, with symphonies and accompaniments simple and appropriate.

"The Flag of our Union," a national song, by George P. Morris. Music by William Vincent Wallace. 25 cents. This is truly a national song, and the spirit of both words and music will find an echo in every American bosom. We are proud to feel that a really great composer has given us a national song, combining with a high order of musical composition the elements of universal popularity. It is an excellent parlor song, and not difficult.

"The Cottage Rose," composed by L. Lavenu. 38 cents. A delightful little ballad. The above are from the press of Wm. Hall & Son, 239, Broadway, New York, who will send them by mail post-paid on receipt of the marked prices.

## A REVIVAL OF "THE GOOD OLD TIMES" FOR DIPLOMATISTS.

The Paris correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, says:—"I can state upon authority that cannot be called in question, that Mr. Soulé, since the duels, has been taken publicly into favor by the Queen and her husband, and by Christina, the Queen-mother; that on many occasions, the Queen has publicly recognized the honorable action of Mr. Soulé, and testified to him in the strongest manner her approbation of his course. *The visits of Mr. Soulé to the palace are so frequent that scandal has grown out of it.*"

## MISS ROBERTSON

is the name of a clever young Scotch actress, now performing at the Chestnut Street Theatre. She should know, however, that the puffs written by her managers or agents, and published in advance of her arrival, are injuring her exceedingly.

The chief burthen of these puffs was Miss Robertson's figure, with which the casual spectator would have been satisfied, but having his attention specially called thereto, he is wofully disappointed. The lady is by no means sufficiently *potelée* to entitle her to distinction upon that score. The great expense the "enterprising manager" of the Chestnut Street Theatre, was about to submit to, consequent upon the production of Miss R.'s pieces, was also signally put forth in the advertisements. We are constrained to say that so far we have seen nothing but the old stage properties, except about half a pound of butter nightly, which "Milly, the Milk Maid," forms into little pats. We are inclined to the belief that these prints of butter, after being manufactured to the extent of two or three, are covertly reconveyed to the bowl by the sly young lassie, there reduced to a state of chaos, and then reconverted into more butter forms. Cramped by such managerial shifts, Miss Robertson cannot possibly give full scope to her talents. We will study her acting another week, before committing ourselves thereupon in print.

## THE SHADOW DANCE.

We must apologise to the management of the Walnut Street Theatre for the stricture made by us last week in reference to the omission of the *pas de l'ombre*, in the *Giselle*. We are informed, and upon reflection remember, that that dance properly appertains to the ballet of *Undine*. We are pretty sure, however, that we had been led astray in making the statement last week, from having seen, years ago, the shadow dance (though improperly introduced) in the ballet of the *Giselle*.

## INDIAN NAMES.

All Indian names of three syllables have the accent on the middle syllable. Hence those persons who pronounce *Wioming*, *Iowa*, *Absecom* and *Passyunk* with the accent on the first or third syllable are in error.

*Manayunk* may seem to be an exception to this rule, but this is not the Indian way of spelling their name for the *Schuylkill* river. They spelt the word *Ma-nai-yunk*, rhyming with *Pas-sai-yunk*, with the accent strongly on the middle syllable.

Talking of the word *Schuylkill*, we are reminded of a letter we saw a few years ago from a member of the Philadelphia Common Council, dated from his country seat on *Schuyl*-house lane, Germantown.

*Moyamensing* means "the place of the unclean birds."

## LITERARY CURIOSITY.

From the *Freeman's Journal*, September 27th, 1786.

*Foreign Advices.* London. The following is a literal transcript of a letter received a few days ago, at the Public Office in Bow Street, from the Mayor of a corporate town in the county of Wilts:—

"To the Publick Office in all Bow Street, London.

"Sir—This is to let you know that I have taken up by virtue of my power and Sovreinty, three parsons on a terrible suspicion of being bagabones.—Two of em I myself have seen lightering about our church intending to commit a burglary—the other we believe has been guilty of bigomy, or some other bloody crime, he having a very ill look with him.—If you will let me know who they am and what they am, I will prosecute em according to law and the axe of parliament in that case made and provided,

T—B—Mare.

"N. B.—Sur—Another broke loose and run away. He is marked with the small pox in his face, wears his own hair tyad behind, and I never seed a more worsen looking young youth with my two eyes.—He was booted and spurred.—If he be in your town, take him up by order of me.

## PROVEN.

This barbarous Scotch law term is used by some of the newspaper editors, particularly in the interior of Pennsylvania, instead of the regular word *proved*. To be consistent, they should say *loven*, *shoven*, *hopen*, *haten*, *crien*, &c. &c.

## HEIGHT.

Many of the reporters of the Philadelphia papers seem to labour under the idea that this word is spelt with a final h—they make it *heightth*, probably to correspond with length and breadth.

G. A. CORREA

is in no way concerned in any transactions of this paper which occurred previous to the eighth of April.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, what say you, madcap?"—Ferguson.

# BIZARRE.

AN ORIGINAL, LITERARY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PART 3.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL TWENTY-SECOND.

YEAR 1854.

## LAS FLORES.

*Don Juan Meléndez Valdés.*

Nació, vistosa flor,  
Ornada el suelo, ó del verano  
Hijas i la alma Flora!  
I al nacarado llanto de la Aurora  
Abrid el cáliz virginal. Ya siento,  
Ya siento en vuestro aroma soberano,  
Divinas flores, empapado el viento;  
I aspira la nariz i el pecho allenta  
Los ámbares que el prado les presenta,  
Do quiera liberal. Oh! que infinita,  
Profusion de colores,  
La embebecida vista solicita!  
Que majía! qué primores  
De subido matiz, que anhela en vano,  
Al Nemo trasladar pincel liviano!  
Con el arte natura,  
A'formarse en una concurrencia,  
Galanas flores, i á la par os diéron,  
Sus grácias i hermosuras.  
Mas, ah! que como un día,  
Acaba tan postpura losanda;  
Imájen cierta de la muerte humana;  
Empare mas dichosas.  
Si os roba, flores, al servilente Estío,  
Mayo os levanta del sepulcro umbrío;  
I á brillar otra vez naceis hermosas.

## THE FLOWERS.

*Translated from the Spanish of Juan Meléndez Valdés.*

Oh! Flowers, sweet and fair! Spring up, appear,  
Bedeck the earth's wide bosom, children dear  
Of laughing Spring, and mother Flora kind!  
And to Aurora's pearly tears unbind  
Your sweet, and blushing buds, and foliage green.  
Oh, Flowers divine! I feel the air serene  
Imbued with your delicious, sweet perfume;  
And breast and nostril cannot e'er consume  
The amber gales, that from the meadows spring,  
And to the smell their fragrant odors fling.  
What infinite displays of colors bright  
Are crowded thick upon th' astonished sight!  
What niceties of shade! what magic lies  
Within the tints, which skillful pencil sighs,  
But, ah! in vain, on canvas to transfer!  
Both art and nature in one task concur,  
And to produce you, both their powers bend,  
Oh, Flowers beautiful! and both to blend  
Their skill and graces for your bright array.  
But, ah! alas! mayhap a single day  
Your proud luxuriance may terminate!  
An emblem sad, but true, of human fate!  
And yet a surer life than human breath—  
For, if the fervent summer is your death,  
From out your shady sepulchre, sweet May,  
Lifts up your heads to bloom another day.

## ORSON À PARIS.

CHAPTER, II.

"Paris is like champagne, good after soup—but it does not do to get drunk on."—FRENCH PROVERB.

PARIS the unique—the universal—mighty heart whose pulsations disgorge the vitality of France—city of pearls and gravel—of brass angels and golden devils—of palaces which are altars—of gardens which are battle-fields—of arts which are dreams—of dreams which are religion! PARIS the palace—the arched, the pillared, the pictured, where life is dance. Temple, where blind fortune is blindest—whose rite is music, whose Priestesses are Grace and Beauty, whose tombs are garlands! Dome of Plutus, hung with the God's choicest

marvels, and gilt with his most dazzling sheen! Airy, vine-wreathed, caprice-colored garden, whose soil is pleasure: amid thy stately groves and elysian avenues, thy bridges of rainbow, thy strains of rapture and children of fire—at length I was there! Hear, even now, the far sounds of joyance, which once had power to pierce through the very brain. List to the Bæchant's cymbal—the soft footfalls of the distant band, and their voices of sport, as they sweep by—"Drin! drin!—Drin, drin, drin!!!"

*Al! Tempi passati! tempi passati!!*

I had been in Paris about a month, during which time I had caught occasional glimpses of Orson at public balls and theatres. More than once, also, he had appeared on the Champs-Élysées, with doubtful company, but rolling along in a most beautifully appointed coupé. Meantime, there was not an

American in the world's metropolis who had not heard of his exploits and adventures. It was ORSON who figured as *l'afairé* at the last *bal masqué*, and caused the grand row at the grand opera. He was a familiar inmate of the *Villon*; indeed this locality and Clichy seemed to be the Scylla and Charybdis between which was always scudding his venturesome bark. His last arrest was for choking a *gagde nationale*, who had presumed to treat Shaffle like a dog. Then he had an obstinate habit of testifying his admiration of any promenading beauty by chucking her under the chin, "with an air." Was it a grisette, he would insist upon gallanting her bundle, while she should take his arm; was it a lady, he would invite himself into her carriage, and there remain until some brute of a policeman insisted upon his departure. In rainy weather he would make a *sortie* with the recommendation of an old green cotton umbrella, and proceed to shade the head of every young and handsome female whom he could prevail on to accept his arm, and submit to the exhalations of a long plantation segar, which he would puff admiringly in her eyes. To my certain knowledge, besides small skirmishes, he had been engaged in three duels; in all which, however, he had acquitted himself with infinite address. At a *fête champêtre* he had been challenged by a military gentleman, who thought it *un peu trop fort*, that Orson should attempt to kiss the *debonnaire* little Baletti, immediately before his face; but what was the valiant Frenchman's amazement and perplexity, when his adversary (*l'homme sans mœurs*) took the liberty of appearing in the Wood of Boulogne, equipped with both dirk and revolver! Nor must it be imagined that Mr. LYNCH's manoeuvres were usually attended with any mortifying consequence. Those who had predicted that his experience in Paris would be a continual row against wind and tide, were sorely puzzled to find him floating into every kind of good fortune. They had but a faint idea of the magic which ardor, address and audacity, aided by originality, can accomplish in Paris. Where in the world can every species of charlatanism and imposture find a readier reception than among the French, the wittiest, the keenest people of this or any other age. Deception is the empire which the Novel must always hold over a lively, inconstant and intelligent nation. Suffice it that you bring something extravagant and *seemingly* new before them, and you need never doubt your reception by Parisians. No longer ago than last century a painter made his fortune simply by announcing an impossibility in art, *videlicet*—that he would paint perfect portraits without seeing the originals. The only requisite was that an exact description of the person should

be furnished him. If the resemblance was deficient, of course, the fault lay with the *former*, since nothing could be more evident than that, if the description was accurately rendered, an accurate likeness must have been the infallible result.

But ORSON had a title to fame beyond his impudence. He had *luck*: it was displayed every day. He won the fifth or sixth prize in the Lyons lottery, at a time, too, when I am positive he was about to change his garret lodgings for the roof. Certainly, there is no place where Dame Fortune dispenses her favors in the same measure to those who confidently abandon themselves to her guidance, as in Paris, and the cabal of society is to laugh with him who wins. It is necessary only to strike while the iron is hot,

Abbia che regge il ciel cura del resto,  
O la fortuna se non tocca à lui.

And that Mr. LYNCH abandoned *himself* cannot be denied. In polished Paris no *homme universal* could have sped better than he, half-horse and *franc ébourdi* as he was. Do you suppose he wanted language? Devil a bit. By some unheard of process, he had contrived to pick up a vocabulary unknown alike to Gods and men; but which, assisted by force and fluency, served all his needs well enough. His dialect of alligator English was hodge-podged with a thick seasoning of the fiercest French oaths, which, if a Frenchman failed to comprehend, he was instantly assailed by fresh squadrons of expletives and legions of gestures that rarely failed to enforce conviction. But if a lady was concerned, these motions would assume an antic grace, and his expressions an arrowy directness that she must have been more or less than Frenchwoman to misinterpret. Besides, as the conversations in which he engaged with the rose-sex never wandered beyond the one interesting topic, it is less surprising that he made himself tolerably intelligible: for, "on this subject," says an omniscient French wit, "even the dumb can be eloquent."

It was on the Italian Boulevard one fine afternoon that we at last met face to face. "How air you, sir?" remarked Orson, seizing my hand and *smelling* it with a patronizing crush, "here you air sir, yes, sir." After a brief parley we agreed to dine together at a neighboring restaurant, which Mr. LYNCH declared was the only establishment in Paris to eat a *sensible* beef-steak in. It is my impression, likewise, that my *compatriot* had instructed the waiters in the noble science of concocting all the "fancy drinks" of the American continent; the popularity which he enjoyed in consequence was immense.

Orson's gullet was perfectly insistent. To view him at work on masses of fish, flesh and fowl, would have caused an ostrich to hang his head in confusion. He ate all—everything—I believe he would have swallowed a salamander as an *entrée* had one been served.

"Wall, the fact is," observed ORSON, as his appetite began to lull, after fifteen minutes severe bolting. "I like Paris—sapristi!—I like it because every dog shakes his own paw here, an' that's jest the science I excel in."

"You've been shaking yours to some purpose, I am told."

"Oh! you mean 'scratching the tiger,' wall, that's a fact, sir; should 'nt be surprised if I *have* gouged him of a few stray hairs. By thunder, sir! I hate to brag; but blast me if I don't feel like a perfect Triton among these French minnows—they know their man too, I reckon. It takes me to open a way in an' out of scrapes. *Nom d'une pipe!* I tell you, sir, I've the devil's own luck in these parts; I can make my way all through Paris—from the Tuilleries down through the Artesian well."

"But tell me, if it is a fair question, how did you find your way into the superb coupé that I have seen you in of late. It certainly was not a hired vehicle."

"Haw! haw! haw!" roared Nimrod, breaking a large salad dish into flinders with an extatic pound of his fist. "Ha! haw! ho! Yaw! yaw! yaw. Now at 'nt I a bird? (Upsetting a bottle of Burgundy.) Oh, that air ridin' will be the death o' me, *mort de ma vie!* Now how do you guess I ever got hold o' that team an' chariot. *Sacre bleu!* it was the cheapest turn-out I ever diskivered east of the Mississippi—sapristi! What did you think o' me in such a handsome cage? war'nt it surprisin'."

"It was so"—I acquiesced with perfect sincerity.

"Wall, *sacre ventre gris!* it was a queer affair. The way it happened was jest this: I war a loafin' on the Boulevards one arternoon, when all of a sudden thar comes alongside this startlin' coupé with a man in green an' gold livery on the box, an' drawn by the finest sorrel crab I ever see. Thar was something about the turn-out I did 'nt quite understand—it looked so all-fired private, and still the man on the box, when nobody was lookin', tipped me a wink, as if he war a reg'lar jarvey, an' in I jumped. *Mon dieu!* I found myself boxed up in the fanciest establishment that ever went on four wheels—an' off we started like a streak. Thar was an all-fired flashy foragin' cap hung up at the back, an embroidered strap to hold up your chin when you wanted to go to sleep, an' a pair o' crimson, worked slippers underneath. In the blue velvet pocket

on one side thar was a wicker 'pocket pistol' o' cognac, that I took the best care to empty by way of a phlegm-cutter, an' in the other pocket was a bunch o' segars of the rare Havana calibre—*under an' all!* As I war a stretchin' my legs I jest 'chanced to tetch a spring in front, when up pops a little lookin' glass that might seduce a mairmaid, along with a brush an' comb an' lots o' pomatum. The devil takes good keer of his own, thinks I; they say virtue is its own reward, I reckon it's bakese it gits no other—so I leaned back and begin to beautify myself. *Parbleu!* I only wanted a nice bit of a companion to make me feel like the Grand Seigneur: a sweeter drive, on a smoother road in a softer cab, don't exist, I calculate, even on the road to heaven. On comin' home, so pleased was your humble servant, that he concluded to make an arrangement with the feller that drove to take me out every bright day, and to pay him at the end of every week. The fact is the feller proposed it himself: I suspicioned at a wink he war one o' them rascally walets that would sell their master's soul for a day's wages, if they could. An' you will soon see I was right. It seems I got to be purty well known by the beauties o' the fashionable world; they would make sheep's eyes at me right an' left when I drove out, till the thing began to be a matter o' course. You know I'm the devil to git along with the fair ones, thanks to my Southern impetuosity. Wall, one day at the Hipperdrum, whar I looked in for a twinklin' to take an observation of the great balloon, I prevailed on the finest lookin' woman you ever saw to accept a seat home in my chariot. I was on my fourth segar (the bundle was about used up) with the foragin' cap on my head, and in the highest sperits you ken imagine, when we caught up to one o' them great *dilligences*, that come in the *Shuns Elizeés* every afternoon. Directly thar was a horrible noise—*tonnerre de dieu!*—the door of the big stage opens, an' down jumps a little man a-lookin' as if he had his mouth full o' ground an' pickled lightnin'—an' yellin' at my coachman like all thunder. I skinned my eye at him as he brought us up with a round turn, an' perhaps you kin guess the state o' the case at once. The Frencher was the owner o' the chariot, an' thar was I a-sittin' inside, a-quizzin' him slantindiously through his own opera glass. He makes up to me as if I had been a great possum; an' sure enough I must have cut a delikkit figgur with his fine cap on my head, a-smokin' one o' his segars in his face, with Miss Fiffne larfin' fit to die, an' Snaffle on his hind legs a-barkin' out the window with all his might, an' showing all his teeth at Jonny Crapaud.

"Makin' short of a long story. I looked

up for the feller on the box to explain, but the rapacallic had shot off like a percussion cap at the first fire. Miss Ffine then undertook to set the matter to rights, and make peace she did—just as Snaffle was on the pint o' chawin' a piece out of his leg. Perlite men these Frenchers. I was a growin' a *lecille* warm about the ears, and nothin' would have pleased me more as to rub the count down with a pumice stone, by way of removin' his dander—*milles tonnerres*! I had got out in the crowd, and was commencin' to rile up considerably when the count comes up again grinnin' in the civillest manner, and apologisin' down to the ground for what he calls his *indiscretion*—all explained—and he begs me not to be *derangé*, an' hands me his card. I hated to give up my fight—that's a fact, for I calculate he'd a thought he he'd got hold of a Conestoga horse—but who the deuce could refuse? Now here comes my rum omelette."

(To be continued.)

### A DREAM.

'T was but a dream—methought that I was straying  
In a fair Southern clime, beloved, with thee;  
Mysterious breezes through the groves were playing  
Where fragrant blossoms gemmed the orange tree;  
In that sweet dream!

Methought that I was happy then—and thou, love,  
Wert in the bloom of adolescent pride;  
And we with laughing lips, and careless brow, love,  
Through varied joys were sitting side by side  
In that young dream!

Now amid scenes of day, the bright sun glancing,  
Now 'neath the silvery radiance of the moon—  
Now in the mirthful throng we two were dancing  
To the blithe music of the lit saloon;  
In that gay dream!

Methought that as those glided hours went floating  
Like waves upon a summer sea at play—  
Nor thou nor I their dreamy fleeting noting—  
They bore thee from my tranced gaze away.  
How like a dream!

And I was left, methought, deject and tearful,  
The chaplet withering on my youthful head;  
No more those scenes in changeful lights gleamed  
cheerful;  
The life, the soul of Happiness had fled  
From that strange dream!

Alas! methought too long the vision lasted—  
Too long for Youth and Hope when thou wert gone;  
With all of Love's matured delights untasted,  
To find myself for weary hours alone  
Was a sad dream!

### MISS CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

Those among us, whose childhood dates thirty years back, have many most agreeable associations connected with the name of the above mentioned lady. She was, at that time, a universal favorite of the cis-atlantic reading public. This fact was owing to several different causes.

Thus, she was one of the *first* of our female authors possessing sufficient literary merit to attract general attention, and the *novelty* of the thing served to enhance whatever of genuine ability she displayed.

Then the groundwork of her stories was American, and with American localities, topics and names was intermingled much of sentiment, feeling and thought, which was truly American in tone. All this appealed to our patriotic sense in behalf of the author, while, at the same time, there were few national writers, especially in this department of the belles lettres, to contest with her the public favor.

These various circumstances, combined with the deference naturally rendered at all times to her sex, placed Miss Sedgwick on an eminence loftier than she is likely to hold permanently. In truth, she is already not a little *passée*, and we suspect half a century will place most that she has written among those works which will be chiefly interesting to the antiquarian, as specimens of the infant literature of our country.

Her first published work, if I mistake not, was *The New England Tale*. On commencing, she designed simply to produce a *religious tract*, a few pages in length, illustrative of some (to her) obnoxious features in the popular religious faith and usages. But the task swelled, in her hands, till it became a good sized duodecimo volume, comprising a rather interesting story, and several graphically sketched characters of the Yankee stamp, the whole signalized by a style pure, lucid, and not infrequently rising into eloquence.

*Redwood*, in two volumes, was, I think, her next work. It was planned on a larger scale than the first named, was well written, and favorably received, though the story is disfigured with sundry improbabilities.

*Hope Leslie*, in two volumes, came next, and was then received with what it has ever since retained, greater favor than any other of her romances. Hope Leslie, the heroine, is a charming creature, and forms an admirable contrast to her grave Puritan friend and rival. The Indian girl, Magawisca, is a noble character, though, we suspect, very many degrees sublimated above the existing

actuality of the forest squaw. The Puritan life and manners of that day are skillfully portrayed in all their gravity, formalism and repulsive austerity, nor does the authoress forget to pay a loving tribute to the charms of her own native valley of the Housatonic.

*Clarence*, a tale of our own times, and *The Linwoods*, a sketch of revolutionary days, followed each other at a considerable distance asunder, and were marked substantially by the same qualities as her previous works.

A few short stories, written professedly for popular instruction, and each inculcating some definite and important moral, together with sundry contributions at intervals to various Magazines, and a couple of volumes of Letters from Europe, complete, so far, as I am apprized, the catalogue of Miss Sedgwick's writings.

Though not marked by a very high order of genius or by the dramatic power, which creates new human beings and makes them as *real* to you, as your every day acquaintances, our authoress exhibits invariably a sound, shrewd common sense, and a pure high-toned moral sentiment, which give her writings a healthful and improving character for readers of whatever age. Her sisters, who have followed in the same literary track, are under great obligations to her for having so well pioneered for them, and for having, in her own person, exhibited a model in many points so excellent.

In her appearance and manners Miss Sedgwick is very much the lady. She is uniformly neat and tasteful in her costume, not belonging to that class of women, who hold that a *mind* tolerably stored furnishes ample excuse for a disorderly and slatternly exterior. In person about, or may be a trifle above the medium height, her face expresses intelligence and strength. In fact, the face and head together strike me as giving promise of *greater strength*, than her writings have ever brought out *fully*. Her features are regular, her eyes blue, her forehead well formed and defined and more expansive than is common to her sex, and her hair brown and always neatly arranged. The face has neither that brilliancy of complexion nor that exquisite moulding, which entitle it to the name of *beautiful*, but it is a fine face nevertheless and decidedly expressive of sense and goodness. Nor does this expression *falsify*, for Miss Sedgwick is a sensible, kind-hearted, liberal-minded, Christian woman. These qualities are everywhere exhibited, both in her domestic and social life, and in her writings given to the world. May her memory long be green in the American heart!

## VINCENZA.

*Translated from Les Soirées de l'Orchestre, par Hector Berlioz.*

A young peasant girl from Albano, named Vincenza, who used to come to Rome, to offer her Madonna like head as a model to some of the most skilful painters, fell deeply in love with G. \* \* \*, a young artist of great promise, with whom I was very intimate. The *naïve* grace of this mountain child, and the pure expression of her countenance, had made her a kind of idol among the artists, which worship her modest conduct and deportment perfectly justified.

From the day that G. \* \* \* appeared attached to her, Vincenza left Rome no more. Albano, its sweet lake, and its beautiful scenery were exchanged for a little dirty room in the Transtevere, occupied by the wife of an artisan whose children she attended. Of course pretexts were not wanting for frequent visits to the studio of G. \* \* \*, the *bello Francese*.

For several months the happiness of the young *Albanese* was unclouded, but finally jealousy interposed and obscured it. Some malignant individuals instilled doubts into G. \* \* \* 's mind in regard to the fidelity of Vincenza—from that moment his doors were closed to her, and he obstinately refused seeing her. This was a death blow to Vincenza, and she immediately became a prey to the most dreadful despair. She would wait whole days, to meet G. \* \* \* on the Promenade de Pincio, where she hoped to see him—refused all consolation, and daily became more and more melancholy and abstracted. I had endeavored, unsuccessfully, to bring about a reconciliation, and when I saw her weeping and worn out with sorrow, I could only turn away my eyes, and depart with a weight at my own heart. One day, however, I met her walking with symptoms of great agitation on the Promenade de Poussin.

"Where are you going, Vincenza? Why will you not answer me? You shall not go on there. You are bound on no good errand."

"Leave me, Signor, I beg you not to detain me."

"Tell me first what you are doing here, all alone."

"You know he loves me no longer—that he will not see me—that he believes I am unfaithful. Can I exist after that?—I come here to drown myself."

Tearing her hair, and throwing herself on the ground, the poor girl uttered the most heart-rending cries, mingled with imprecations on the authors of her woes. When she had become a little more composed, I asked



her if she would promise me to wait quietly until the next day, assuring her that in the meantime I would see G. \* \* \*, and make another effort for her.

"I will see him this evening, Vincenza, and will do everything in my power to induce him to believe you. Come to me tomorrow, and I will tell you the result. If I do not succeed, why the Tiber is always here."

"I will do anything you wish, Signor, you are always kind."

Accordingly that evening I took G. \* \* \* aside, told him of the scene I had witnessed, and implored him to give her an interview.

"Sift the information thoroughly you received about her," said I, "and my life on it, you will find it was false."

"My dear friend, your advocacy is irresistible, and I succumb. I will see in an hour or two a person who, I think, can let more light on this affair. If I find I was wrong, let her come, and I will leave the key in my door—if the key is *not* there, then she may know that my former suspicions have been confirmed. And now let us drop the subject. What do you think of my new studio?"

"Much better than the old one—but the prospect not so fine. I would have kept the garret, if it was only for the view from it of St. Peter's and Adrian's tomb."

"You always want to be in the clouds—speaking of clouds, give me a light for my cigar, and now I am going to see about the proofs of Vincenza's truth—tell your *protégée* my final determination. I am quite curious to know who is in the right."

Very early the next morning Vincenza came to my room. I was still asleep; she did not at first dare to wake me, but finally unable to control her impatience, she took down my guitar, and struck a few chords upon it, which aroused me. As I turned my head, I saw her standing by my bedside trembling with emotion.

"Well, Vincenza, I think he will see you. If you find the key in the door, it is a sign of his pardon, and—"

Here the poor girl interrupted me, and seizing my hand, kissed it, covered it with tears, laughed, sobbed, and finally rushed out of the room, leaving me as my reward a smile bright as a sunbeam.

A few hours afterwards, just as I finished dressing, G. \* \* \* entered my room, and said with a grave expression of countenance:

"You were right, I find I was mistaken—but why did she not come to my room? I have been waiting for her."

"Not come to your room! why she left here this morning half crazy with joy, on account of the hope I gave her—she should have been with you in two minutes."

"I have not seen her, and yet the key was certainly in the door."

"Oh, horror! I did not tell her you had changed your studio. She must have gone up to the fifth story, not knowing you had removed to the second!"

"Quick—let us go see."

And we rushed to the fifth story and found the door of the studio shut—in the door post was stuck the silver poignard, Vincenza wore in her hair, and which G. \* \* \* recognized with terror, for he had given it to her—we ran to her house—to the Promenade de Poussin—we questioned all the persons near by—no one had seen her. At last we heard loud voices and violent exclamations—we reached the place they proceeded from. Two men were fighting for the white handkerchief which the unfortunate girl had torn from her head and thrown upon the bank, before throwing herself into the river.

## LETTERS FROM CHINA.

### NUMBER III.

UNITED STATES STEAMER QUEEN, }  
Canton River, Jan. 8, 1854. }

"As it is my intention to write by every mail, I now send you my second dated from this place. The only objection I have to the life I lead is, that it is too monotonous: I have literally nothing to do in the way of duty. Luckily for me there is an excellent library here, where most of my time, when on shore, is spent. On Sundays we always have service which is performed by three of the missionaries who take turns, and as we have a very large saloon on deck, it resembles a church very much. Mr. Beach, an English Methodist Clergyman, preached this morning, though not to a very large audience. I am very partial to the missionaries generally, and know nearly all of them personally. They are the only safe guides through the suburbs of the city. A foreigner would be insulted every where out of the two principal streets, but for their presence. A Mr. Bonney with whom I made an excursion to a celebrated temple a short time since, told me of a favorite expression which the Chinese use to express their dislike to us, it is 'Fan Qui Loo,' or Foreign Devil; little boys will use this expression and then run as if they expected to receive summary punishment for the offence; however, we take no notice of it. The temple mentioned is one of the largest in the vicinity and as a description of it may amuse you I will attempt it. We landed on the opposite side of the river from Canton,

and after a walk of five minutes, entered a gateway which opened into a long court on each side of which were buildings appropriated to the priests. At the end of this court stands the first and oldest temple, and it so happened that the religious ceremonies were in progress on our arrival, but unfortunately, too near their close for a clear understanding of their nature. All I saw was a procession of priests, moving round the temple and bowing their heads when opposite the altar, (over which were immense idols carved in stone, in addition to other ornaments,) which reminded me of the Catholic form of worship. At the close of the ceremonies all the priests knelt and touched their foreheads three times to the ground, which concluded the worship. From this temple Mr. Bonney and myself walked up the court to the second temple. No worship was in progress, but it was worth a visit, the idols being carved in stone, and of colossal size; the ornaments too were on a superior scale to those of temple No. 1. From temple No. 2 to No. 3 a few steps were taken, and as it is of a recent date, it exceeds the others by far both in its arrangements and decorations; there was nothing doing, all was silent, idols and all. Our next visit was to the printing office, where I was kindly received, and while there had a prayer (Buddhist) printed for me, which I enclose, together with my name in Chinese written in the temple. I was much pleased, with my reception here, and took tea with the librarian (better tea than can be had at home), who was very particular in his inquiries about me and my business. Tea is the universal beverage here, all drink it, from the beggar to the Emperor; very little water is used. A teapot and cups are prominent wherever you go, but the cups are mere thimbles. If you ask for a drink, tea will be offered you, it is tea, tea, and nothing but tea. From temple No. 3, we passed to a pig pen, where some fifteen or twenty pigs were enjoying life unlike other pigs, as they are kept until they die, the vacancies being supplied by youngsters. Close to the pig pen is a house where chickens are kept, these have the same privileges. The reason why these animals are allowed to die a natural death is because it is a part of the religion of the Buddhists, which I may explain hereafter. As it was on the eve of a festival, I had an opportunity of seeing the cooking establishments of the priests, of which there are hundreds. Coppers containing hundreds of gallons, bowls and plates without number were filled with all sorts of curious kickshaws which looked very tempting to the eye, and I have no doubt to the taste would be equally tempting, the ordinary fare of the priests being

rice and vegetables. I have no doubt these festivals are duly appreciated. From the cookery we adjourned to the garden, which is kept in a very high state of cultivation. The orange groves alone were worth a visit, and I know the fruit was good, as we purchased some for trial. It would do you good to see the vegetable gardens, the cultivation is so superb; this, I think, is owing to the attention paid to watering. From gardens to sepulchres is an abrupt transition, but so it was, a step brought us to the tombs of the priests. There are two—one of them is entirely filled with the ashes of them, and the other was built a few years since for the present set. When a priest dies he is conveyed to a sort of furnace and placed in a sitting posture; fire is applied and his body is consumed, the ashes are taken up and put into an earthen pot, and at the appointed time, put into one of the tombs, together with those who have departed during the year. I saw one of these pots, and saw the half consumed bones. On our return from this melancholly spot, we paid a visit to a superannuated high priest of the temple, who lives on an annuity granted from the funds appropriated for that purpose. He is an inveterate opium smoker, and I had an opportunity of seeing the ravages this drug makes upon the human system. The poor old fellow seemed to be perfectly unnerved; but I had no reason to complain of his want of attention to us as he gave us tea and let me into the secret places of his house. I ought to say that their vocation does not permit marriage, nevertheless left-handed marriages are not uncommon among them. I parted from the old fellow with regret, and as it was nearly dark we returned to the ship, it being unsafe to be among the unwashed after sundown. There are, perhaps, five or six hundred priests connected with the establishment, all of whom live inside the walls. Mr. Bonney told me that many of them would be glad to leave if they could obtain other means of livelihood, and I do not wonder at it, but that is impossible as the population is over abundant now. In three weeks from this time the Chinese New Year begins, and it is generally signalized by a riot in which lives are frequently lost; foreigners for two or three days must keep within bounds, or run the risk of being murdered. In my next I hope to give you some account of the doings.

"The squadron sails for Japan on the 12th, and will, I hope, return in about four months, when we will determine with certainty as to our return home; it is more than likely that another year must pass by before that much to be desired event takes place.

"The weather here is charming, just like May at home, and if I could would go out into the country, just to get rid of the eternal noises with which I am surrounded; day and night-gongs are beating, horns are blowing, men shouting, and children crying, not a moment of stillness. I am tolerably well accustomed to it now, however, and can sleep just as well as ever.

"I was at a very large dinner-party a few days since, given by a merchant here, and was surprised at the magnificence of it. There was a profusion of plate, and as for the viands, superlative is the term for them: grapes, pine-apples, oranges, green peas, oysters, game, and all sorts of things, excepting vegetables, of which I noticed but the potato. People don't eat them here. The expenses of some of the houses are enormous. The beer bill of one amounted to over a thousand dollars last year. They can afford it, as one house made \$250,000 in three months not long since; in passing through the hongs there is a continual rattling of the almighty dollar, I have seen bushels of them lying in heaps on the stone pavement. The expertness of the Chinese in counting them, as well as detecting bad ones, is remarkable, and I wish I could describe the manoeuvre."

#### CURRENT LITERATURE.

*The Works of Joseph Addison, including the whole contents of Bishop Hurd's edition, with letters and other pieces not found in any previous collection; and Macaulay's essay on his life and works. Edited with critical and explanatory notes, by George Washington Greene. G. P. Putnam & Co.: New York: 1858. Five volumes. Four now published.*

The writings of Addison will always form a favorite portion of the literature of the Anglo-Saxon race, so long as any portion of that race preserves either a social or a national existence: and every one who is capable of appreciating their value, his lessons of morality and virtue, like apples of gold in pictures of silver, will always commend themselves in the pages of the Spectator and of Cato, not less by their intrinsic merit than by the elegance of the language in which they are expressed. The value of the writings of Addison, could they be brought home to the minds of all of us, would be very great; they would "raise the genius, and improve the heart" in an eminent degree. In this regard, no one can rejoice more than ourselves at the sight of a stereotyped edition of his works, published under circumstances which must bring it

within the reach of the whole community. But at the same time we must express our decided dissatisfaction with the manner in which the work has been edited. It is undoubtedly a very copious collection; it perhaps contains everything that Addison has left behind; but beyond that, it is miserably edited. In all candour, we have never seen before and hope never to see again an English classic of such worth and eminence degraded by such an ordeal as Addison has gone through in the pages before us.

This is strong language, perhaps: but the case is a strong one. Mr. Greene tells us in the preface that Addison has often been edited before; and shows no ignorance of the fact that he had never been well edited. Why then should he with all the lights of his predecessors before him, evidently strive to do nothing but follow in their obsolescent tracks and to sport little else than their old clothes? We verily believe from the results, that our editor has not examined two original authorities for himself, in illustrating the text before him. He has relied entirely upon the labours of other editors, and has served up bodily, page after page of their previous annotations upon the life and works of Addison, with a degree of profusion equalled only by a concurrent absence of discrimination. To be sure, the authorities are always regularly acknowledged; we attribute no meanness or duplicity to Mr. Greene; his errors are of the head, not of the heart. It is the stupendous absurdity of a gentleman coolly sitting down to edit the works of Joseph Addison—works one hundred and fifty years old, and eminently needing an elucidating key founded upon an intimate acquaintance with the contemporaneous literary and political history of that day—with no other assistance than a paste-pot and a pair of shears, and a few of the most common books of general reference. We judge of what tools were employed by the workmanship of the job; and we are prepared to substantiate our views; let us glance over the first volume (which contains Addison's dramatic and poetical works), and we are sure it will satisfy every one that they are just.

When an editor puts notes to his author's text, it is to be supposed that those notes are intended for purposes of elucidation and explanation. It is to be supposed that the editor has thought well upon the matter, and thus bestows the fruit of his reflections upon the reader. In the volume before us, there are many notes; by a rough, but tolerably safe calculation, there are four thousand six hundred and seven lines (or thereabouts) of notes. Of these *three thousand six hundred and eighty-seven* are

attributed—avowedly and publicly credited—to the various authors, biographers and editors of Addison, and others—whence they are bodily taken. They are not taken by the editor and digested by him—all his connection with them seems to have been brought about by the free use of the scissors, or perhaps, by the more laborious task of transcription. Some of these notes are good, some bad; some relevant, others irrelevant; many of them are repeated over and over again in various places even of the same volume; but they all possess one merit—they were written by persons who had paid some attention to the study of the matter they had taken in hand. Therefore we vastly prefer these “remainder-biscuit” of former voyagers to the nine hundred and twenty lines which, we are sorry to say, Mr. Greene’s own original, Simon-Pure notes occupy in this volume. We call them Mr. Greene’s own notes, because they are signed with a G.; because he has evidently been at the trouble of their compilation; and because, as a general thing, they are too ineffably stupid to have belonged to any other editor of Addison that we have ever heard of. And if any reader wishes to get at an approximate idea of the value of Mr. Greene’s editorial lucubrations in comparison with those of his compeers, we cannot suggest a better plan than this. Let the algebraic sign  $\alpha$  represent the preceding editors; then we have the following proportion:

3687 : 920 ::  $\alpha$  : Mr. Greene.

The ingenious reader may go on, and divide Mr. Greene by  $\alpha$ , or subtract him from the work in question, or do anything with him but multiply him. For mercy’s sake, let us have no more than one such bad editor at a time.

It may seem improbable that objections are reasonably to be urged against not only the quantity but the quality of these notes; yet no one, we think, can contemplate them without agreeing in the opinion we have expressed. However, we shall presently present some specimens of the notes authenticated by the signature “G.” and ask our readers whether we are not justified in concluding therefrom that the editor is not sufficiently acquainted with at least three things, viz.:—The nature of an editor’s duties; the works of Mr. Addison; and the English language. Observe, we do not say he is at all an utterly ignorant man on these three scores; we have no doubt, in fact, he knows a great deal upon these and upon several other topics; all we mean is, that he does not know quite enough to authorize him to mount the editorial pulpit and speak *ex cathedra* to the rest of the

world. We will do him the justice to say that in two notes, namely, one upon “*Demies*,” on page xvi. of Preface; and one upon Mr. Sacheverell, on page 141; he has exhibited genuine evidences of the right kind of annotations. But these are *all* the instances we noticed. And now as we have made certain allegations, let us furnish the proofs.

The want of sufficient acquaintance with the elegancies of the mother tongue of Mr. Addison is certainly an objection to one who becomes his editor. Addison is generally received as a paramount authority in disputed cases of grammatical propriety and construction, and as a safe precedent for the use of language; and his archpriest—his interpreter, as it were, to the present generations ought, we think, to be the last man to bring groundless allegations against the authority of the oracle he pretends to expound. We will cite one or two examples to show our meaning. The editor seems to have detected inelegancies or inaccuracies in places where, we are sure, no one ever thought of finding them before.

Thus (vol. I. p. 192), our editor dwells upon a verse of “*The Campaign*.”

“Where the swollen Rhine, rushing with all its force,”

and tells us that it is “roughened by alliteration.” The alliteration consists of the words “Rhine, rushing.” It seems strange that two liquid initials should be chosen for roughening a verse. But we might go on to an indefinite extent, citing instances to prove a want of sufficient acquaintance with the principles of the English language. He cavils, for instance, at this couplet (p. 176):

“Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,  
Britannia’s colors in the zephyrs fly.”

“What office,” says he, “is performed by the ‘zephyrs’ of the next line, which could not be performed equally well by the ‘vernal breezes’ of the first?” It seems to us that the answer is obvious enough. Again (p. 179), we are called upon to listen to his suggestion that Addison made a *faux pas* in saying a hound, finding the scent of the game,

“Shoots away

On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.”

“Bounds,” says Mr. Greene, “would have been more exact, and none the less poetical” instead of “shoots.” Mr. Greene is mistaken; it would *not* have been more exact. The expression is sanctioned by the best authorities, down to our own day—by the “*jus et norma loquendi*.” and if Scott and Addison are to give way to Mr. Greene, then we can only say, *Mallet cum Scaligero errare, quem cum Clavio recte sapere.*

But to continue this style of criticism

would be but picking at straws. We should apologize for thus trespassing on the patience of our readers, were it not that we are persuaded they must share in our amazement at finding a critic so apt himself to stumble, yet so ready to carp and cavil at the "Addisonian style" itself.

Next, to show that our editor is not sufficiently acquainted with his author; and in this part, too, we will not go beyond his first volume. The first blunder that strikes our eye is on page 293—where he explains in a note the meaning of the expression that the parson, *not having taken the oaths*, is not qualified to refer to "test oaths for detecting Catholics and Dissenters!" We will venture to say that Mr. Greene is the first man who ever hit upon this idea. At that period, and to a much later date, there were in many of the parishes in England incumbents who refused to take the same oaths, which were required in vain by William III. of several of the bishops of the Church of England; and the passage in question relates to nothing else but a clergyman of that sect—no Catholic or Dissenter—but a nonjuror, as it was called.

So in the prologue to Cato, he prints "then" for "when" (utterly destroying all the sense and meaning of the passage), in the following line:—

"Even then proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars."

Such blunders are very unpleasant.

Nor is it of sins of commission only that we have to complain; those of omission are much more numerous. If Mr. Greene chooses to adopt Macaulay's *Essay* on Addison, instead of giving us a regular biography either of his own composition or that of some other, he should, at least, have endeavored to supply the deficiencies of Macaulay's text. An essay need not be particular in many details which a biography ought to possess. Thus, in the volume before us, nothing is given as to the date of Addison's birth, beyond the general statement that it occurred in 1672. Nothing is said of his daughter by the Countess of Warwick, except the bare mention in Tickell's preface, that such a person survived him. Nothing is said of the story which, whether true or false, is given with emphasis by Horace Walpole, and repeated by Byron, of Addison having died in a state of intoxication from brandy. If true, we ought to hear more of this matter in this very book where is incorporated Macaulay's graphic sketch of the death-bed of Addison, the Christian and the sage; if false, the slander should be nailed to the wall by an editor who confidently asserts the present edition to be "superior to all its predecessors." (Preface p. x.) On page 215, is an amusing

"Imitation of our English Lyrics;" beginning,

"On the charming month of May!  
On the charming month of May!  
When the breezes fan the trees,  
Full of blossoms fresh and gay—  
Full, &c."

Why are we not told that this thing was meant as a playful satire upon the school of Ambrose Phillips? On p. 177, the editor quotes from Cato—the great drama of the very author he is editing; and printed at full in the same volume—misquotes, we should have said, in this ridiculous manner; promising his blunder, too, with the remark that the following is "a striking expression in the opening scene of Cato."

"The day big with the fate  
Of Cato and of Rome."

Who would suppose that this was not a couplet from a lively song? Who would guess that it was designed to stand for

"The great, th' important day, big with the fate  
Of Cato and of Rome,"

So much for as many examples of our editor's want of acquaintance with his author as we have space here to dwell on; though we almost believe we could go on for an hour in the same strain; almost "will the line stretch out to the crack of doom." And by the way, this reminds us that in another place our editor is good enough to endorse a critic's assertion, that the use of the word "*crack*," by Addison, was not just, because "the poet knew very well that the word was *low and vulgar*."

"He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,  
And stand secure amid a falling world."

Whatever else the poet knew, he was probably aware that Shakspeare before him had used this same word in similar connection; and we can tell both Mr. Greene and Dr. Hurd, that the word is neither low nor vulgar, nor is it likely to become so in the mouths of such men as those to whom we have referred it.

We have (unexpectedly to ourselves, we are sure) dwelt so long upon this theme, that were it not that we promised to show wherein the gentleman, whose performances we are so unfortunate as to value very slightly, was lacking in his knowledge of the duties of an editor, we would bring this paper to an immediate conclusion. At all events, we must stand excused for pointing out in very short terms, a few facts which seem not to have been dreamed of in the editorial philosophy. *Imprimis*: he ought to have made a point of giving the dates of the composition and publication of each of Addison's pieces he prints. As it stands,

now, the reader is lucky to find an occasional date, as in the case of the Campaign, appearing in a note, from which he may infer that the poem was published in 1704. We presume the reason of the date not being given is because no editor had done so before, and it was not in the plan of the present one to take the pains to go back to the beginning and consult original editions. Neither Tickell, nor Lowndes, nor Rose (three of the books to which Mr. Greene might have safely referred), mention the date of the publication of the "Campaign;" therefore, be sure he has not done it. *Secondly*, an editor should be particular in his statements of facts. On p. 175, we are told that "Leopold I., Emperor of Germany, who died the following year," is the person who "was seized with fear" in the year of grace, 1701. This is a mistake. The war broke out in 1701, and Leopold, instead of dying in 1702, lived several years after. *Thirdly*, he should consult a few, at least, "contemporaneous authorities, and not place all his reliance upon a biographical dictionary, and a book of quotations. Thus, if the present editor had deigned to give a little time to the perusal of Colley Cibber's Apology for his Life, (p. 376 *et seq.*) he might have found much curious and valuable information respecting the production of Cato. Chetwood's History of the Stage, and the second volume of Miss Hawkins's Memoirs would also have been valuable to him in this regard; and Walpole's Letters and many other sources, that a moment's reflection would bring to his mind. *Fourthly*, he should be more careful to prevent typographical errors; a ridiculous one, on page 164, occurs to us as we turn over the pages of volume first.

A little regard to these suggestions would be of considerable benefit to the remaining volumes (yet unpublished), promised us by Mr. Putnam, of "a series of the most remarkable essays in the English language." Otherwise, we shall be compelled to substitute for this phrase, that of "a series of the most remarkable editions in the English language," or, for the matter of that, in any other.

*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*. March, 1854.

Pleasant to us always is the sight of this world-famous monthly. We think it must be nigh thirty full years, that we have been accustomed to see it, and now it comes to us fragrant with the memories of schoolboy and undergraduate days. In it we have read vivid critiques on that brilliant band of poets and litterateurs, who were then living in their noonday of fame, but are now vanished into the "long silence."

For many and many a year Prof. Wilson, the *soi-disant* Christopher North, was the life and glory of Blackwood, and his "Noctes Ambrosianae" published therein, were a brilliant anomaly, which had no parallel or similar. Whether he is still connected with the journal we know not. We find the present number sufficiently various and considerably interesting, but we seem to miss the old Christopherian sparkle and crispness. Possibly this may be owing to the chill of age creeping over us. The reader must judge for himself.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

HAROW.

This word is of frequent occurrence in old poetry. In Chaucer's "Nonnes Preestes Tale," the traveller who was warned by a dream of the murder of his companion, on meeting the "dong carte" in which was concealed the corpse,

"Gan to crie

Vengeance and justice of this felonfe;  
'My felaw mordered in this same night,  
And in this carte he lith gaping upriht,  
I crie out on the ministres,' quod he,  
'That shulden kepe and reulen this citee,  
Harow! alas! here lith my felaw stauin.'

In Tyrwhitt's Glossary we find "*Harow*, interj. Fr. Away! fie!" And in another's researches the word is explained to be "a cry of battle." Neither of these commentators is right. "*Harow*" was an exclamation used by the Normans when they appealed for justice to their sovereign. The usual explanation given derives it from Rou or Rollo, the famous Norman chief, who, under the Treaty of St. Clair Sur Epté (A. D. 912) turned Christian in order to marry Giselle, the daughter of Charles the Simple, of France, and who afterwards became Duke of Normandy under the name of Robert, which he received from Robert, Count of Paris, his godfather. After his conversion, this Rollo, as became a repentant Viking, was extremely severe upon crime of all sorts, and so zealous for the maintenance of law and order, that the mere whisper of his name would repress their violation. Thus whenever a subject of his deserved justice, he had only to cry out *Hal! Rou* (*Haro*), and justice was done him. The laws against theft, indeed, were so strictly enforced in the reign of this prince that no one dared to pick up what he found lying in his path, for fear of being accused of having stolen it. In illustration of this, the following story is told:—One day while hunting in the forest of Ronmare, a Frankish lord, who was among his suite, remarked that if he were

unfortunately to be obliged to pass a night in that forest, he would give himself up for lost. "You are wrong," replied the Duke, "you would be as safe here as in your castle." Saying which, he took off a collar of gold from his neck, and hung it on a tree, swearing that no man would have hardihood enough to touch it. In fact, at Robert's death, three years afterwards, the collar was still hanging on the bough, whence it was taken to be placed in his coffin.

The word was in use, however, much before the time of the Normans, and is really derived from the Celtic *haren* (to cry, to call assistance), and its derivative *haraw*, help, aid. A similar mode of commencing proceedings was known to the Romans, and called "*quiristatio Quiritium*."

#### "OLD GOLDSMITH."

In a work recently published in this city descriptive of the railroad between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, the well known lines of Shenstone,

"Whoe'er has travel'd life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome at an inn"—

are attributed to Goldsmith, whom the writer calls "*old Goldsmith*," but why we are at a loss to imagine, as Dr. Goldsmith lived as late as the last century, and died a middle aged man.

Some of the *embellishments* of this book are very poor. The "*bright Alfarate*," who did something or other in "*the blue Juniata*," looks as if one side of her face had just been undergoing a severe attack of the small-pox.

#### HERALDIANA.

The perspicacity of the one, and the obscurity of the other of the two following advertisements form somewhat of a contrast:

"WANTED.—A rare chance for a live Yankee to peddle sewing machines in Canada. It is indispensably necessary that he should have a small capital and a large gift of the gab, or organ of language fully developed."

"It is without foundation, that Mrs. Oscar Shanghae was seen promenading on the Rhubarbs (suburbs), of the city, in company with 'the man who was stung with the Bumblebee'—as it has been contradicted at No. 2, Day street."

#### CICERONIAN ENGLISH.

The passage in Cicero's Second Oration against Cataline, "*Abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit*," has been thus happily rendered, "*He's gone, he's cleared out, he's cut stick, he's absquatulated.*"

#### THEATRICAL.

At the Chestnut Street Miss Agnes Robertson has managed to attract crowded houses. As an actress she has some talent and a great deal of versatility, and would make an admirable addition to any stock company. Her rôle lies somewhat between Mrs. Fitzwilliams and Mary Ann Taylor, a name never to be forgotten in Bowery. The lady is certainly very sprightly and pleasing—and she has got a slight touch of that fatal gift of beauty, which, as it always should, elicits a favorable reception from the audience. She can act, sing and dance, and perhaps at a venture would throw double somersaults forty times in succession, like the "*one McFarland*" of the palmy days of ground and lofty tumbling. She belongs to that excellent class of actresses who, from a proper desire to please, are sure to be successful in doing so.

At the Walnut Mr. François Ravel has been acting in a piece called the Double-faced Frenchman, in which he assumes a colloquial part. To hear that gentleman actually speak caused as great a sensation of awe and surprise as when the mechanical head addressed Roger Bacon. The "*Magic Trumpet*" is an excellent pantomime, containing many new tricks. It is the old story of the wrongs of Columbine redressed by Harlequin wheeling rapidly on his left leg and aided by supernal powers. Mr. P. Brilliant has indulged his fine fancy by adopting the Prima Donna Waltz to a ballet. The prettiest part was a slow dreamy movement by Mlle Yrça Mathias, in which she comes floating down to the footlights like a languid odalisque taking a little constitutional exercise after a warm and perfumed bath. "*Happy, O Happy the grand Vinier.*" The engagement of the Ravels is now near its close—their career has been eminently and deservedly successful.

At the ARCH on Wednesday evening, Mrs. Drew, the most meritorious actress on our stage, took, in the true sense of the word, a *benefit*. That remarkable composition, entitled "*Satan in Paris*," was performed the succeeding evening to another full house. The entertainments at the ARCH are always marked by care and taste in their production. There is only one objection to dropping in at this establishment—it is so full we can never find a comfortable seat.

#### ARAGO'S WORKS.

The first volume of Arago's Works in German, edited by A. Von Humboldt, has just been published at Leipsic, and is for sale by G. A. Correa, 232, Chestnut street. In 8 vo. Price, \$1 50.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, what say you, madcap?"—*Furghar.*

# BIZARRE.

AN ORIGINAL, LITERARY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PART 4.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL TWENTY-NINTH.

YEAR 1854.

## A CHARACTER.

For any one who held firm faith in the unmistakable evidences of physiognomy, it was only necessary to look upon the very truth-telling countenance of my dear old friend without seeking further confirmation from the phrenological developments always concealed beneath her lace cap, in order to discover the pure spirit of benevolence that brightened and animated every feature. The full, soft eye, the delicately curved nose, the mild yet firm expression of the well-formed mouth; the very waving of the thin silver hair over the slightly depressed temples, combined to produce one of those charming countenances seen oftener where full-handed charity and "a heart soft with pity" are most needed. Those mild eyes were never meant to discover evil, or if they did, the warm heart at least seemed blind to all defects, and those gentle lips never gave utterance to any but the kindest and most charitable words. It were well could you have seen, as I have, the lovely portrait that graces her front drawing-room, "making it light and like a lily in bloom," the work of one who best knew her stirring virtues, and who alone could do justice to the beautiful inward spirit, which to him was always visible, and whose broad beneficence "rained influence throughout the neighborhood." Indeed the daily life of this dear Lady Bountiful was made up of kind words and the more substantial half of charity—good deeds. That she seldom left her house I know, unless "on some charitable intent," or retired at night without an earnest prayer to the Giver of all good for the furtherance of some benevolent duty yet unfulfilled—her every act even in the most trifling things seemed to be guided by this all-embracing spirit of benevolence. I truly believe the very vine at her door was planted, less with a view to ornament than with a hope, that the grateful shade of its broad foliage and the delicious fragrance of its clustering blossoms might—as indeed it proved—lend a momentary gratification to the senses of her numerous visitors.

No doubt there were many undeserving

among the truly poor and wretched who literally besieged her gate, but none were ever known to leave it without some substantial evidence of their visit, for with her compassion always triumphed where judgment sometimes condemned.

In proportion, however, to her excessive activity in all good works, was her suffering, yes, absolute suffering in the cause of those whom she was unable to assist. On their account was she niggardly of her own comforts, and was perpetually undergoing a species of self-discipline for what she was pleased to call her selfish indulgence in the many blessings with which Providence had surrounded her. Utterly impossible was it for her kind heart to enjoy the comfort and warmth of her pleasant family gathering room—the happy faces, the glowing fire, the drawn curtains—if the windows behind those heavy draperies, chanced to rattle in the biting wind of a fierce storm without, then would the soft lines of her gentle countenance gradually assume an uncontrollable expression of pitying distress, and her lively imagination, painfully picturing some homeless wanderer gathering her rags about her shivering limbs, or worse still, some poor motherless child begging from door to door, would cause her instinctively to draw back from her warm corner beside the cheerful grate, and seek for less comfortable quarters, or if, as was sometimes the case, when overcome by drowsiness, she would be softly cheated into self-forgetfulness by the enticing allurements of some deeply-cushioned arm-chair, her profound repentance for the selfish indulgence would cause her on awakening with a mortified start instantly to leave the seducing "sleepy hollow" and to take possession of one of those uncouth straight-backed contrivances, which it has pleased modern fashion to drag from the obscurity, in which our ancestors had left them.

But if the sight of every object of suffering humanity so stirred her benevolent heart, that the poor and the erring both had cause to bless her in their prayers—no less had animals their share of tender pity—pity that with her was indeed "akin to



love." "Poor dumb creatures," she would say, "they cannot plead for themselves," and if she may be said ever to have over-indulged her kindly feeling, it was most assuredly in the cause of horses and dogs. Neither could she endure the sight of a caged bird, and the presence of one in a neighbor's window, kept her in a constant fever of anxiety whenever she approached her own, the delicate little trills and soft chirpings which so gratified the ears of its more selfish mistress, sounding to her as so many pleading cries for freedom; while the gay ribbons, dainty morsels of cake and little bouquets of chickweed, seemed in her opinion but sorry substitutes for liberty and the swift exercise of its fluttering wings.

One morning, I remember, while very busily employed with her needle, which she was generally found exercising in any one's cause but her own, her attention was suddenly attracted by what appeared to her, the very peculiar cry of a neighboring chattering—*a crow of mournful significance* she thought, unlike any crow that had ever been heard to issue from the throat of any well-conditioned bird, and painfully suggestive of an empty crop, and a coop confined in limits.

The heart-rending images of animal suffering which her active imagination rapidly brought before her, after listening to a mournful succession of these pitiful outcries, at length grew quite beyond her endurance—she must discover the whereabouts of the poor tortured bird, must see into its case herself. So thimble, needle, and work were rapidly laid aside, and bonnet and shawl as rapidly donned. Her eager and humane perseverance soon discovered the unconscious author of her restless anxiety in the portly person of a magnificent Shanghai, who at the moment she beheld him in all the glory of his blood-red crest and shining feathers, was strutting among his companions in the stable-yard, of a neighboring hotel, with a dignified up-lifting of the feet, that proclaimed him "a model of deportment," and had just given utterance to one of those painfully mournful cries, which had so awakened her tender sympathies, and which she was most happy to learn from the man who took charge of them, was peculiar to this much prized breed of fowls. Nor did the good lady take her departure until she had made herself perfectly acquainted with the dimensions of the stable-yard and coops as adapted to air and exercise, assured herself by ocular demonstration of the quantity of corn and water daily distributed to these new and interesting objects of her care, and ensured their future feeding by leaving with their purveyor a substantial *pour-boire*.

Immediately opposite to her own pleasant home, and a standing reproach, as she thought, to its gaily curtained windows and vine-embroidered door, was the very confined entrance to a gloomy looking court, through which her kind eyes ever seeking for something to pity and to aid, observed the daily out-comings and in-goings of a poor Irish carter and his horse, the latter, of course, having the first claim upon her attention, from the fact of its being almost unincumbered with flesh; its hanging lip, drooping head, and general appearance conveying an idea of wearied wretchedness.

To hear the daily rattling of the iron cart-chain thrown across its back, as the poor half-fed creature dragged its tired limbs through the aforesaid narrow space, with but little chance of a substantial reward after its hard labor, was quite enough to cause her to forego the luxury of cream with her strawberries, or to lend a flavor of unusual bitterness to her tea, until such time as she had the gratification of observing that Barney's progression through the narrow alley was likely to prove a work of more than usual difficulty in consequence of over-indulgence in the extra allowance of hay (to say nothing of an occasional treat of oats), with which she had been the means of supplying him, and to know that his master would no longer be obliged to blow his fingers in the cold winter mornings, since he was now the possessor of a pair of stout, sensible gloves.

Nor was this all, for one discovering that poor Pat had not only himself, but a sick wife and three children to provide for, the dull, uncleanly court, was soon brightened by the presence of this good genius of the poor; and who shall say what enviable feelings were her's when on first issuing from her door on the Christmas morning that followed her introduction to these humble pensioners, she saw a soft wreath of smoke rising above the tops of the opposite houses, and the fresh westerly breezes brought upon its wings the healing odours of mince pie and roasted mutton, with whose history she, of course, was perfectly acquainted.

(To be continued.)

## EPIGRAM,

UPON THE BELLS IN ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH,  
BROUGHT FROM TROY, NEW YORK.

One Trojan *belle*, in days of yore,  
Plunged Troy into a ten years war,  
But here ten Trojan *bells* you see,  
Producing Heavenly harmony.

ORSON À PARIS.

CHAPTER III.

*Macbeth.* The table's full.

*Lenox.* There's a place reserv'd, sir.

*Macbeth.* Where?

*Lenox.* Here, my lord. What is it that moves your highness?

*Macbeth.* Which of you have done this?

*Lords.* What, my good lord?

*Lady Macbeth.* Sit, worthy friends—*my lord is often thus, And hath been from his youth*—pray you, keep seat;

The fit is momentary, upon a thought  
He will again be well; if *much you note him*,  
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;  
*Feed and regard him not.*

\* \* \* \*

*Macbeth.* What man dare, I dare;  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The armed rhinoceros or the Hyroan tiger.  
— and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble.

*Lady Macbeth.* You have displaced the mirth, and broke  
the good meeting  
With most admired disorder.

ORSON arrogated more privileges than a Tartar running a muck. The sequel of his acquaintance with the benevolent proprietor of the coupé was hardly advantageous to the latter. The American oddity had struck his fancy, and one day they repaired together to dine at the Palais-Royal. ORSON sucked his soup with consummate grace, gulped his wine, swallowed his paté, shared the bones with Snaffle, toyed with his salad, imbibed his coffee, and produced his plantation segar. Tilting back his chair, in order to give a freer scope to conversation, he then brought his head into brusque contact between the ears of an officer, who sat dining with some friends at the adjacent table; communicating an impulse which effected the most startling confusion in the party's dinner. Some lively notes of military profanity was instantly pitched on a lofty key, and these being the only French sounds with which ORSON boasted familiarity, he did his utmost to swell the chorus. A scene rarely paralleled in these halls of gastric pantomime now ensued. A goblet of claret, flung ostentatiously in ORSON's face, was the overture to hostilities. With a yell worthy of a Yahoo, he seized on a stick of French bread about the size and shape of a pavior's rammer, and, falling upon his three antagonists, belabored their heads and shoulders till the farinaceous weapon was in fragments. A hand-to-hand tussle now took place, in which the hot Frenchmen were evidently struggling to pinion their formidable antagonist—

but with how little effect was soon manifest, as ORSON, now fairly in his element, seizing hold first of one and then of another, and treating them to a bruin embrace, or discharging blows that might fell a rhinoceros, stood grandly forth—a model for the HERCULES crushing ANTAËUS; or again, with all three upon him at once, and tugging, wrenching, levelling, lifting, he by fits displayed his sinewy torso in a muscular convulsion, that might have put LAOCOON himself to the blush. Vainly, and worse than vainly, did the trencher-friend exert himself in the cause of order. With his mouth full of exhortation and his hands full of torn coat-tails, he darted to and fro and whirled around like an insane harlequin, challenging, entreating, shrieking, threatening, and, as a Frenchman's last resource, running for the police. These dignitaries arrived—but only in time to bear passive witness to ORSON's closing feat; as with a triumphal whoop he hurled the twain most ferocious of his foes over each other down a dumb-waiter, that with swift accommodation deposited them both in a bed of crashed crockery near the *cuisine* fires. There the devil's emissaries, with the bland temper peculiar to their profession, showered the intruders with pots and prongs and soup and melted grease enough to effect restoration in their shattered senses, could such appliances avail. It required, however, all the imposing authority of the police, to rescue from his interesting situation the third gentleman, who was engaged with the trusty SNAFFLE in what the novelists would style “an ardor of attachment more easily imagined than expressed;” nor, indeed, could the gladiatorial dog be prevailed on to abate his ardor until he was rammed head foremost into a coffee bag by the united exertions of four men, and spirited into the blackest alcove of the cellar, where haply he may be barking to this day.

MR. LYNCH and his generous friend, after paying for sundry broken vases, lamps, and dishes, then proceeded under escort of a numerous armed body-guard to the *bureau* of a neighboring magistrate, who, after delivering himself of an eloquent homily upon the depravity of impoliteness, and the impoliteness of depravity, did them the honor to admit them to a princely bail. It was furnished by two gentlemen who presently arrived in the identical coupé, which had been the vehicle of our hero's introduction to his new friends. They *did not* invite ORSON to ride home with them; nor have I any reason to believe that any remarkable passages of friendship ever existed between them subsequent to the events I have recorded.

ORSON is at present residing in Rome,

whence he writes me that he has been fortunate enough to discover a noble and opulent family to whom he conceives himself related. Their name is ORSONI—or ORSINI, in the softer dialect of the country. One of their ancestral portraits, in the palace of that name, he says, bears him a wonderful resemblance. I am the less surprised at his discovery, because the family to whom he alludes has certainly given birth to some extraordinary men. *Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*

### THE BRIGHT-EYED MAIDS OF FLORENCE.

A SONG WRITTEN BEFORE LEAVING FLORENCE, 1853.

The ruby wine is waiting, boys.  
Quick, let it flow in torrents,  
For now we toast our pride, our boast,  
The bright-eyed Maids of Florence.

The wight who would not drink to this—  
We hold him in abhorrence!  
Our morning theme—our midnight dream—  
The bright-eyed Maids of Florence!

Yon galaxy of brilliant stars  
Ne'er shed a lustre more dense,  
Than that which lies within the eyes  
Of these fair Maids of Florence.

Then fill the cup to beauty bright—  
Alas, 't will soon be far hence—  
Each brimmer drain! we toast again  
The bright-eyed Maids of Florence!

### MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Among the female poets of our country this lady holds a quite respectable rank, and in *individual efforts* has, perhaps, reached as high a point as any other. In these brief and imperfect sketches of those of our American notabilities, whom it has been my good fortune to meet, this lady merits a place for many different reasons. She combines, in her own person, a variety of excellencies, which have, for the most part, been reckoned incompatible, and in herself furnishes amplest proof, that true intellectual culture, instead of *disqualifying* a woman for the performance of womanly duties, may render her all the more competent to discharge these duties from the highest to the lowest.

Mrs. Embury is the daughter of Dr. Manly, a distinguished physician of New York city, now deceased. Her early advan-

tages, tuitional and societal, were of the amplest kind, and her mind was so organized as to profit largely by both.

She began early to "woo the nine," and while yet very young, published a volume of poems under the *nom de plume* of Ianthe. The essential, enduring worth of this book cannot be estimated very high. There is much therein of exaggerated, overstrained passion; much of unhealthy sentimentalism; far more of sickly romance than of nature and reality; and not much of originality in any kind. The book, like so many others of its day, bears throughout decided marks of the profound impression made on cotemporary literature by the gloomy and morbid element of Byron's poetry. Such, at least, is the idea of it I retain from having glanced at it many years ago. Nevertheless, coming from one so extremely young, it was a volume of no inconsiderable promise, intimating that much might be expected from the writer in maturer life and after a larger experience and observation and an ampler culture.

Nor has this anticipation been disappointed. Mrs. Embury has, in all respects, improved immensely since that primal publication, and her successive productions have exhibited a steady, uninterrupted progress alike in thought and execution. I am not aware that she has given to the public any volume of verse since her first. But she has written poems, longer or shorter, for the several monthlies of New York and Philadelphia in large numbers, some of which display a quite unusual degree of poetic genius, as well as of mastery in poetic utterance. She has great quickness and fertility of invention and facility of execution; an easy and considerably copious flow of imagery, often striking for its beauty; a pure and fine tone of sentiment marked by true feminine delicacy; and her versification is, almost without exception, dextrous, harmonious and graceful.

But she excels not in verse alone, nor indeed chiefly, according to my view. Her prose writings impress me, as being finer in quality, as they are greater in quantity, than her poetic. They have appeared mostly, if not entirely, in the shape of stories or *nouvellettes*, partly in the magazines and partly in separate volumes. Her stories, for the most part, are very interesting and fitted to instruct in the multifarious lore of the human heart and of human life, though, unquestionably, she inclines towards the *unusual* and *romantic* in incident and passion. Not, however, that I would intimate this last trait to be a *defect*, for "*truth is strange, stranger than fiction*;" and so potent and perpetual is the pressure of common-place and of usage upon us, that

we are in little danger of being misled by the romance of truth and fact.

One small volume from her pen, bearing (if I do not mis-remember) some such unassuming title, as "Stories for the Young," is most decidedly among the most admirable books of the class I ever read. The *adult*, equally with the *juvenile*, cannot fail to be intensely interested in it, as well as benefited by its truthful, vivid delineations of the influence of human character on well-being and happiness.

Our authoress is not one of the beautiful among womankind, though it were a breach not less of verity than of gallantry to pronounce her ugly. She is of about the medium height and somewhat slender in person. Her face is irregular in configuration, the lower part being too projecting for symmetry and otherwise not pleasing in appearance. The upper face, however, is fine, the eyes being good, though clouded by spectacles; the forehead wide, high and polished as marble, and the hair long, of a beautiful, glossy brown, and always very neatly arranged. In dress and manners Mrs. Embury is ever the gentlewoman, by no means making her mastery of higher attainments a pretext for neglecting the minor feminine proprieties. In fact, among her friends and acquaintances (and their name is legion) she holds a rank not less honorable as wife and mother, than as poet and *littérateur*.

In worldly conditions generally, and in the social and domestic relations especially, our authoress would seem to be among the very fortunate. While still quite young, she married a gentleman, between whom and herself existed a strong attachment, which years do not appear to have invalidated. Of a fine face and person, he is highly cultivated and variously accomplished, and is understood to be quite wealthy. He is believed to have chosen the position of Bank Cashier in Brooklyn, New York, the place of his residence, rather than some more stirring and ambitious vocation, as affording him greater leisure for his home and his books.

And a most charming home it is! His mansion is among the finest in the city, and, while supplied with all domestic conveniences and material appliances, is also embellished largely with paintings and statuary, not omitting an extensive and handsome library, comprising volumes of all kinds in both the ancient and the modern tongues. To put the keystone to this arch of Mrs. Embury's blessings, she is surrounded by a fine-looking juvenile group, whose beautiful propriety of demeanor testifies how excellently well she has been able to fulfill the maternal duties.

As might readily be anticipated, our authoress is highly prized by the community she lives in, not only for the immediate contributions she is competent to bring to the social circle, but as, moreover, being in herself an accomplished specimen of womanhood, whose acquaintance, and especially friendship, is, in many ways, of eminent value. Her friends are very proud of her, and with amplest reason.

I have written the foregoing from my personal knowledge of things, as they existed many years ago. I am not, however, aware of any incident, since occurrent, which should substantially modify the views thus expressed.

## MAY.

Sweet May! that o'er the mountains com'st with glee,  
Brushing with rosy foot the diamond drops  
That glisten on the sweetly scented flowers,  
We hail thy coming with joy-throbbing heart!  
Fair child of spring, though tears are in thine eyes  
Dimming their lustrous glance—they're tears of joy!  
How num'rous are the birds and insect tribes,  
That from a southern clime have followed thee.  
How richly freighted is the sun-warm'd breeze,  
That comes and goes with murmurings soft and sweet  
From beds of gay-drest, aromatic flowers,  
And sends their fragrance to the choristers  
That,—resting on the budding, spreading limbs  
Of the green-garnish'd groves, or from the banks  
Of purling streams with sweet wild flowers fring'd,  
Picking soft moss to build their downy nests,  
Or winging through the air their ceaseless flight,—  
Are pouring out, from pure and wild delight,  
Their songs of sweet and wondrous melody,  
That charm our hearts, and send our wilder'd minds  
On some aerial journey to the realms  
Where bright-eyed Fancy holds a sway supreme,  
And fill us with bright thoughts and heavenly dreams  
And rainbow-tinted pictures of fair Hope!  
With what delicious feelings in his breast,  
Does he, who loves with nature to commune  
In her bright temples, wander now at dawn,  
And catch the earliest smile with which the Sun  
G greets his fair bride, the Earth, and then observe  
The rosy blushes steal o'er her sweet face.  
How grateful do the zephyrs that pass by,  
Loaded with fresh and rich perfume of flowers,  
Feel to his brow, throbbing with anxious thought.  
And when at evening's calm and holy time,  
He rambles to enjoy the lovely scene,  
And watch the angels hang the lights in heaven,  
What peaceful feelings then are in his heart,  
How sweetly, then, that heart flows out to God!  
Now, youths and maidens, hie ye to the woods,  
Ere the bright sun has sipped the fragrant dews,  
Or to the emerald-velvet cover'd lawns,  
And in refreshing, joy-distilling sports,  
Draw strength to limb and beauty to the cheek!

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

*Russia as it Is. By Count A. De Gurowski. D. Appleton & Co: New York; 1854. Pp.312.*

The present work, without indulging in statistics, gives broad and strongly drawn views of the social condition of Russia. Its author is deeply imbued with the spirit of Pan Slavism, and presents us with his own peculiar views of the destinies of the Slavic race, together with some speculations as to the present momentous events which he believes are destined to evolve it. The work has already attracted the attention which the marked ability displayed throughout its pages has deserved. The author's personal career has been favorable for observation, but it has also naturally tinctured his views with a particular bias. Originally an exile from Poland on account of the revolution of 1830, then abandoning the idea of the regeneration of the whole Slavic race, of which Poland was but an insignificant offshoot. M. De Gurowski came to consider the centralism of Russia as representing its vitality in Europe; and under the influence of these views, he became an ardent admirer of the present Emperor, whose lofty and providential mission he believed it was to lead the progressive march of his race. Accepting, however, official position under his government, the opportunities which his position gave for observation discovered the fallacy of his anticipations, and finding himself mistaken not only in the agent, but in the Czarism itself—he again became an exile, and abandoning Europe, of late years he has been a resident of America.

The object of the work is to show the existence in Russia of the seeds of a popular movement which is to overthrow Czarism, and the ground-work of a political organization which is to take its place, under which Russia is to cease to be the enemy of European progress.

We candidly think that the author, like many of the continental writers and thinkers of his stamp, lays too much stress upon the efficacy of "national ideas" as the sources of national action. The truth is, that the instinct of the masses seldom see beyond their immediate necessities, in the discernment of which, however, they often display far greater accuracy than the most enlightened thinkers and leaders of the day. It is this limited foresight which sees only the necessities of the present hour, which creates that vacillation in governments emanating from the people, which, at times, makes them compare unfavorably in intensity of action with an absolutism. We refer more particularly to England and the United States, and the author has made but poor use of his residence among us if he has not

discovered how much of the organization which he so justly admires, is due to the invaluable common sense which the people uniformly display in discarding all generalizations, and looking simply to the fulfilment of the practical wants which each step in their career points out to them. It is useless to talk to an Anglo-Saxon (excepting always from the stump where the utmost license in uttering nonsense, is by common consent permitted), of the progressive march of his race, or of preparing beforehand the path which his dominion is to take—he will wait patiently till his necessities point it out, and then if it lies through an extra territory or colony or the like—he will not, perhaps, argue about the matter very logically, but then, what is far better, he is pretty sure to take it.

When Kossuth was in this country he made the same mistake—we are afraid he thought us sad materialists—certainly he constantly hinted that there was great danger of our becoming such. Perhaps he was right in one sense of the word; but he did not understand our plain common sense way of thinking in government; of applying the practical test of experience to its working, without indulging in speculative views of national utopianism, which has kept us free from the revulsions which seem to attend all European attempts at republicanism under the lead of philosophy.

Perhaps, however, we should not confine our remarks to the two nations we have referred to. The French are supposed to stand foremost among all people as impenetrable to "national ideas;" and it is to their ebullition in the heart of the nation that we constantly hear attributed the foreign policy of France, which has been, in the long run, so disastrous to her prosperity. We refer, of course, to the Napoleonic era. That first impulse of savage energy, which threw her into arms against all Europe, was the result of the emotion of the masses acting upon the government; it was the instinct of self-preservation, and was eminently successful. But the prodigious efforts she made under Napoleon to place the French nation by gigantic strides at the head of European civilization, which was to make the Mediterranean a French lake, which gave rise to the expeditions to Spain, Moscow and the abortive attempt upon England, and which resulted in disaster, had all their origin in the centralism at Paris; the heart of the nation never called for them. The truth is, we are so accustomed to see the Frenchman dressed up in military clothes—as the old guard or the young guard—the victorious soldier embracing the knees of his general; or wounded in the hospital, compensated for all his sufferings by receiving the cross

of honor from his Emperor—or still more lately, as a ferocious artisan, with musket in hand, defending a barricade—that these pictures are very apt to arise when we recall the idea of the people. But these do not constitute the people. Leave Paris, Marseilles, and Lyons, and observe the French peasant or rural artisan who compose the bulk of the nation—are these his types? not in the least—you will find him a gentle and inoffensive being—patient under toil and privation, simple and harmless in his enjoyments; the dread of the conscription, being his greatest source of uneasiness on earth, and his most passionate desire being to cultivate the fields which his fathers planted—and to be buried in the grave-yard of his village.

“Car on espère que la payse  
Viendra y prier quelque fois.”

This picture is true from observation now—it must have been the same then. National characteristics do not quickly change. The contemporaneous history of the Napoleonic era, “the age of ideas,” we believe will show that the nation was sick “of the glory of France”—which wasted her youth in hospitals and battle fields. Lamartine avows it with energy, and it is proved by the general sense of relief with which the return of the Bourbons was unquestionably received throughout France.

But, to return to M. Gurowski, this national instinct of the Slavic race, on which he lays so much stress, we firmly believe is little felt in Russia—the Russian peasant is, as Mr. Carlyle says, being drilled into civilization under a heavy task master—and undoubtedly with his rising position and the growth of intelligence glimpses are to be seen of that instinct of his necessities and his wants, which it is to be hoped will lead to that popular action from which improvement is to shine. But really, in all good faith, we do not think it points to Panslavism. That principle is a new idea—it is a philosophic idea which had its birth in St. Petersburg—it is used as a whet to enlist the national feelings on the side of the imperial fancies—and which is to impel the nation towards Constantinople.

While alluding to this event, we cannot refrain from quoting M. Gurowski's own words as to the probable result. They are written in a spirit of high confidence in the destiny of his race, and however much the reader may disagree with his views, he cannot fail to be captivated with the enthusiasm which pervades his language.

“The empire of the Ottomans, at least in Europe, is rapidly approaching its end; no human aid can preserve it, and the real question is, what banner shall, finally, be

implanted on the walls of Constantinople? It is Russia, and Russia alone, which, for more than a hundred years, has uninterruptedly drawn nearer and nearer, with a bold, aggressive, and steady pace. It is an old struggle, often renewed. It began nearly ten centuries ago, not between Turks and Russians, not between Christians and Moslems, but between Byzantium and its emperors and Kieff and its grand dukes. At that time, the heathen Ros more than once appeared in view of the imperial city, and his savage warwhoop often startled its purple-born masters. We have already mentioned that old chroniclers and geographers of the East, Armenians and Greeks, ten centuries ago, called the Euxine, *Mare Rus-sicum* (Russian Sea). For the last hundred years the Russian, cross and bayonet in hand, has marched, surrounded by a cloud of fire, towards *Carigrad*, the imperial city, to replant the holy sign on the cupola of St. Sophia.

“Very likely Czarism may fulfil this work. But Czar and Czarism are tools used by the genius of history, who will break and shatter them after their task shall have been done. In the forgoing drama the Czar, wrapped in his toga of despotism, is after all an agent of the national tendencies. He hews out the path for the future, loading on his shoulders the malediction of the moment, and is thus the sin-offering of the nation. In the present imminent crisis, as in several past ones, history, which is seldom anomalous or commits errors, stands opposite to the sympathies and to the excited feelings of the moment. Generous, and to a certain extent seemingly well-deserved wishes, surround the fate of the Turks. But inexorable history marches onward, unfolding events from its womb, and unmindful of the clamors or sufferings of the day. There are some features in the character of the Turks commanding respect; but still they cannot avert the doom overtaking them. As Lamartine said, years ago, they are ‘encamped in Europe.’ They have put forth no roots during nearly five centuries of their occupation, but have continually formed an insurmountable barrier to the onward spirit and energy of Western Europe. It seems that all the branches and tribes of Scythic or Ouralian, Finic, Hunnic, or Turkoman descent—all connected together—that these tribes were never predestined to grow and prosper on the European soil. Some of them even encircled by Christian civilization, as, for example, the Magyars, have remained for a thousand years without increasing in any way, by any idea or notion, the bulk of European culture. All of them appeared, or entered Europe on horseback, ravaging and pillaging, and producing hussars or

spahis; and on horseback, they successively disappear from the European arena."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The Turks, as individuals, as a state, or a nation, seem unfit to become imbedded or intertwined in the development of the principles admitted as fundamental in modern civilization, which cannot justly be named otherwise than Christian. Its true focus, its life-giving idea, is the substitution of humanity for the ancient selfishness, heathen or Jewish, looking with contempt from Sais, Olympus, or Sion, on all other members of the human family. The Koran inherited in full this ancient, hostile, isolating creed. In love, in humanity, and fraternity is contained the moral, philosophical essence of the Christian idea. They alone throw the light of promise, and from their source pours all that is elevated and pure in modern Christian development. Whatever be the muddy alteration of this spring, however slow and obstructed its current, still the essence remains unabated and unstained by the mire spread around it. Thus the darkest clouds change not the beneficial glare of the sun. With the above triad alone is progress possible, and the real mental and social emancipation of men to be attained. What, therefore, is encircled in the Christian idea, what breathes life from it, even in the remotest manner,—all this is progressive, and possesses the seeds and possibility of a higher development. The influence of the Christian idea seems to decide the question that the human race is to be for ever progressive. In the whole ancient world history points only to one people, to the Greeks, and even among them almost exclusively to Athens, where existed a spring of unborrowed progress within the people itself. The light now kindled can never more be extinguished, and each people belonging to the Christian world contributes to nurse this sacred flame. All that is out of the Christian orbit remains fatal and stationary, deprived of spirit and elasticity. It opposes and counteracts all civilizing, cultivating activity, and as a barren fact, void of an inspiring idea, it is destined finally to perish. That is the destiny of the Koran, whose historical existence has been in unabated opposition to the Christian or European world. At present the Turks rather submit to, than admit some, modifications pressed on them by the current of events: but they never can undergo a thorough reform in the spirit of their cardinal institutions, without ceasing to be what they are now. To them may be applied the celebrated saying of the General of the Jesuits, when the Pope Ganganelli proposed to him a reform of the order, "*Sint ut sunt aut non sint*" (they must remain as they are or not be at all). Whatever may

be said to the contrary, Russia is in the Christian orbit, however distorted, and even in some respects pushed aside, may be the real application of its higher principles. The pure spark is deposited in the people, and will finally prevail against the unchristian Czarism. In the same manner the destiny of the Russian people will, in the end, prevail over the fate of the wandering Turks.

"No one can tell precisely when the last hour will strike and Constantinople change its masters; neither the Czar nor his antagonists. But the world is prepared to witness it. The general fears of its consummation are so many proofs of its unavoidability. Without discussing how far other states will submit or participate in an offensive or defensive manner in this great historical drama, some forethoughts may be expressed as to the influence on the future of Russia when in possession of this key of the ancient hemisphere."

We wish we had room to quote much further from the author's own words. It is with the possession of Constantinople and the transfer there of the seat of government, he argues, that the downfall of Czarism is to commence. It is the luxury of Corinth which, as of old, is to smite this dynasty. "History attests," says the author, "that to conquer and occupy Byzantium is to sink into effeminacy. The man of the North will cease to recognize his hereditary master in the despot revelling in the Hellespont. The Muscovite despotism has muscles of iron and nerves of steel; let these relax and it dies. Let it become Byzantine or Sultanesque and the nation will rise for its overthrow."

But we see no guaranties for this result. Could Western Europe see it, little impediment would be placed in the march of the Russian to the Bosphorus. We believe that the Turk "is a very sick man," and we do not think that he will be of much more use in this world—nor do we think that the benefit hitherto derived from his possession has been such, that for his own sake, we should feel much sorrow when he dies. But it is that something after death which makes the world so anxious for his life, and causes it to bolster him up so carefully now. Should Russia extend her empire to the Bosphorus, as who shall say it will not, what guaranty will there be that the same idea of Pan Slavism will not be aroused to embrace a wider domain. There may be hope for the future, but the future is too far distant. The people of the West have the instinct of the present danger, and feel that it is wiser to resist, than to indulge in anticipations of a reform in a government, the realization may prove a delusion. Life, even the life of

nations is very short, and the danger of trusting to dreams of human perfectibility is proverbial.

The work has already been received with so much favor, that it will hardly need our recommendation as a very agreeable, and in some respects useful one.

*A Year with the Turks, or Sketches of Travel in the European and Asiatic Dominions of the Sultan.* By Warrington W. Smyth, M. A. Redfield: New York: 1854. Pp. 251.

Here is another of the "thousand and one" books, brought out by the present Eastern complication. It seems a sufficiently faithful narration of what the writer saw and heard in traversing the Turkish provinces of Europe and Lesser Asia. For some reason, however, he is one of those, whose fate it is either to see and hear nothing of special interest or else to be unable to make of his impressions anything interesting. At all events we have found it rather a wearisome task to accompany him even through regions which constituted the very romance-ground of ancient history.

But this volume, like the others handling the same themes, have given rise in us to several most perplexing thoughts. Most of them speak quite favorably of the Turks and attribute to them sundry excellent traits. Indeed the simple fact that 1,100,000 Turks (their whole number in Europe) have so long ruled over 14,200,000 people of other nationalities, and this, too, in spite of the perpetual aggressive assaults and intrigues of Russia and Austria and the occasional encroachments of most other European nations, certainly indicates the possession of some exceedingly vigorous and commanding qualities by the sons of Osman. In fact we know not a second kindred instance in history.

But, on the other hand, traverse the Ottoman dominions in all directions, whether European or Asiatic, and every where you behold "decay's effacing fingers" eternally busy in crumbling into dust the memorials of old magnificence, and the trophies of civilization and refinement, which once made these lands the glory of the earth. The Turk himself never advances, and all things under his sway either stand still or retrograde.

Why and how is this?

Some have imputed it to the *Mohammedan Religion*. But this is idle. Have these wisecracks forgotten Granada, the Alhambra, and the Saracen rule in Spain? There was witnessed a peculiar, yet superb form of civilization, including literary and artistic culture, which was centuries in advance of the attainments of the Christian Goths, who drove the Saracens from the Iberian penin-

sula. Have they, too, forgotten Haroun al Raschid, and Bagdad, and Cairo, with all the magnificent triumphs of Mohammedan science and art through so many of the oriental countries?

It would seem, then, that there is nothing in *Islamism* to forbid the attainment of even a high stage of civilization and refinement.

To what, then, is the phenomenon in question to be attributed?

To the *idiosyncrasies of the Turkish race*, it seems to us, for certainly we can find no other sufficient cause. They appear, in this regard, to resemble our North American Indians, whose *unimprovable*ness has been demonstrated by the invariable experience of two hundred years. In fact, we are inclined to think, that the two races are *identical*.

At all events, if the Turks are *really* what the past seems to indicate, it will be all in vain, that France and England strive to uphold their tottering empire. The world elsewhere is all in motion, and that motion is *en avant*! A *stationary* people are out of place in the heart of *advancing* nationalities, and sooner or later they *must* give way to others, who are impregnated with the spirit of the age.

Whether Russia, or some other nation or nations, be destined to replace the Osmanli and to renew and even enhance the foregone splendors of these Eden climes, it is impossible to foresee. But the *event itself* is certain, and it is this circumstance which surrounds the "oriental question" with such multifarious and intense interest.

The volume is from H. C. Baird.

*The Secretary, or Circumstantial Evidence.* By the author of *Heads and Hearts*. De Witt & Davenport: New York: 1854. Pp. 200.

This book manifests very considerable power of conception, invention and execution. The incidents of the story are well devised and skillfully interlocked for effecting the end in view, and the personages introduced have much of life-like reality. And finally, the author exhibits a very fair mastery of style.

Here, however, our commendations must end. The book is of a class so painful to us, that to go through it is severest task-work. Villainy, male and female, of the blackest dye and acts of atrocity befitting exclusively the "underfiends" constitute the staple of the tale. And the object of the writer is obviously and solely to invalidate the force of circumstantial evidence and to annihilate all confidence therein.

Now we are perfectly willing that the gallows should be abolished and imprisonment be substituted therefor. But this



outcry against circumstantial evidence is nonsense, to call it nothing worse. *Facts never lie*, though we may *misconstrue* and draw erroneous inferences therefrom. This is not the fault of the evidence, but of those who read and interpret it.

But human witnesses *do lie*. Nor this alone. They *misremember* and *misunderstand* the facts they state in evidence, even where their *intentions* are good. Judge, then, whether *more* reliance is to be placed on *human testimony*, than on that of circumstances!

We think not. Wrong judgments *may* be founded on *both* species of proof, and the innocent *may* suffer in consequence. This is an inseparable result of mortal imperfection. The *liability* to it can be diminished only by lessening the measure of that imperfection, or, in other words, by the advance of mankind in comprehensiveness and soundness of intelligence.

It is a tragic event, that, through a mistake built on *any* sort of evidence an innocent being should be sent into eternity by a summary and infamous death. Our own safeguard against such a tragedy would be, as intimated above, to substitute incarceration for hanging. Sooner or later the truth almost invariably comes to light, and by such substitution the possibility is left for some kind of atonement and compensation to the guiltless sufferer. That this goal will eventually be reached, we feel entirely confident. Heaven speed the day!

*Tempest and Sunshine, or Life in Kentucky.*  
By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. D. Appleton & Co.: New York: 1854. Pp. 381.

Another stout duodecimo purporting to give us glimpses of Southern, or more especially Kentucky life. We are glad to see, however, that the writer does not "make a dead set," like so many of her class, to prove a slaveholding community the most favored and happy under heaven. Let us, in the name of truth and decency, have *facts just as they are*, be they bright or dark or a mixture of the twain, and let us be permitted to draw our own conclusions! Even truth and goodness nauseate us, if crammed perforce down our throats.

Our authoress has concocted a quite interesting story, though guilty of much exaggeration and a convulsive straining after intensity. For ourselves, we must pronounce Julia, or "Tempest," an impossible existence; a "gorgon and chimera dire," rather than an actual girl of eighteen on a remote Kentucky plantation.

However the authoress exhibits an ability, which, under rigorous discipline and judicious culture, may hereafter produce highly creditable things. All success to her!

*Godey's Lady's Book.* May, 1854.

This number is filled with the usual variety of interesting and instructive matter for ladies. Its colored fashion plate is a beautiful engraving, and little inferior to those of *Le Moniteur de la Mode*, or *Les Modes Parisiennes*.

*The School Fellow, a Magazine for Boys and Girls.* New York: April, 1854.

A very pleasant little Magazine for youth. It is handsomely printed and illustrated with numerous excellent wood engravings.

*The Illustrated Maple Leaf.* Montreal: April, 1854.

This is a neat monthly magazine, published at "Five Shillings per annum," the contents of which are both original and selected.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

### THE COMMITTEE OF FIFTEEN.

Our readers may, or rather *may not*, recollect that not very long ago there flourished in our city a secret society, under the alarming title of "The Committee of Fifteen." That this Society no longer exists we have but negative proof; which is, that the very conspicuous sign that bore in large golden letters the following inscription:

THE COMMITTEE OF FIFTEEN  
TO REFORM ABUSES IN THE STATE HOUSE ROW

no longer arrests the attention of those who pass the locality of Sixth and Walnut street, nor puzzles the brains of urchins, who may be taking their first lessons in orthography. The sign was all we knew of the existence of the benevolent Society. Its absence is all we know of its decease. The Committee certainly did not die without making a "sign;" though, if dead, it has departed this life without leaving one.

The secret history of *our* Committee, we feel certain would be as interesting to our readers as that of the famous Venetian "Council of Ten," and therefore we more deeply regret to say that all our information respecting the Committee may be contained in a few words.

Shortly after the appearance of the "sign," as we have described it in all its orthographical splendor, the following epigram appeared in one of our daily papers.

### EPIGRAM UPON THE COMMITTEE OF FIFTEEN.

The "Committee of Fifteen" have hung out their sign,

Where no blemish the critic may see,

Save only, the spelling is different from mine,

For Committee is spelt with one e.

Yet this, though surprising, were not quite so bad,  
If when alter'd, as soon it should be,  
The Committee order their painter to add  
A d in the place of an e.

The next day the sign was taken down, whether sent to the "painter" or not, we are not able to say, but we have never seen nor heard of it since, and it may now be classed among "the things that were"—"*sic transit gloria mundi*."

## LONGFELLOW POETRY.

An enquiry has for some time been carried on as to the English genealogy of Professor Longfellow, the American poet. In its course, the following lines have been produced by some kind investigator in Wales, certainly not very flattering to their subject. They are copied from a window shutter of an inn at Brecon, called the Golden Lion, kept by one Thomas Longfellow, about half a century ago.

Tom Longfellow's name is most justly his due,  
Long his neck, long his bill, which is very long too;  
Long the time ere your horse to the stable is led,  
Long before he's rubbed down, and much longer till fed;  
Long indeed may you sit in a comfortless room,  
Till from kitchen, long dirty, your dinner shall come.  
Long the often told tale that your host will relate,  
Long his face while complaining how long people eat;  
Long may Longfellow long ere he see me again—  
Long 't will be ere I long for Tom Longfellow's Inn.

## FROM OUR SCRAP BOOK.

## Epitaph on Richard Hiles.

Though Hiles be dead, Hiles' will and act survives,  
His free schools and his pensions for the poore,  
Thought on by him, performed by his heirs  
For eight poore sea men's children and no more.

## Epitaph on a child.

As nurses strive their babes in bed to hie,  
When they too liberally the wantons play;  
So, to prevent his future grievous crimes,  
Nature, his nurse, got him to bed betimes.

## Epitaph on Ethelred Reynell.

Modest, Humble, Godley, Wise,  
Pity ever in her eyes,  
Patience ever in her breast,  
Great in good, in evil least;  
Loving wife, and mother deare,  
Such she was that lieth here.

## Epitaph in St. Giles in the Fields.

Here lieth Humfrey Gosling, of London, Vintner, of the White Hart of this Parish, a neighbour of virtuous behaviour, a very good archer, and of honest mirth, a good company keeper.

So well inclined to poore and riche,  
God send more Goslings to be sick.

## RUSSIAN VESSEL CAPTURED.

The following item in an Irish newspaper has not been copied by any American journals as far as we have observed:—

"On Thursday, March 30th, a Russian vessel, in making for Waterford harbor, was fired at from Duncannon Fort and captured. The master and crew were ignorant of the declaration of war. The vessel which was laden with corn from the Black Sea, three months out, is at present in Waterford harbor, and the master and crew have been committed to jail as prisoners of war. This appears to us rather an unwarrantable proceeding, as the declaration states that merchant ships are exempt from seizure 'till the 10th of May. Another Russian vessel, which was in the harbor, was sold at auction to White, Bros., for 2,200*l.*, the day previous to the above occurrence, the captain being fearful of seizure."

## THE CZAR.

"His costume is invariable, being always that of a superior officer. Nothing distinguishes him from the officers of his army, unless it is his tall figure and handsome, manly face. He does not allow any of his officers to dress in plain clothes, and only assumes them himself when abroad. The Emperor Nicholas has inherited the antipathy and hatred of his ancestors for beards and long hair. Except his coachmen, whom he chooses from among the most blackly-bearded individuals in his empire, all persons connected with the civil administration are obliged to shave off every particle of hair on their faces. The army alone wears the moustache and imperial. The nobility and free citizens may wear whiskers, but only as far as the bottom of the ear. The Czar himself personally watches over, besides causing others to do the same, the scrupulous observance of these regulations."—*London Paper*.

## ON A PICTURE.

Pour Cloris on fit ce portrait;  
Mais on n'y peut voir aucun trait,  
De ceux qui la rendait si belle;  
Il lui ressemble seulement,  
Pour être insensible comme elle  
Aux passions de son Amant.

*Anonymous.*

## OBITUARY LINES TO AN INFANT.

From the *Public Ledger*.

Farewell dear one, those happy hours,  
Ne'er thought they would pass so soon—  
But like the full and open rose  
Was plucked when just in bloom.

## WALNUT STREET THEATRE.

The Ravel Family on Thursday evening reached the hundredth night of their present engagement, in honor of which event, the front of the theatre was handsomely illuminated. Their performances close with this week, and though our citizens have so long enjoyed their acting, their departure will be the cause of much regret to many.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Blondin took a benefit, upon which occasion, in addition to the usual variety afforded, the beneficiary and Mr. Javelli ascended a tight rope stretched from the back of the stage, across the parquet, to the third tier of boxes. This is a daring feat, but one most painful to witness. It was, however, successfully performed by both the persons mentioned. Mr. Blondin with his feet in baskets and armed with a balancing pole, first made the trip: the ascent was made comparatively speedily. His advent among the denizens of the third tier caused a wonderful commotion there. After a few moments rest, he commenced his arduous descent. This was made slowly and carefully and at last safely, amid the deafening congratulations of the audience. Mr. Javelli, in slippers and with a pole, then made a bold and rapid ascent. Upon his return he granted himself a little recreation—just over the centre of the parquet, at a height of fifty feet about—sitting down upon the rope and skipping about on one leg. He then returned to the stage without accident. The most difficult feat was next accomplished by Mr. Blondin—it was the same ascent and descent, in slippers, and *without* a balancing pole. He held, however, in each hand a little flag, which served him in some degree to keep his equilibrium. He also stopped midway on the rope during this trip, and went through a number of frightfully dangerous poses. The audience rewarded the bold adventurers with the most rapturous applause. It is a feat which we hope they will never repeat again. The large audience was literally spell-bound whilst it was transpiring, and until it had been entirely accomplished did not breathe freely.

On Friday evening Mr. Brillant, the *premier danseur* of the Company, took a benefit. His unceasing efforts both in his own behalf and to give effect to the dancing of the various ladies whom he supports, deserve the gratitude of the spectators and the encomiums of the chronicler of these events.

During the past week the grand ballet of *Le Diable Amoureux* was produced, the first time for many years in this city. It was played four times, and to large and admiring audiences. In our opinion there is no more beautiful ballet on the stage, and as produced by the Ravels was entirely successful.

All the principal characters were admirably sustained. Urielle, by M<sup>lle</sup> Mathias; Lilia, by M<sup>me</sup> Marzetti; The Grand Vizier, by François Ravel; Count Roderick, by Paul Brillant; Hortensius, by Jerome Ravel; Belzebub, by Leon Javelli; Braccaccio, by M. Maugin. Indeed the cast was unusually fine, one of the principal features in the piece was *The Zangarilla*, a most passionate waltz, by M<sup>lle</sup> Mathias, and M<sup>me</sup> Marzetti. It quite justified the Vizier's admiration for these two ladies. Their dresses were rich and attractive in the highest degree, and were admirably matched. In this same scene a tambourine dance, one of the gems of the ballet, was, in the most unaccountable manner, entirely omitted. We were never more disappointed than in not witnessing M<sup>lle</sup> Mathias in this *pas*. This lady, however, has proved herself eminently qualified to fill the splendid rôle of Urielle. In all the various moods and phases of this character she displayed a dramatic spirit, and a skill in the art of dancing that are rarely combined in one person. Her appearance also in each of the seven totally different costumes of Urielle, which she successively assumes with magical celerity, is fascinating in the extreme. Long will the fair Russian's advent be remembered in Philadelphia, and long, we doubt not, will she remember the appreciation and the triumph she has met with in this city.

Прощайте милая, любезная Друга,  
Ура! до возврата!

## ARCH STREET THEATRE.

The eternal favourite, "The Lady of Lyons," was excellently given at this establishment during the past week. Mr. Wheatley as Claude Melnotte, and Mrs. Bowers as Pauline, exhibited themselves most advantageously. "She Stoops to Conquer," was also well rendered on Friday evening. A new farce called "The School for Tigers," has had a sort of run during the past week. It is a silly thing, and would have been damned except for Mr. Drew's capital efforts.

## "THE BLOOMER JUDGMENT."

"Carol" has our warmest thanks for the interest he has exhibited in us in concocting this most amusing but caustic parody. As a poem it is quite equal to the original, whilst as a parody it is inimitable. Its incessant fire of wit and punning is worthy of some of Hood's happiest efforts. Acknowledging all this, we must still beg to be excused from publishing it—at least at the present time. We would be pleased to see "Carol" upon the subject.

# BIZARRE.

AN ORIGINAL, LITERARY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PART 5.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY SIXTH.

YEAR 1854.

## LE DERNIER ADIEU DU SOLDAT.

*Popular French Song.*

Rose, l'intention d'la présente,  
Est de t' informer d' ma santé;  
L'armée française est triomphante,  
Et moi, j'ai l'bras gauche emporté.  
Nous avons eu d' grands avantages,  
La mitraille m'a brisé les os;  
Nous avons pris arm's et baggages,  
Pour ma part, j'ai deux bûls dans l'dos.

J'suis à l'hôpital, d'où je pense  
Partir bientôt pour ches les morts;  
J't'envoie dix francs qu'celui, qui me panse,  
M'a donné pour avoir mon corps.  
Je me suis dit, puisq'il faut que je file,  
Et que ma Rose perd son epouseur,  
Ça fait que je mourrai plus tranquille  
D'savoir que j'lui laiss'ma valeur.

Lorsque j'ai quitté ma viell' mere,  
Elle s'expirait sensiblement;  
A l'arrivée d'ma lettre, j'espere,  
Qu'elle sera morte entièrement.  
Car si la pauvre femme est guerite,  
Elle est si bonne, qu' elle est dans le cas  
De s'faire mourir de mort subite  
A la nouvelle de mon trépas.

Je te recommand 'bien, ma p'tit' Rose,  
Mon bon chien; ne l'abandonn' pas;  
Surtout, ne lui dit pas la chose  
Qui fait qu'il ne me reverra pas;  
Lui que je suis sûre se fait une fête  
De me voir rev'nir caporal,  
Il va pleurer comme une bête,  
En apprenant mon sort fatal.

Quoiqu', ça, c'est quelq' chose qui m'ourage  
D'être fait mourir loin du pays;  
Au moins, quand on meurt au village,  
On peut dire bon soir aux amis;  
On a sa place derrière l'église,  
On a son nom sur un' croix de bois,  
Et puis on esper' qu' la payse  
Y viendra pour priér quelque fois.

## THE SOLDIER'S LAST FAREWELL.

*Translated from the French.*

Th' intention of the present, Rose,  
Is thee about my health t' inform;  
Still the French army beats its foes,  
And I've had shot off my left arm.  
We great advantages have won,  
Altho' the grape my bones did crack;  
Baggage we've ta'en, and many a gun,  
For my part I've two balls i' my back.

In th' hospital, from thence, I'm told,  
My way to th' dead I soon shall wend;  
My body to the surgeon sold,  
The price, ten francs, to thee I send.  
I said t' myself, since I must go,  
And Rose of husband be bereft,  
I'll die more tranquilly to know  
To her my value I have left.

When my old mother I did leave,  
Her life was hanging by a thread;  
So, when this letter you receive,  
I hope she'll be entirely dead.  
For if, poor woman, she's alive,  
She is so good, 't is ten to one  
That she the shock could not survive  
Of news that she had lost her son!

I leave my dog, Rose, to thy care;  
Desert him not, I beg of thee;  
But, Rose, to let him know beware  
That me he never more shall see;  
For it delights him to believe  
That I a corporal shall return,  
And like a fool the brute would grieve,  
Should he my sad fate chance to learn.

It vexes me, 't must be confessed,  
Far from my country thus to die;  
Dying at home gives one, at least,  
The chance to say to friends good bye;  
One near the church finds his last home,  
One's name is cut on wooden cross,  
And there one hopes his girl may come  
Sometimes to pray, and mourn his loss.

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Adieu, Rose! adieu! du courage!

A nous r'voir il n'faut plus songer;

Car au régiment, où je m'engage,

On ne vous accorde pas de congé.

V'la tout qui tourne!—j'n'y vois goutte,

Ah!—c'est fini—j'sens que j'm'en vas!

J'viens de recevoir ma feuille de route.

Adieu! Rose, adieu! n'm'oublie pas!

Farewell! Farewell! courage, dear Rose!

We meet no more, unless in heaven;

From *th' corps* to which thy lover goes,

No leave of absence e'er is given.

All reels!—my sight is falling fast,

I feel earth fading from my view!

I, my discharge, have got at last.

Forget me not, dear Rose! Adieu!

### A CHARACTER.\*

I have elsewhere alluded to her weakness in favor of all members of the canine family, if that may be called weakness, which was in truth nothing more than a provident watchfulness over every outcast, masterless or hungry individual of the race that was fortunate enough to fall under her notice. Half the poor curs of the neighborhood alternated with the human applicants at her door, and daily were the servants made the willing ministers of her bounty with hoarded fragments of meat, not utterly denuded bones, and other "dainty messes," carefully deposited in places long made familiar to the instincts of these sagacious animals.

At certain hours of the day you would be sure to see two or three, at least of them, animated with the hope of some post-prandial morsels, gradually approaching the gate, licking their lips and wagging their tails, full of impatient expectancy. One of her especial favorites was, I remember, a huge black and white Newfoundland, of most dignified and majestic bearing, her love for whom, had as usual, grown from pity for his sad misfortune in being the faithful servant of a pitiless master, who would lock him up half the time supperless, in a cold and gloomy cellar, utterly regardless both of Dash's comfort and her's, for it would be no exaggeration to say, that his piteous howls entirely banished rest from her pillow at night, and contentment from her mind by day. Of course she did not fail to administer sundry careful admonitions to the hard-hearted owner of the unfortunate animal, and thereby succeeded in somewhat ameliorating his unhappy condition, inasmuch as he was afterwards allowed the free exercise of his limbs and a luxurious indulgence in the fragmentary dinners provided by the excellent Lady Bountiful.

Another, but less dignified specimen of canine beauty, claimed almost as large a share of her attention, though certainly not obtaining it through any particular personal grace, but from a kind of pleading simplicity of character and insinuating wag of the tail, beside being a poor homeless wanderer,

having no one to care for him, and enjoying a monopoly of wiry hair, which very possibly suggested his political name of Henry Clay, together with an affectionate habit he had of testifying his satisfaction in an endless number of short little leaps and rapid attempts to lick the provident hand that fed him.

The august Newfoundland, as is often the case with superior natures, was of a much more retiring character, and seldom or never ventured on the familiarities indulged in by the more presuming terrier—with whom he rather scorned to associate—only venturing occasionally to look up into the benevolent face of his good angel with his large, clear, loving eyes, or to pace majestically by her side when on her daily walk to the Market House, more it is to be hoped from a feeling of grateful gallantry, than from any vulgar instinctive sense of the object of her errand.

But the crowning glory of all dogs, an animal whose perfections set at naught the pretensions of all others of his kind, and a knowledge of whose noble qualities increased tenfold her affection for the race, existed in the person of a fine brown pointer presented to her by an absent son, who feeling grateful for the good service done in the partridge and woodcock season, was well aware that he could not have secured a more comfortable asylum for his favorite than was to be found beneath the roof of his kind-hearted mother.

What now must naturally have been the bitter thoughts of the jealous outside pensioners, when they stood afar off and beheld the unrestrained out-comings and in-goings of the too happy Carlo, almost always by the side of his mistress? The numberless caressings and pattings he received, the unheard of liberties he was permitted to take, when on that good lady stooping to check his somewhat boisterous demonstrations, he would thrust his cold, damp nose into her very face, or bound up boldly against her with his rough paws upon her breast and a world of meaning in his intelligent eyes. To behold his brown muzzle thrust between the embroidered window-curtains, flanked on either side by fragrant hyacinths, and to know that in order to do this, his feet must be resting on a damask-

covered chair! Who can tell the pangs of jealous rage that may have embittered their swelling hearts as they fancied they detected the favorite's sneer of superiority as he looked down upon them from his elevated position, with his sleek and shining sides, and his bright brass collar glittering like gold? What would have been their feelings could they have had the faintest conception of the exquisite luxury of his nightly couch—thick folds of carpet made still softer by the addition of a warm bearskin! Of his glorious dinners of boiled beef and luncheons of bran crackers! Of his constant and gentlemanly practice of lounging half the day upon sofas and ottomans, his glossy head perhaps, resting indolently upon the lap of their good angel! Nevertheless they had no cause to complain, for this excellent lady was not one of those who neglect their old friends for the sake of the new, and every day they were sure to come for their accustomed dole, which was never, under any circumstances, forgotten.

Whether Carlo was really to be envied by the humble sharers of his mistress's bounty, for the many privileges he enjoyed, becomes a somewhat questionable matter. That observant and tender-hearted lady has often been heard to say that she had frequently remarked his indulgence in long fits of moody abstraction, caused no doubt, as she fancied, by regretful recollections of spirited hunts—now forever passed—after pheasants and woodcock, which he used so often to enjoy in the society of his master; even the sound of the shrill and cheerful whistle, or perhaps the stimulating influence of the dog-whips were sometimes recalled with a melancholly pleasure, and dwelt on with a tenacity which for a time would render him quite insensible to outward impressions, so that even the rapid flight of a cat across the garden fence would fail to arouse his attention. And though when taken out for exercise, he would bark and bound with a momentary feeling of pleasure—dash in and out of shops in the most alarming manner—course the middle of the streets and snuff the cobble stones, as if he thought every omnibus contained a covey of partridges, to be let loose for his especial benefit—yet how mortifying was it to be constantly subjected to the aggravating little outcries of his sensitive protectress whenever he chanced to cross the reckless path of rapidly driving draymen, coachmen, butchers, and other heartless members of society, or to be called away just at the fortunate moment when he discovered some plebeian bone, the more attractive from the fact of its having nothing on it, and therefore being something entirely new to his pampered appetite.

It is easy to suppose, that after such a

modicum of exercise rendered almost useless by these perpetual annoyances, that on his return to his too comfortable home, he did not fail to growl ungratefully at the innocent carpets and bearskin, and to throw certain mental retrospective glances towards the rude pleasures of his old dog-house and kabobs of raw meat. Nevertheless, though disposed occasionally to cavil at the too great refinement of his new style of living, his whole honest heart was most truly and affectionately devoted to the excellent author of all this mistaken luxury, really seeming to appreciate the kindness of her motives. Indeed he appeared to live but in her sight, and a word of reproof from her, would cause him to leave the room with falling tail and ears, in an agony of self-abasement. If ever she chanced to be absent from the city for a day or two, his seeming despair was pitiable to behold—her return the signal for the most frantic demonstrations of boundless joy. If ill, or suffering, his place was beside her on the couch, which scarcely his food would induce him to leave, and to which, he was sure to return, exhibiting all the untiring watchfulness of the most accomplished nurse. And could she—could any one help loving such an affectionate brute? Indeed he was to her as another child, and schemes for the comfort and enjoyment of her "Old Brownie," as she used to call him, were as common a part of her daily reflections as if he had really been a fine, growing lad, whose weekly stockings and moral training were alike to be religiously cared for.

Seldom did she leave the house unaccompanied by her attached companion, until they became, in the eyes of her neighbors, so completely associated, that it was a common observation with them, if they met old Carlo trotting along: "That Mrs. B——"—I will not mention her name, let it suffice that she was one of the "salt of the earth"—"could not be very far off."

Nor did the affectionate hand that had so faithfully reproduced the gentle spirit of his mistress, forget to immortalize her canine favorite, and that they might not even there be separated, the sleek-coated Carlo sits at the feet of his beloved protectress, from whose hand he is in the act of receiving—with a tail-wagging impatience done to the life—his usual, delicate luncheon of dry bran crackers.

But alas!—and it really gives me pain to record it—want of sufficient exercise, a too great indulgence in sleep, and the pleasures of the table, were gradually undermining the once vigorous constitution of the unfortunate Carlo, producing a degree of obesity that at length obliterated all traces of his once graceful proportions, destroying the

lithe motion of his slender limbs, and reducing his movements to a species of fearfully awkward progression, finally resulting in an asthmatic affection of so aggravated a character as to make not only himself, but his poor mistress, utterly miserable.

He was no longer able to indulge in all those exuberant powers of youthful agility which had so increased his attractions in the eyes of her who meant to have been his best friend—to bound upon her knee, lick her soft cheek with affectionate zeal, or spring to meet her when she entered the room—to cushion his silken sides upon ottomans, or bark with sprightly earnestness, or defiant dignity, as the case might be, at familiar acquaintances, or obnoxious passengers in the street, from his old envied position within the muslin-curtained, flower-perfumed window—alas no, he was now forced to lie almost all day with outstretched limbs and lolling tongue, gasping for breath, softly fanned by that kind heart, whose gentle eyes would often fill with tears as they met the poor animal's imploring gaze.

It was indeed a sad trial for the poor lady, who, while she felt the tenderest pity, was terribly distressed at the hideous wheezing noise which accompanied his every movement, to the annoyance of the whole household, besides the very unpleasant effect produced by so conspicuous a follower, when she found it impossible to resist his mute entreaties to be taken into the street, which with him perhaps arose from a remote idea of being benefited by the fresh air.

"Could nothing then be done to assuage the terrible sufferings of her unfortunate pet?" would poor Mrs. B— sometimes desparingly ask, as she fondly stroked the golden-brown ears of the wretched animal; and I distinctly recollect that it was somewhere about this period that she somewhat abruptly gave up a contemplated visit to a neighboring city in order that Carlo might escape the additional pain which her absence would be sure to produce. With many apologies to the homœopathic family physician, in whose system she had the most unbounded faith, did she at length apply for and obtain some of those miraculous powders, which duly administered, did actually procure a few hours respite from suffering for her canine friend, who suddenly finding himself so much improved, arose from his luxurious couch, gave himself the "rousing shake," and positively committed his former youthful indiscretion of snapping at incautious flies. But alas, this was an exercise never again by him to be indulged in, the very rapidity of the action soon producing a fearful return of his asthmatic affections, a second and third resort to the homœopathic remedy proving of no avail.

What now was to be done? Poor Mrs. B— was enduring a species of martyrdom—her rest broken, her appetite defective, her dreams dog-haunted, her time wasted, her peace of mind utterly shaken.

Some kind-hearted, anxious friend, with somewhat hazardous temerity, timidly suggested—poison! Poison! 'twas a painful thought which, however, she herself had long secretly entertained but could not bear to contemplate the possibility of having with her own hand to become the cause of her beloved Brownie's death—and even now, since the distasteful subject had been made public, would not allow it to be canvassed in his presence, for fear that some subtle, mysterious instinct might enable the luckless animal to divine that he was the doomed object of their conversation.

Most carefully did her tender conscience, and still more tender heart, weigh all the painful pros and cons of the case, delaying the sad necessity as long as possible, until finding all hope of improvement utterly vain, with the determined resolution of one of those Roman matrons, whose masculine firmness makes bright the page of history, a long-tried and faithful servant was at length entrusted with the last melancholy duty, and a choice morsel of seductive beef was made the vehicle of his final destruction.

Severe indeed was the trial which his devoted mistress now imposed upon herself in watching the approach of what she dreaded might be his last agonized struggles—most fortunately, however, such was not the case, her woman's tender nature was not subjected to so painful an ordeal.

It was one of the warmest of July mornings and the poor unsuspecting Carlo lay outstretched and panting in the garden under the broad shadow of a fine linden tree, from time to time raising his heavy eyes to the beloved face above him, as if to assure himself of her protecting presence, when suddenly new life seemed mysteriously to infuse itself throughout his feeble frame, and bounding with all his former agility of limb across the garden—utterly annihilating in his rapid progress, a treasured plot of verbena—he pursued, seized and destroyed a luckless rat that, unhappily for itself, had been lured into false security, perhaps from a knowledge of his enemy's enfeebled condition, then returned apparently in triumph to lay his trophy at the feet of his mistress.

But it was the poor brute's last effort, and in the very act of licking her caressing hand with his affectionate eyes fondly seeking her own, now overflowing with sorrowful tears, he fell powerless to the ground: a momentary spasm seized his outstretched limbs, and the honest, faithful heart of old Brownie had forever ceased to beat.

## A LOVE—NOT OF A DAY.

There sometimes is on earth a Love,  
Age never marks with wrinkles:  
Which, planet-like, more dark the night,  
More brilliantly it twinkles.

A Love—not like the insect mites  
Born on a shining river;  
Which revel in the sun awhile,  
Then disappear forever.

But Love—which Fate may cast in vain  
Upon Life's changing-ocean;  
Amid the calm, amid the storm,  
Still proving its devotion.

A Love—not like the parasite,  
Which on the surface liveth;  
Whose slight and evanescent charm,  
Another's bounty giveth.

But Love—which, like the ivy, clings;  
Though ruin it embraces;  
And closer windeth round the things,  
The Hand of Time defaces.

Then treasure it, ye favored few,  
To whom such boon is given;  
For Love like this, though found on earth,  
Must emanate from Heaven.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN  
THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

## No. I.—NORWAY.

No more delightful sound ever greeted human ears than that which saluted mine when the look-out man at the mast-head of the goodly vessel which first bore me to Europe, shouted, with stentorian lungs, the cry of *land ho!* It is forty years since that welcome cry was heard, and the shores of Europe first presented themselves, after a tempestuous winter passage across the Atlantic, to my longing eyes. Who that has never undergone the agony of sea sickness, the irksomeness of being confined on ship-board without any of the comforts of a shore life, the monotony of sounds restricted to the howling of the winds, and the dashing of the waves; and the monotony of prospect limited by the sea, clipped around by the horizon, unenlivened by any object to remind him of the living and breathing world of which but lately he had been a part, can form any just conception of the delight experienced on again catching a glimpse of land?

On the present occasion, to be sure, the

sight had nothing peculiarly enticing, for the land we had descried was Barra Rock, on the north point of Scotland, upon which not a shrub is to be discerned, and against which the fury of the ocean has exhausted its violence for countless ages. It seemed the very emblem of desolation, and yet it told us that we should soon be in the region of human habitations, and among the denizens of the older world. But alas! for the fallacy of man's foresight! Although at the time I speak of, within two days sail of Gotenburg, our port of destination, we were twenty-five days before we got there. Thirteen of those days were expended in struggling against opposing winds, such sure as were never before let loose from the caves of Boreas. Not among such sharp and rugged waves as obstructed our progress, could ever have been found, although we were now in his very region,

“—— that sea beast  
Leviathan  
. . . . . haply *slumbering* on the Norway foam,”

although the elements would have made short work of the

. . . . . “small night-foundered skiff,”

which the northern legend says

“Moors by his side under the lee, while night  
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.”

At length, all hands weary and exhausted with the hopeless strife, and with one-third of our crew on the sick list entirely unfit for duty, it was resolved to seek a harbor, and on the 30th day of March, 1814, we fired a signal gun for a pilot, and were safely taken into the harbor of Rasvaag, in the Island of Hitteroe, on the western coast of Norway. The coast is at this place very rugged, and the pilot steered our ship between rocks so near to each other that there was sometimes scarcely the width of the vessel between them. A small boat preceded us, like the pilot fish, to point out the way. Thus difficult of access, at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon we cast anchor in one of the finest harbors in the world, where, completely surrounded by rocks of gigantic dimensions, we felt ourselves secure from all danger.

The first object that attracted our attention in entering the harbor was a fine ruddy cheeked damsel rowing a light boat across it. Sensibility to female beauty is vastly sharpened in our sex by more than a month's privation of the sight of a woman. It was, therefore, with great eagerness that we collected on the poop of our vessel, to catch a glimpse of this fair maiden emerging from the rocks, and propelling, as was obvious with a practised hand, her skiff over the water; and with admiring eyes, that we caught her



features in the distance and fancied them moulded with classic beauty. We seemed in the realms of romance, and why might not she be the offspring of some mountain hero, some Roderick Dhu, who with a whistle or a nod might call from their fastnesses the hardy hordes that inhabit this dreary spot?

Neither did she behold the advance of our gallant ship into her peaceful domain with less interest, but

"With locks thrown back and lips apart,  
Like monument of Grecian art,  
In listening mood she seemed to stand,  
The guardian fairy of the strand."

As she drew nearer, she still seemed handsome, and whilst, having passed into a nook in the rocks beyond us, she was unanimously pronounced the reigning Naiad, we were still not without hope that some of her nymphs would prove equally fascinating, inasmuch as the immortal Calypso was deemed inferior in charms to her fair attendant Eucharis.

RASVAAG.

*March 31st.*

No sooner had our ship's anchor touched bottom yesterday than we were surrounded by boats from the shore. Several of us landed, hoping to find some comforts which cannot be had on ship board. We were, however, sadly disappointed, for Rasvaag is but a small fishing town, the inhabitants of which, owing to the recent rigorous blockade by the English, are but scantily provided with the necessaries of life, and totally in want of many articles which we consider such.

The village is built upon detached rocks, scarcely covered in any part with a soil more than six inches deep, and indeed a great proportion of them not covered at all. The houses, though small, are tolerably good, and have furniture enough in them for the accommodation of poor people. In every house are an iron stove and a clock. They are covered with tiles imported from Holland, and many of them painted red all over. A more picturesque view can scarcely be imagined than is presented by some of the tiny cabins perched at a great height among the rocks. Our chaplain has this day been taking the altitude of some of them, and finds them at one point 760 feet, and at another 640 feet above the level of the sea. Several of the inhabitants speak English. They tell us they have nothing in the world to sell in the way of provisions, except water fowl and fish, with which they will gladly supply us while we remain. To prove their miserable condition they showed us the bread they are now obliged to eat. It is very little thicker than a wafer, and seems

to be mostly composed of the inner bark of a tree and cut straw. In attempting to eat a small piece of it I had nearly been choked.

*April 1st.*

The poor Rasvaagians have been as good as their word, they having, this morning, brought us a great number of wild ducks, &c., some fresh cod, turbot, and other fish, and a few potatoes. The fish we find a great treat.

The Elder man of the village boarded us to-day to receive the pilotage, for which he receipted, such being the custom of the place. And we were afterwards honored by the visit of a singular fellow dressed in full uniform and decorated with several orders of knighthood, who speaks tolerably good English, and informed us that he had command of the militia of the neighborhood. His was a kind of visit of ceremony.

We learn from him that the Island of Hitteroe, within whose hospitable waters we have found refuge, is about seven English miles square, and contains about seven hundred inhabitants. There is not a horse nor a road that could be travelled by horses on the island; it is indented with inlets on all sides, and the inhabitants pass from place to place in boats. The little portion of it susceptible of cultivation is cultivated with spades. One of the largest pieces of land capable of tillage is not more than a stone's throw in extent. This spot we have been shown. In the burial ground, where the soil is deeper than in any other part of the island, many of the coffins, after lying till the dirt thrown over them settles on each side, are even with the ground, and to be seen. None of them are eighteen inches below the surface of the earth.

*April 5th.*

The storm continues outside, and the roaring of the waves against the rocks is tremendous, particularly at night. We are happy in our snug shelter, lying as it were on a tranquil lake, for, so smooth is the water about us that, notwithstanding the violent agitation of the sea, our ship is this morning surrounded by a thin sheet of ice.

We still amuse ourselves in clambering up the rocks and wandering about the island shooting magpies, jackdaws, crows, &c., which abound here, by way of pastime. The people are very hospitable, and wherever we go the women bring us milk and eggs, all they have to offer. They keep many cows (which, however, are very small), and goats, one of which latter we bought for half a Spanish dollar!

We have had the pastor, a Protestant, on board, and paid him a visit to-day; he ap-

pears to be a man of good education, and speaks French tolerably. He regaled us with two small loaves of sour rye bread, which is now considered by the inhabitants a great luxury.

We went also, to-day, to see our friend, the knight. He gave us coffee, as much as we could drink, and said, "*God damn*, you must excuse me, I have nothing else to give you; I can't get rum, no such thing to be had here now, &c."

April 6th.

Our friend, the knight, sent us this morning a miserable little beef, which weighs about 150 pounds, for which we paid seventeen Spanish dollars. We have found it, on trial, too tough for our powers of mastication, and resigned it, therefore, to our hardy tars.

Two sailors, calling themselves Americans, came on board to-day, and one of them no doubt is so; the other is a Portuguese by birth, but says he has sailed in American vessels for many years. They both wish to go home but are unwilling to work their passages, or to sign the articles of enlistment in the United States service. The American is married here, and has several children, whom he was willing to abandon. He admitted that it would be painful to do so, but his anxiety to see his native country and to join his other wife in Philadelphia, reconciled him to the sacrifice! The parting struggle, however, he is spared for the present.

April 7th.

I have now to relate an interesting incident:—Being ashore the other day with my good friend H., we visited the most respectable man in the village, whom the people call "the merchant." Every thing in his small habitation wore an air of neatness and comparative comfort. Several fine little children were running about the room, and Mr. H. patting one of them, a boy eight or ten years old, on the head, asked him, sportingly, if he would like to go to America with him. The father translated, and the child naturally replied no, he would rather stay with his father. Yesterday we were not a little surprised to see the poor fellow come on board the ship with a delicate looking boy about thirteen years old, another of his sons, with whom he went up to Mr. H. and told him, with tears in his eyes, that here was a lad willing to accompany him to America. We were astonished to find that both father and son were in earnest, and the more so because the man appeared to be a very decent one, the boy neatly clad, and both afflicted at the idea of separation. The father observed that he

was too poor at present to bring up his children properly; that he had not now even wherewithal to feed them, although he had seen better days; and that he felt confident Mr. H. would treat his son kindly. Mr. H. replied that he could make nothing of him but a servant, and begged him not to entertain any other idea. The father said he was sensible of this and expected nothing better. On these terms Mr. H. agreed to take him, and chiefly from motives of humanity. Articles of indenture were forthwith executed, the father binding the son to Mr. H. as a personal servant till the age of twenty-one, and Mr. H. agreeing to have the boy taught to read and write the English language.\*

And to-day a similar scene was enacted by another father and son with the captain of our ship.

Can human misery or human degradation extend further? Poor Jansen, the first named father, acted as though he were making a most painful sacrifice under the pressure of a hard necessity. The second father showed no such emotion, and the boy accepted his new condition with joy.

The weather having moderated we are preparing for the resumption of our voyage, which we hope to effect to-morrow. It is but doing justice to Capt. A. to say that he has, during our stay, behaved with the greatest liberality and kindness towards our unfortunate hosts, for, while they have been amply paid for all their services and little supplies, he has given them gratuitously a large quantity of salt beef, ship's bread, and other provisions, which were accepted with sincere gratitude.

## LETTERS FROM CHINA. ♦

### NUMBER IV.

UNITED STATES STEAMER QUEEN, }  
Canton River, Feb. 8, 1854. }

"I would have written by the last mail had I not been quite ill; I am now, thank God, nearly well again, after three weeks sickness. The squadron is in Japan by this time, and it is thought will be here again by the 1st of May, when the question of returning home will be discussed. I think there is (God willing) a strong probability of my taking my next Christmas dinner at home.

"Canton has, since January 28th, been in a

\* April, 1854. It may be worth noting that the boy thus indentured not only served out his time to the entire satisfaction of his master, but continued with him in the same capacity for more than thirty years and then returned to his native country.

state of excitement, consequent upon the celebration of the New Year, which began on that day. There are many ceremonies gone through which seem odd to foreigners, and for weeks previous every one is engaged in preparing for the festival. The principal streets are lined with tables, on which are displayed all sorts of eatables—fruits and confectionery, making the greater proportion: there are others covered with articles of dress, ornaments, &c. Necessity compels many to dispose of rare objects of curiosity, as all debts must be paid at this season on pain of total bankruptcy, which, in China, is a much more serious thing than with us, as there is no hope of recovery. The custom of making presents is general, and calls are made by every one, as with us. There are stands where persons furnish slips of gilt red paper, on which are inscribed various sentences to suit the season, these papers are pasted on the doors of houses, on boats, and in fact every where. The interior of shops are also furnished with them. At this season also, the shops are washed, and a general scrubbing takes place, and this is to last for the year.

"One traveller mentions an expedient for making a man pay up, it is to carry off the door of the house, which exposes the goods and person of the occupant to the mercy of the rabble, who are ever ready to take advantage of the opportunity.

"As examples of the sentences pasted about, the following are quoted:—'May Heaven confer happiness.' 'May the five blessings (longevity, riches, health, virtue, and a natural death), descend upon this door.' A literary man would have, 'May I be so learned as to secrete in my mind three myriads of volumes,' 'May I know the affairs of the world for six thousand years.' The boat people are particularly liberal of their papers, pasting them on oars, on every board, and suspending them in rows from the stern. Houses and boats are purified by firing crackers and other ceremonies, and I believe if it were not for the crackers that Canton would be one of the most unhealthy cities in the world, from the abundant filthiness of the houses and streets. For the past ten days, the constant succession of noises produced by fire works and gongs would drive a nervous person mad. I could scarcely sleep the first two nights.

"New Years day is considered in China as the birth day of the whole population, as they date their ages from that day, so that a child born a week before New Year is considered to be in its second year, after. As it is the only holiday universally observed, the shops are closed from ten days to a month, and universal quiet reigns in the business streets. Where blue papers take the place

of red, it indicates that deaths have taken place during the year. Cards are used in visiting as with us, but they are much larger and of several colors, the plain answering for a mere acquaintance. The common mode of salutation is, 'I respectfully wish you joy.' There has been no disturbance of any kind this year, contrary to the general idea, so I have lost all hope of distinguishing myself for the protection of lives and property here.

"I have been much amused with a game the Chinese indulge in here, it is a sort of shuttlecock, but instead of the battledore, the inside of the foot is used in striking the shuttlecock: some of them are very expert, though it cannot be considered a very manly exercise. They are also very fond of cricket fighting. Two crickets are put into a shallow dish and urged by straws to battle, some times they are killed; large sums are staked on these fights. Gambling is universal; I have often, in passing by confectionery stands, seen children throwing dice for good things: of course they lose both cash and lollipops if their throws are below the mark.

"All the various trades are carried on, in a small way, out of doors; the barber, shoemaker, doctor, cooper, china-mender, fortune-teller, and many others are peripatetic. The china-mender would be a valuable acquisition at home. It is really surprising how nicely he puts a broken tureen, lamp-chimney or decanter together again, and the beauty of it is that the cost is but trifling. It is done by boring holes and rivetting the pieces together.

"I give you a specimen of an invitation to dinner:—'On the 12th day, a trifling entertainment will await the light of your countenance. Tsau Sanwei's compliments.' When a person dies it is a common practice to make a hole in the roof of the house to facilitate the exit of the spirits from the body, of which they imagine each person possesses, seven animal senses which die with him, and three souls; one of which enters paradise, another abides with the tablet, which is erected in the house, and a third dwells in the tomb. When the priests come, the corpse is laid out on the floor and a tablet set up by its side: a table is near, on which are fruits, &c., lamps and incense. The females are by, and their grief is very clamorous. Papers having figures on them are burned, and a slip of paper with the name, title and age of the deceased is hung up at the door. The soul having crossed the bridge leading out of hell by the aid of the priests, gets a letter of recommendation to be admitted into heaven. Previous to burial, a lucky spot is to be selected, and if it cannot be found at once, the corpse is kept until it is; sometimes years may

elapse before burial takes place. Now and then the corpse is seized for debt. When burial takes place, lime is thrown into the grave, and fire crackers are let off, and so it ends. In every house is a shrine, before which lights are kept burning; morning and evening paper is burned to propitiate the gods. There is also a recess built into the wall, as a shrine to the god of riches in which Josh-sticks are kept burning. There are thousands of little peculiarities about this singular people which must be seen to be appreciated. I am of opinion that they have been misunderstood by many, and if they are chargeable with dishonesty and other failings, I do not see the contrary example shown by Europeans in their dealings with them. As a rule, the foreigner looks upon a Chinese as little better than a mere animal, and he is very wide of the mark in this; all they want is a liberal government and contact throughout with enlightened nations—having already the necessary natural qualifications to enable them to become a literary and scientific nation."

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

*Spirit Manifestations examined and explained; Judge Edmonds refuted, &c., &c.* By John Bovee Dods. De Witt & Davenport: New York: 1854. Pp. 252.

As appears by the title, this volume makes very large and decided pretensions. We have read it through carefully, and having previously given considerable attention to the subject it discourses, our conclusion is, that the author has totally failed of his purpose. He has *not* refuted Judge Edmonds. His explanations of these manifestations do *not* account even for those specially cited by him, while they bear no reference whatever to numerous other instances of these phenomena.

Still further. So far from "having exposed and explained the delusion," as many editors, who could not have read the book, declare, he has absolutely done more for Spiritualism than any recent book we recollect. For he vouches for the *reality* of these phenomena and the *honesty* and *veracity* of the great mass of Spiritualists and Mediums. Those, who accept his testimony on these points, are then bound to explain the phenomena, and we apprehend they will find our author's explanation more incredible, than that given by Spiritualists themselves.

We have not present space to go into an analysis of the book or to narrate its wonders. But we advise all to read it, promising that

they will find therein much, that is both entertaining and instructive.

*The American Law Register.* Philadelphia: May, 1854.

This is one of the best conducted magazines of its kind published in the United States. The able and interesting article, entitled "The Consideration of a Contract," commenced in the April number, is concluded in this. Mr. Justice Campbell's opinion in the McDonough Will Case is printed in full. The present number contains decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, of the District Courts of the U. S., of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and of the District Court for the city of Philadelphia.

*The Schoolmaster.* New York: May, 1854.

A monthly magazine of 16 pages of original and selected literature. It contains useful information for the million, and certainly cannot be considered dear at Fifty cents per annum.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

ACQUITTAL OF MATTHEW F. WARD.

Perhaps the most melancholy feature in the case of the Wards was not the utter atrocity of the crime itself, but the settled conviction in the heart of every shrewd observer, at the time of its commission, of the final escape of the criminal. No one was taken by surprise at the verdict of "not guilty!" It was only the fulfillment of a general prediction—the foregone conclusion, and that too in the face of a simple array of facts, that formed in themselves the very definition of wilful murder.

And what a provocation! When men aroused by some instinctive passion of the human breast—spurred on by a spirit of revenge—stung to the quick by jealousy, or maddened by the fumes of drink, break into the bloody house of life, and are hung for the offence, some dint of pity may move the heart, though not away the judgment of every right-minded man.

But what shall we say when the sole incentive to a coolly-planned assassination was the punishment of a younger brother the day before by the victim, in the ordinary course of school discipline. Alas! if the rod had not been unfortunately spared the assassin in the days of his youth, the public might have still enjoyed the services of an estimable man, and the criminal jurisprudence of the state of Kentucky been saved from the scorn and ridicule of the world.

Whatever may be the privilege of classes in England, it does not extend to an immunity for murder. Though a coach and six may drive through a bill of parliament, a cart took Lord Ferrars to Tyburn. And, more recently, the cases of the Count de Bocarmé in Belgium, and of the Duke de Praslin in France, prove respectively, in those countries at least, that wealth and title are no impediments to the due administration of impartial justice. It is reserved for republican America—the land of equality—to witness corrupting influences so grossly exhibited as to amount to an open avowal of the shame.

The low moral tone of the press in certain sections of this country, tremblingly alive least it should give offence, and sapped of all vigour in consequence—the levity with which crimes of the deepest dye are treated—the euphuism that will divest an act of wanton bloodshed of all its appalling horrors, mentioned in terms of such gentle reproach as amount almost to a chuckle of commendation, is a crying evil of the land in which such things are tolerated. In the absence, for the most part, of any editorial remarks, the captions under the head of "Telegraphic Despatch" are the only commentaries upon scraps of news containing matter for serious reflection. "Shooting Affair" is a favourite term not as introductory (as one might suppose) to an item from a sporting journal giving an account of how many brace of partridges had been bagged in a short space of time, but to bring to the notice of a lenient public a most diabolical murder—Colonel Springer of the *Memphis Chronicle*, has met Judge Fitzsimmons, of the *Selma Times*, in the streets of Vicksburg, and riddled him through the heart with the six bullets of his revolver. And, surely, the triumphant bully, who with cool assurance, immediately after the deed voluntarily gave himself up to the civil authorities, can take no offence against the chronicler of the event for using such descriptive language as "Shooting Affair." Or, perhaps, the complaisant editor borrows a word from the politer dialect of the French, and calls the dastardly assassination, an "Unfortunate Rencontre."

It is in this spirit that a correspondent of one of the Western journals writes from Elizabethtown, Kentucky. One would hardly suppose he was despatched thither to report a murder trial, such an air of gay and festive mirth prevails through his lively epistle. The county court room invested with the brilliancy of his imagination expands to a broad arena. The crier is the herald who opens the lists, and the whole scene becomes a knightly joust or tournament, such as he may have witnessed at the Virginia Springs:

"The town is already full; and crowds more are expected. Gentlemen from all parts of the State are present, and also several ladies. The whole is a fair representation of Kentucky *chivalry* and gallantry, 'brave men and beautiful women.' The trial will constitute an era in the criminal jurisprudence of this State. Arrangements have been made for the publication, in pamphlet form, of a full report of the proceedings. It will be issued by the Appletons of New-York, who were the publishers of Mr. Ward's book, entitled 'Letters from Three Continents,' written during his travels in the East—a work of decided literary merit."

Instead of a pamphlet form we think a souvenir form would be better, Turkey morocco and gilt edges; it would then become suitable for the drawing-room table, and be an appropriate present from the "brave men" to the "beautiful women" who assisted on that interesting occasion.

"*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.*" The guilt of the culprit is shared by his defenders—accessories after the fact who have not only successfully shielded the murderer, but who would hide the mark of Cain on his brow with the Delphic laurel, who have held up to the scorn of Christendom the degraded spectacle of Kentucky justice—the bandage stripped from her partial eyes, with blunted sword and scales awry, gaily tripping down the flowery path of life, hand in hand with that other hood-winked goddess, upon whose wheel has been broken the *vera effigies* of divine *Astræa*.

#### ASTUTE.

The *True Democrat* has an article showing how we are all cheated by "short weights" at the grocery stores. The Editor says:—

"Yesterday we took a piece of butter weighing 19 ounces exactly, to seven different stores to get weighed, and seven different weights were given to it in consequence! In one it weighed only 17 ounces. In two others 17½ and 17½ ounces. In two others 17½ and 18 ounces respectively. In another it weighed 18½, and in the best 18½ ounces. They were all short weight, from half an ounce to two ounces!"

*Ergo*, the seven grocers would all have sold 19 ounces of butter, and would only have charged, respectively, for 17, 17½, 17½, 17½, 18, 18½, and 18½ ounces. Their weights were all wrong, it is true, but they were all too heavy.

#### ENGLISH FEELING TOWARDS RUSSIA.

The stewards of Ascot have declined this year, the plate of £300, the gift of the Emperor of Russia, which for the last nine or ten years was the great race of the meeting.

## SCRAPS FROM THE DIARY OF THOMAS MOORE.

*A Relic Hunter.*—"Drury had some dogs (two I believe), sent to him that had belonged to Lord Byron. One day he was told that two ladies wished to see him, and he found that their business was to ask, as a great favor, some relic of Lord Byron. Expecting to be asked for some of his handwriting or a bit of his hair, he was amused to find that it was a bit of the hair of one of the dogs they wanted. The dog being brought forward, the ladies observed a *clot* on his back, which had evidently resisted any effort at ablution that might have been exerted on the animal, and immediately selected this as the most precious part to cut off; 'the probability being,' they said, 'that Lord Byron might have patted that clot.'"

*Sir Walter Scott.*—"Plunket told some things of Scott when he was at his father's. Somebody said to one of the guides who attended him, 'Well how do you like that gentleman? That's Sir Walter Scott, the great poet.' 'A poet,' answered the fellow, 'No, no, thè devil a poet he is, but a real gentleman, for he gave me half a crown.'"

*Figurative Language.*—"Sat next to Jeckyll and was, as usual, amused. In talking of figurative oratory, mentioned the barrister before Lord Ellenborough. 'My lord, I appear before you in the character of an advocate from the city of London; my lord, the city of London herself appears before you as a supplicant for justice. My lord, it is written in the book of nature—' 'What book?' says Lord E. 'The book of nature,' 'Name the page,' says Lord E., holding his pen uplifted, as if to note the page down."

*A Question of Mortality.*—"A *propos* of loss of friends, somebody was saying the other day, before Morgan, the great calculator of lives, that he had lost so many friends (mentioning the number), in a certain space of time, upon which Morgan, coolly taking down a book from his office shelf and looking into it said, 'So you ought, sir, and three more.'"

## THE RUSSIAN CLERGY.

In Russia, the apostolical commands, "Let the bishop be the husband of one wife," "Let the deacon be the husband of one wife," are so strictly and literally enforced, that if the wife of a clergyman dies, he is not allowed either to remarry or to continue to act as a clergyman, but is thenceforth kept shut up in a monastery for the rest of his life.

It is thought that in no part of the world is such good care taken by husbands of their wives' health as by these Russian ecclesiastics.

## "WHERE SHALL I PASS THE EVENING?"

This is the title of a new piece now being performed at the *Variétés* in Paris. A Frenchman when a bachelor was in the habit of spending all his evenings at the house of one of his friends, a lawyer, who was constantly kept from home until late at night; his charming wife amused the bachelor's long evenings. One day he heard the lawyer was dead; he burst into tears. *Voilà*, said he, a great misfortune which has come on me! Some of his friends tried to console him, and among other suggestions, urged that the lady, who had long since given him her heart, might now give him her hand. . . . True! true! replied the disconsolate Frenchman, but . . . where would I spend my evenings? *Où passerai-je mes soirées*, attracts a large audience every night!

## COMPLIMENTARY TO THE FAIR SEX.

Lavater in his third volume of his *Physiognomy*, has the following passage, for which the Women's Rights Conventions would pall his ears, if he were living:—

"The straight forehead No. 5, seems to belong to a female head and promises a clear understanding. I purposely avoid saying the understanding of a *thinker*, because I do not love to employ this term when speaking of the female sex. The most rational women are little, if at all, capable of *thinking*. They *perceive* images, they know how to catch and associate them, but they scarcely go farther, and every thing abstract is beyond their reach."

## PICKERING'S BOOKS.

The books of Pickering, the London publisher, who lately failed, are now selling. They are by no means such fine books as might be imagined, but the prices realized are very great. The original drawings, by Stothard, for Pickering's large edition of "Walton's Angler," were bought by Miss Kearsley, daughter of the publisher, for no less than eighty-four pounds sterling, although the drawings were very slight.

An imperfect copy of Tyndale's New Testament sold for £54 12s.—*Evening Post*.

## WALNUT STREET THEATRE.

The Ravels' performances closed here on Saturday evening. They met with such signal triumph to their last night, that we should think another engagement of them in this city, at no distant period, would also prove profitable. Certain incidents on Saturday evening, at the WALNUT, were very interesting. François Ravel injured himself severely in the pantomime of "Vol-au-vent,"

and was obliged reluctantly to beg the audience's indulgence for the lame manner in which he would be compelled to fill his part during the rest of the play. The audience almost unanimously called upon him to desist from any further performance of the part, but, though his strength was evidently fast failing him, he resolutely proceeded. After the pantomime had progressed painfully for ten or fifteen minutes, some one at the side wing of the stage, who had more compassion for the unfortunate actor, than he had for himself, suddenly, to his great astonishment, and in the midst of a scene, let the curtain down upon him, amid the applause of the audience.

François Ravel next appeared before the audience, and told them "how happy he was at a certain event which had just occurred, which saved him from disappointing them of the JORA, which he was to have taken part in, towards the close of the evening. That event was the arrival at the theatre at that moment of his brother Antoine, from Europe, who would gladly take his part in that famous dance." When Antoine subsequently made his appearance he was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause, and the JORA, as danced by himself, M'dme Marzetti, Jerome Ravel, and M'dme Axel, was never better rendered upon our stage. M'lle Mathias in her best spirits and condition contributed to this *fête dansante*, the *Madrillene*, that exciting, fascinating *pas strastnya*, which she has made so popular in this city. At the close, the back of the stage was illuminated, in the midst of which the following words of fire blazed conspicuously: THE RAVEL FAMILY PRESENT THEIR GRATEFUL THANKS TO THEIR PHILADELPHIA AUDIENCES. François Ravel then, *viva voce*, made his acknowledgments for himself and the family, to which the audience replied with "Three cheers for François." The curtain then went down finally for the one hundred and second time of their engagement.

The Ravel Family have proceeded hence to New York, and on Monday evening next commence a fresh career at Niblo's Theatre, which has been beautifully decorated for the new opening. The troupe will be strengthened by the addition of the following artistic force: Antoine Ravel, the prince of pantomimists; Leopold Thilman and M'lle Nathalie Thilman, from the Paris Operas; M'lle Victoria Franck, danseuse; Angello Chiarini and M'lle Virginia Chiarini, artistes, from Vienna; and Madam Frank, from Paris—all of whom arrived last week in the Steamer Nashville from Havre.

During the past week a new play, entitled "Life in the West," has been performed at the WALNUT to contented audiences. It possesses, however, little merit of any kind.

It can scarcely be called a connected play, presenting merely a succession of scenes, in which occasionally an amusing incident transpires. It is not destined for immortality. On Tuesday evening Mr. Chapman took his benefit, and made his first appearance, very successfully, as Mr. Toodles.

#### ARCH STREET THEATRE.

Here we have had presented a new drama entitled "Plot and Passion," but the bills give us no clue to the source whence it has been derived. It is probably a translation from the French, for the London Stage. It is a deeply interesting play and is very well produced. M'dme de Fontanges a widow, (Mrs. Bowers,) having lost her fortune becomes for pay, a spy of Fouché, (Mr. Dolman,) although at the pinnacle of Parisian society. She is commissioned by him to go to Prague to decoy back to Paris M. de Neuville (Mr. Wheatley,) a political fugitive. In her attempt she falls in love with him, and being herself beset by spies, is perplexed in her course. She decides at length upon flying from him without an explanation, back to Paris. During her absence from Paris she has become possessed of certain correspondence of Fouché, treasonable to his master Napoleon. In attempting to move Fouché to pardon of young de Neuville, she makes certain vague threats which excite Fouché's contempt and anger, but not his fears. De Neuville easily learns the route his mistress has taken from Prague, and rashly pursues her to Paris—arrives in her house, and is immediately captured there by Fouché and his men. In revenge for M'dme Fontange's threats, Fouché, who is informed of the love between the two, reveals then to de Neuville the position the lady has held in his service, and the mission she had been charged with—leaving her lover to suppose that she had acted even to the last with a view to decoy him back to Paris. Fouché appears triumphant, but, (M'dme de Fontange, unsuccessful in her appeal to Fouché, having a few hours before dispatched to the Emperor the treasonable documents in her possession,) at this crisis a guard dispatched from the Palace arrives and arrests Fouché himself. This gives the lovers an opportunity for full explanations, and thus triumphing over the great Police Minister, the piece closes. The parts of M'dme de Fontanges, Fouché, De Neuville, and Desmarests, (Mr. Thayer,) were well sustained.

Mrs. Drew displays her versatile genius to great effect in a new Comedietta, entitled "Cousin Cherry," and on Thursday evening she performed the character of Ion with extraordinary ability.

# BIZARRE.

AN ORIGINAL, LITERARY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PART 6.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY THIRTEENTH.

YEAR 1854.

## DESPAIRING LOVE.\*

"All the summer day the dreamy silence of the island of Jura is unbroken but by the low murmur of the bees through the flower vines above, and the mournful sound of the waves upon the beach, breaking among the shells."

"On Jura's heath how sweetly swell  
The murmurs of the mountain bee!  
How sadly mourns the writhéd shell  
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea!"

"Why mourn'st thou so, thou writhéd shell?"  
So sweetly hums the mountain bee.  
"Hear'st thou not how the breezes swell  
So blithe along the heathery lee?  
And see, how in the blossom's cell,  
The sunbeams nestle joyfully!"

But sadly mourns the writhéd shell;  
"Oh murmur still, sweet mountain bee.  
Thou wast not rocked where Ocean's yell  
Soreams through the quivering coral tree,  
Nor groped where trickling daybeams fall  
Down the dank caverns of the sea!"

"Why dost thou mourn, thou writhéd shell?"  
So sweetly hums the mountain bee.  
"Come fly aloft o'er hill and dell,  
And hear the west-wind's ballads free;  
And drink from out the heather's well  
The brimming draft of mountain glee."

But sadly mourns the writhéd shell:  
"Oh murmur still, sweet mountain bee!  
And build thy bower, and ever dwell  
Within the breast that yearns for thee;  
And wipe the brow that yet doth tell  
The sweat drops of the laboring sea!"

"Why mourn'st thou so, thou writhéd shell?"  
So sweetly hums the mountain bee.  
"I cannot bide within thy spell,  
Lest thou shouldst cast thy gloom on me;  
But, where the sunlit heather bell  
Sheds hope and gladness, will I flee."

Oh, sadly mourns the writhéd shell:  
"Oh, murmur still, sweet mountain bee!  
Oh, fly not!—Come, ye waves, and quell  
My youngest slain hope's agony!  
The quicksand heaves, I know the knell  
That tolls across the laboring sea."

"On Jura's heath how sweetly swell  
The murmurs of the mountain bee!  
How sadly mourns the writhéd shell  
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea!"

## THE FISCAL RESOURCES OF RUSSIA.

The impression has hitherto been very generally entertained, that Russia was a power of boundless resources, and impregnable strength. The results of her wars and diplomacy have countenanced and confirmed this opinion. At two eras of her history, in her youth, and in the maturity of her power, she encountered two military invasions, conducted by the ablest captains of their time, and out of the apparently hopeless struggle, emerged victorious. We refer to the invasion of Charles the Twelfth, and the invasion of Napoleon. So inflexible was the will of "Swedish Charles," so successful had his military enterprises hitherto been, and so admirable was the discipline and conduct of his armies, that *suspended* nations, whilst they might adjudge his project a mad one, could not have anticipated so signal an overthrow as befel him. Charles could rely upon the valor and fidelity of his troops, but no troops can overcome the unvanquishable barriers of nature. The Czar had an ally in physical geography. Trackless wastes protect, "and winter barricades the realms of Frost."

Napoleon, despite his experience of Russian prowess in the campaign of 1807, which was followed by the peace of Tilsit, greatly underrated the power of his Northern competitor. Against the advice of the astutest of his ministers, and the ablest of his generals, he rashly determined to negotiate a treaty with Alexander at Moscow, the sacred



city; to captivate or overwhelm the Muscovite population by the irresistible display of innumerable force. Borodino undeceived him. His anxiety for peace, after that bloody and hard fought field, was obvious. Borodino commenced, the burning of Moscow consummated the ruin of his hopes.

Is Russia less strong now, than then? Or does the absence of subsidies occasion the very general expression of opinion, that she has not sufficient resources to carry on the war, upon which she has adventured? She has extended her commerce, (created it rather,) developed her mineral and agricultural wealth, improved her rivers and harbours, increased her navy, built extensive lines of railway, and to a considerable extent ameliorated the condition of her peasantry. In all respects her physical power is greater in the year 1854, than it was in the year 1812.

That she is deficient in hard cash, to meet the present accumulated demands upon her Exchequer, is undoubtedly true. The issue of paper money would seem conclusive of it. But to what extent will this embarrass her operations? Great stress is laid upon this fact, and very exaggerated deductions are drawn from it. It is considered to be an admission of her weakness. Let us for a moment consider the subject. Her paper currency will not circulate to any extent beyond her own borders; whatever she requires from abroad, must be paid for in gold and silver. Now, that she has not enough coin for all external purposes, has not yet been demonstrated, nor can it be inferred from any one of her fiscal measures. Whatever she buys from abroad she pays for, and pays liberally. The gold mines of the Ural mountains are said to be inexhaustible, and a writer of deserved distinction, whose acute and versatile mind has long delighted in the study of Political Economy, has recently asserted, that almost any conceivable deficiency in the gold market of the world, even if California and Australia were blotted out of existence, could be supplied from the Ural mines. With that source of supply, is it probable that Russia will be wanting in gold, for all external demands upon her? We do not take into account what the government may actually have in its vaults, or within its control, or what the patriotism of its subjects may place at its disposal. We are now contemplating its remoter resources, should a national exigency require the fullest exertion of the national power.

It may be said, and certainly with entire truth, that the value of gold depends upon its intrinsic worth combined with the labour of obtaining it, or in other words, upon its intrinsic worth and rareness; this rareness not arising from any deficiency in the

sources of supply, viz, the mines, but from the expense of procuring it; and hence, any resort to the mines by the Czar would involve an expenditure equivalent to the value of the gold procured. But if this expenditure is made in the shape of credit, it will be seen that so far as the present condition of things is concerned, the gold is procured without a diminution of the public funds. The government parts with its paper, (that complex thing, including the symbol of money and a pledge of the public faith,) and receives gold, which is both a sign and pledge of itself.

If Russia then has sufficient coin for external purposes, will a paper currency be adequate to her internal wants? In considering this question, we shall lay it down with the same confidence that we should utter any old and consecrated axiom, that a paper currency is equivalent to gold and silver, serves the same purpose, and accomplishes the same result, provided two things concur; First, that it is not multiplied beyond the legitimate purposes of a currency; and, Secondly, that the confidence of the people in the capacity of the government to ultimately redeem it is maintained. If there is no confidence there is no credit. The British debt stands upon the confidence of the creditor. Unquestionably, the punctuality with which the interest is paid, is an ingredient of this intangible thing called confidence, which though strong as granite, is yet brittle as glass. That is the foundation upon which Dr. Franklin was in favor of issuing the Continental money. Provide for the payment of interest upon the notes, and he thought the confidence of the holders would be preserved. Dr. Witherpoon, who had studied the question with care, and brought to its investigation a mind, less comprehensive perhaps than Franklin's, but not inferior to his in acuteness, in culture, and a certain practical sagacity, after the first or second issue, urged the propriety of making loans, and establishing funds for the payment of the interest. But the depreciation of the Continental currency did not arise wholly or in any great degree from the absence of confidence in Congress or the States. In the disastrous years of 1776 and 1777, the Continental money was but little depreciated, while in the following years when the gloom that enshrouded the fortunes of the country began to disappear, when the French and other European alliances inspired hope, and promised success, it depreciated in a fearfully rapid ratio. A financier would have foretold the result with absolute certainty; for the multiplication of money, whether it be coin or paper, beyond a certain fixed limit, lessens its value; as may be seen in the fact, that more money is required to purchase pre-

cisely the same article, than was required before the multiplication took place. In such a case, the accurate expression is, that money has fallen, not that the commodity has risen. Congress multiplied the Continental currency to such an extent, that it became a drug; nobody wanted it. Being a legal tender, the anomalous spectacle was presented of creditors avoiding their debtors, with a care and circumspection that could only be equalled by the adroitness with which briefless barristers evade the intolerable presence of landlords, tailors, *et id omne genus*. The Continental money became worthless, and little confidence was felt that the public credit would be ultimately redeemed.

But with Russia the case is widely different; if she is wise, she can preserve her credit, and prevent the depreciation of her currency. Her government is consecrated in the affections of the people, guarded by a superstitious reverence, and defended by power. If the Czar keeps the emission of paper within fixed, unalterable limits, if he does not depreciate it by undue multiplication, it will serve the beneficial purpose of a currency, and at the same time supply the deficiency in his treasury.

As to the justice of the present war, we have neither space nor inclination for discussion. Our impression coincides with the general opinion of our cotemporaries, that Russia is in the wrong. We do not forget however, that the views of the American people are influenced more or less, by the English and French Press, and by the representations of the numberless American visitors and residents of the English and French Capitals, who are not at all times, the best representatives of the sense and worth of their countrymen. Whatever may be the exact merits of the present contest, we trust that the voice of the civilized world will on every occasion of hostilities be clearly heard in vindication of the right.

## POPULAR SONGS OF SPAIN.

[The Baron Dembowski, in his very entertaining *Travels in Spain*—never, as yet, presented to the English reader—furnishes a number of the songs of the people of Spain, giving the original Spanish and his French translation. We shall present a series of translations from the latter.]

### I.

#### THE JOTA.

I love you more than my mother,  
I love you more than my father;  
And if it were not a sin,  
More than the Virgin of Carmen.

At the foot of your little bed  
There is a pair of white shoes;  
They are neither thine nor mine.  
Whose are they then?

Women and cats  
Are of the same race;  
Caress them  
They will scratch you at the most favorable moment.

I hold in my bosom  
A table of chrysal,  
On which play at dice  
My love and thy falsehood.

When two men love one woman  
And the two are present,  
One shuts his eyes,  
The other grinds his teeth.

They will not ring the bells  
When I shall die,  
For the death of an unfortunate  
Has very few echoes.

## RELIQUES OF EARLY AMERICAN BALLAD POETRY.

### INTRODUCTION.

There are few things more pleasing to an enlightened mind than the contemplation of those brilliant delineations of the obsolete customs and forgotten manners which are found in the writings of the great masters of old, of Chaucer and Ariosto, of Virgil and of Homer, or in "Livy's pictured page." With what a keen zest do we perceive Penelope sitting with her maidens beside the loom, or the classic pigdriver and his reluctant herd; Tityrus piping beneath the umbrageous beech, or the fair young squier, skilled to

"Carf before his fader at the board."

In the same manner though in another degree do the ballads of our ancestors interest us: for in them are united the prospect of manners and habits as foreign and strange to us as those of Japan or Tahiti, with all the interest which can arise from the reflection that those were the manners of our own fathers. Every people has its own peculiar fountain-head of verse, in which it takes its own pleasure. For the history of most nations is as that of a family; a stranger does not, nor, perhaps, can be expected to take the same interest in the obscure sufferings, the lowly joys of the founders of a race that their own posterity find in the tale. The homely portrait of a long-buried grandsire is void of meaning to one who knew him not nor his brethren; but there are eyes that will delight to trace the features of him whose blood flows in their

own veins and to mark the preservation in their line of some certain expression or shade of character. Therefore we are not surprized at—nay, we even respect and sympathize in—the feeling which impels the careful retaining of family portraits—family legends—family habits—strange and uncouth as they may seem to the rest of the world, ignorant of the spell that to the few, lends them their ineffable charm. A simple, foolish anecdote of a mother's childhood—the little narrative of a baby's span of life, whose birth was perhaps not known to, nor cared for, by ten human souls, and whose death has been for fifty years forgotten by the very sexton who buried it—are key notes which when struck will often cause passionate chords to vibrate through bosoms, that few things move beside; so true it is that "every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddeth not with its joy." And in a nation's history there are resembling phases. The rude ballad of its ancient days will often be found to arrest the mind, to catch the ear palled with far more melodious harmonies, and speaking in its own lonely tongue transport the listener back to what, in the imagination, are always the golden days of innocence and happiness, whether of men or of States; the days of boyhood. If the sensation is in the latter case less particular than in that of an individual, it is more universal. "I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas," says Sir Philip Sydney, "that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet." And, in fact, there is every reason why a ballad, in the technical sense of the term, should meet with equal favour at the hands of the man of polished and real taste as at those of the simple rustic, provided it possesses the least claim to poetical merit. The very essence of a ballad is to describe some local occurrence or national event, *in breve*: to seize the salient points of the enaction, and without attempting to trace through mazy intricacies the devious windings of the passions, to give in a rapid and natural connection their tangible results. Its characteristic is, that what he has to say, and not how he says it, is the prevailing and only occupant of the minstrel's consideration. He hurries on from one event to another, his thoughts leaping "like the forked lightning, from crag to crag"—oblivious or disregarding of the steep declivity, the high ascent that lies between, till the auditor, losing sight of the speaker because he loses sight of himself, thinks only of the deeds he is narrating. Action—action—always action—is the lesson to be learned by a ballad writer. But it must not be inferred from this that to be good, a ballad must necessarily be violent. On the contrary, many of the most beautiful and per-

fect specimens of this class are quiet, gentle "love-lorn tales," such as some heart-broken shepherd might have dreamed he had listened to from the nightingale warbling among the moon-lit roses, or lush eglantine that shadowed the lattice of his cold-breasted mistress. There is a strain of as tender submissiveness, of as dutiful self-abnegation in the "Nut-browne Maid," as can be found in the "Clerke's Tale" or in the pages of him of Padua,

"—— whos rethorike swete  
Enlumined all Italie of poetrie."

"The Braes of Yarrow" will be wept over as long as Yarrow Water runs: yet it is by no means an energetic, resonant composition. But like all true ballads, it is animated by a celestial soul—the spirit which it breathes and the emotions which it excites are real and natural. In short, "it holds, as it were, the mirror up to Nature," and every feature therein portrayed we recognize to be just and genuine.

The success of late years in all civilized countries, of collections of ballad poetry, abundantly manifests the truth of our philosophy. Else why should men in every land find a pleasure, as unmistakable as sweet, in the perusal of rude, antiquated verses, far inferior in melodiousness to the fresh, hot-pressed leaves that are daily to be found on the publisher's counter, or at the pastry-cook's? Why should this barbarous phraseology, this meagre plot, these trivial details of trivial men find such admiring readers? We think the most obvious causes are two. *Videlicet*: I. Because they relate to our own kith and kin. II. Because they are natural, they are poetical and they are true. Now, joining the effect of these reasons together, and considering that by a mathematical calculation it can be shown that all the population of the world a thousand years ago could not have been sufficient to give the present human race half an ancestor a-piece (supposing each to trace a genealogy distinct throughout from any of his fellows), and that therefore we must all have a common relationship vastly nearer than through Noah—considering these things, we repeat, it is quite comprehensible that the ballad of "Robin Hood, that bold outlawe," is a story told of one of our kinsmen: that our own ancestors stood upon that famous field of Flanders, when the bravest man of all led them to the fray:

"Stand to it, noble pikemen,  
And look you well about;  
And shoot you right, you bowmen,  
And we will fight it out.  
You musquet and calliver-men  
Do you prove true to me,  
I'll be the foremost man in fight,  
Says brave Lord Willoughbie!"

Who knows what remote progenitor sailed  
with the Red-Cross Knights to Palestine, or  
rode with stately Hardyknute,

"— when Britain's breach of faith  
Wrrought Scotland mickle wae."

Their names are "familiar in our ears as household words;" they were surely all of our own blood, or, at all events, when we hear of their achievements, we feel as though they were; and the volumes of Percy, of Ellis, of Ritson, and the numerous other gleanings of English, Scotch, Spanish and German ballads are among the most popular books of their respective lands.

America, however, is sadly deficient in this respect. We had always entertained an impression that there being no knights or fairies—no three-headed, hot-headed Welch giants, or Cornish boys to kill them—in our land, that there could likewise be no ballads in America. And yet, when one reflects upon the romantic incidents that attend the life of every settler or frontiersman in America; the rugged mountains—the gloomy caves—the awful silence and solitude of the primeval forests and the thousand other unceasing traits of the picturesque and the sublime that accompany our scenery; and on the educated minds and cultivated tastes of so many of our early inhabitants: it becomes a matter of grave surprise that the American people should have in this regard so differed from all others. It is true, we had our own old English stock of ballad lore to draw upon; but it is unaccountable that we should not have increased it by the fruits of our own soil. Struck with these reflections, we have lately turned our attention to this matter, and our first researches have been amply and richly rewarded. Should similar good fortune continue to attend us, we can safely predict for America ancient ballad-poetry of a most interesting description. Polish, it is true, and the fire of true poetry, most of the examples we have yet met with decidedly lack. But they are graphic and earnest, and, to our minds, not deficient in a pleasing interest. Such as they are, we shall from time to time lay them before our readers; happy if at the same time we shall be able to gratify them, and to rescue from dumb forgetfulness the prey which already, perhaps, is but too ready to sink into her embraces.

#### NUMBER I.

### POINT PLEASANT; OR, THE SHAWANEE BATTLE.

#### A VIRGINIAN BALLAD.

[In the fall of 1774, an expedition\* was organized among the counties lying west of

the Blue Ridge, in Virginia, to proceed against the Ohio Indians. Lord Dunmore, the provincial governor, led one division of this little army; Col. Charles Lewis, one of the genuine *worthies* of the day, commanded the other. Their rendezvous was at the mouth of the Big Kanawha, whence Dunmore was to lead the party to the destruction of the towns on the Muskingum and in Ohio generally. Lewis's detachment, 1,100 strong, arriving first at the appointed place of junction, encamped there, till he received orders from Dunmore to cross the Ohio, as his lordship was to do himself, and meet him on the opposite shore.

The Indians, however, probably well apprized by their spies of the movements of the Virginians, determined to attack them while yet separated, and unfortunately for themselves, chose to make their *coup d'essai* upon Col. Lewis's division. Accordingly on the morning of Monday, October 10th, 1774, they were discovered close on to the American camp, in numbers sufficient "to cover four acres of ground as closely as they could stand by the side of each other." Their strength, however, could never be accurately ascertained; but it is known that they were composed of the *elite*—the chosen braves—of the most warlike tribes in that part of the continent—the Shawanees, the Wyandottes, the Cayugas and the Delawares, and numerous stragglers from the Mingos; and that they were led on by a chief whose name and fame entitle him to rank beside Pontiac, Tecumseh, or Cornplanter; we allude to the gallant CORNSTALK, chief of the Shawanees, and the head of the great northern savage league.

The conflict began with the earliest sunrise, and ceased not till the shadows of night had shrouded the overhanging forests in impenetrable gloom. On the part of the "big knives" (as the Indians styled the Virginians), Cols. Lewis, Fleming and Field, the first, second and third in command, successively fell beneath the fatal blows of the enemy; but Lewis survived long enough to put in execution a manœuvre similar to that which had given victory to Bouquet upon the Bloody Run not many years before, and which in this case also saved the fortunes of the day. Three companies, under the command of Isaac Shelby, were secretly detached, who by an unseen circuit, fell upon the rear of the savages in the hottest of the fray, and put them to such confusion that though they desperately persevered in the contest, their ultimate defeat was evident. Cornstalk, however, would not abandon the field while a vestige of hope remained. Whenever the line wavered, and the triumphant shouts of the backwoodsmen hailed the momentary falling back of their foe, the clear,

resonant voice of the Shawanee chief would be heard rising above the rattling volleys and the fierce cries of the battle-field. "Be strong! Be strong!" he shouted to his men, and with renewed fury they would return to the onset. A warrior by his side, wearied with the bloody labours of the day, proposed to retreat, and answered with contumacious terms his leader's expostulations. With one blow of his tomahawk, Cornstalk instantly clove the mutineer's skull. But at length he was obliged to give the signal for retreat, and to withdraw his shattered forces from the field. Silently swimming across the broad waters of the Ohio, they took shelter in their towns on the banks of the Scioto. They were not pursued. Behind their feeble breastwork of logs, thrown up in the commencement of the contest, the Virginians mourned the fate of their gallant leaders. Seventy-five killed outright, and one hundred and forty wounded, was the price at which they had bought their victory.

The following simple ballad was found in a mountain cabin in Tazewell county, in the southwestern part of Virginia. It seems to us authentic beyond a doubt; it was probably the composition of some adventurous spirit, who, as well as his audience, had known and loved the heroes he lamented. Devoid of aught but the most meagre claims to poetical merit, it is full of that interest which an earnest, heartfelt narrative of dangerous adventure always inspires. We will offer a few critical remarks upon some portions of the piece before we give it to our readers. There is nothing mean or common in the utter simplicity of expression or thought that characterizes the author's strain. Under many circumstances, its *bareness* would be ludicrous; but here there is nothing to smile at, when we reflect upon the position and habits of the bard. In the third stanza, he tells us that "judgment precedes to execution," a specimen of legal phraseology that convinces us of the truth of Mr. Burke's observation a few years later, that not an American farmer was ignorant of the principles and practical workings of that noble old Common Law of England, which for centuries has fostered and preserved the liberties of the Anglo-Saxon race. To the rude mind of the mountain warrior, nothing seemed more proper than ere Fame should take into execution the memories of the departed brave, and stamp upon their names the seal of Immortality, a formal decision upon their merits should issue from some constituted authority, and this function he, in the name of Apollo's shrine, takes upon himself. From the inspired pages of Holy Writ—probably the only volume to be found within his log hut—he draws the few comparisons that appear in his verses:

while the description of the leaders of the host, with their heads bound up in kerchiefs (or *napkins*, as he terms them), gives an unmistakable air of truthfulness and *vraisemblance* to the whole poem. Such a head-dress, we may inform our readers, is adopted on similar occasions not only to give greater freedom to the motions of one on whose coolness and activity in the coming struggle honour and life are depending, but also to point out to the men, by this simple uniform, the position and persons of their commanders. It may not be amiss to add that Point Pleasant is the tongue of land formed by the junction of the Ohio and the Big Kanawha: and that Lieut. Allen, so pitifully lamented in the sixth stanza, was probably himself from the same distant neighborhood as his mourner. And now, after this long introduction, for the ballad itself.]

## I.

Let us mind the tenth day of October,  
Seventy-four, which caused us woe:  
The Indian savages they did cover  
The pleasant banks of the Ohio.

## II.

The battle beginning in the morning,  
Throughout the day it lashed sore,  
Till the evening shades were down returning  
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

## III.

Judgment precedes to execution;  
Let fame throughout all dangers go;  
Our heroes fought with resolution  
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

## IV.

Seven score lay dead and wounded  
Of champions that did face their foe;  
By which the heathen were confounded,  
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

## V.

Colonel Lewis and some noble captains  
Did down to death like Uriah go;  
Alas! their heads bound up in napkins,  
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

## VI.

Kings lamented their mighty fallen  
Upon the mountains of Gilead;  
And now, we mourn for brave Hugh Allen  
Far from the banks of the Ohio.

## VII.

Oh, bless the mighty King of Heaven  
For all his wondrous works below,  
Who hath to us the victory given  
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

## ELLIS LEWIS, OF WALES.

A. D. 1690.

[The following account of the "Coming forth in a Publick Testimony" of Ellis Lewis, when about twelve years old, may interest some of our readers, as being typical of an age very different from ours—and to the many descendants of the gentleman in this city, it will possess a still greater interest, as being a curious and interesting incident in the life of their worthy ancestor. The Quakers of that day seemed to look upon the preaching of the child as *inspiration*—the more so from the fact, that he did not understand the English language perfectly, and yet spoke in that tongue.

The "Little Offering" annexed, which was written a few months after, at Newington, contains as much matter as some sermons, and the judgment of the child in so briefly extracting the kernel of a discourse, certainly demands our admiration. The original documents were found preserved among the papers of his granddaughter, Mrs. Phebe Pemberton, who died in 1812.]

An account of Ellis Lewis' coming forth in a Publick Testimony to the Blessed Truth.

The 30th of the 4th month, 1690, upon the first day of the week, we having assembled ourselves together according to our usual manner at the house of Lewis Owen, in the Parrish of Dolgelly, Merionethshire, in Wales, to wait for the appearance of God, in which we have comfort and power, beyond every other power, of which we were made witnesses according to our measure, and we being upon the day above mentioned met together at the same place, and those that used to bear a publick testimony amongst us, having taken their liberty, and after a considerable time, there was something like a vail not removed, and as a covering not removed away, and in this condition I was moved to encourage my friends to labour and take Christ Jesus, his advice for to strive to enter in at the strait gate, which leadeth into the kingdom of freedom, and to seek for the fountain which Christ spake of that would be in them, springing up into eternal life—and yet there was a stop remaining as to our speech at that time, for it was an unusual thing to the people, and I waited and found ease to my mind. But after some time it was manifested unto me that the Lord would raise his own seed into dominion some way or other—but I knew not what way, and in earnestness of supplication and prayer and tears springing up amongst us, from that Immortal Seed; and a child amongst us, being but between

twelve and thirteen years of age (which was Ellis Lewis, the third son of Owen Lewis), he having wept and groaned a long while amongst us, at last broke out into words in the English language, which he was not perfect in. And he praised the name of the Lord God of Heaven and earth, who he said had opened his heart amongst us this day—and in filling the hearts of his little ones, his babes, who is comforting and nourishing them one day and time after another. And often he mentioned the Almighty, which he said had opened my heart amongst us this day—so that it was not the words we made most observation of but the life and heavenly authority that went along with the words. And the life sprang and ran amongst us to the comforting of our hearts, both old and young, great and small, so that the living springs opened in our hearts. And these living streams made a great river, which made glad the city of God. And many did admire and wonder that heard the child's voice, but those that knew not the living words from whence the true words do proceed, were ready (I thought) to say with those that said of Christ's Apostles—"they were full of wine." But we are of the Apostle Peter's mind and judgment, who said that the Lord God should in the latter days pour forth of his spirit upon all flesh, as it is signified by the mouth of his servant Joel—and we are witness of that Scripture, which saith that through the mouths of babes and sucklings praises shall be perfected unto the Lord, even by them that suck at the breast of God's everlasting consolation, who are in their spirits enlightened to see the goodness of the Almighty in the land of the living. And I have not found ease in my mind until I had written these few lines, that they might be in remembrance for the generation after us, to see and understand how good and fatherly the Lord was to us. And how his living witness hath moved in our hearts, and upon the hearts of the youth amongst us, so that just witness hath been quickened in our hearts, that doth at all times testify against evil and corruption. And we have spent that season to the comfort of our poor souls, and in some measure to the praise, honour and glory of the Lord our God, who is the author of all our mercies, unto whom for this reason, and all his goodness to us, be thanksgiving, and unto his blessed name be it given, henceforth and for ever more. Amen, saith

ROWLAND OWEN.

A Little Offering offered to you, my brethren in brotherly love, by a child who came up to see how it fared with you, my honourable brethren.

This is the word of the Lord to you

fathers and young men—quench not the spirit, neither despise prophecy, lest the Lord should smite you with dryness and barrenness. For the spirits of the Prophets are to be subject to the Prophets, and we all as members that are useful, are to be subject to Christ, our head, and one to another in Him. And if any be otherwise minded, and lust to be contentious, I see no such custom nor examples in the churches of Christ. Therefore let your words be few and savoury, seasoned with grace, that they may administer life to the hearers, for life begets life, and death begets death. Given forth by one whose name is

ELLIS LEWIS.

NEWINGTON, 2d of 11th mo. 1690.

#### LINES ON BEING ASKED TO WEAR A MOUSTACHE.

You ask me to wear "a moustache,"  
The request 't were unkind to deny,  
So I'll e'en become one of the "flash,"  
And have it although I should "dye."

Yet I know not which style's most chaste,  
Which finds the most grace in your sight;  
So advise me at once of your taste,  
And I'll banish my razor to-night.

Still I own 't is unpleasant to me  
So foppish an air to display;  
But I cannot evade your decree—  
My duty is but to obey.

And perchance you may deem that a kiss,  
From lips that are covered with hair,  
Conveys a more delicate bliss,  
Than from lips, that, like mine now, are bare.

Then adieu, my dear girl, for I go  
A Lover's obedience to prove;  
Adieu, my dear girl, till I shew  
A moustache that is worthy your love.

#### CURRENT LITERATURE.

*Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of T. Noon Talfourd.* Phillips, Sampson & Co.: Boston: 1854. Pp. 176.

Not often do we encounter a book, of which, together with its author, we can conscientiously speak in terms of unqualified commendation. But the present is such a case. Talfourd, since first coming before us, has ever been a respected and beloved name, and his varied career as a littérateur, an advocate, a member of Parliament and a judge, has been uniformly marked by a serene moral beauty.

To us on this side the water probably he became first specially known by his drama of "Ion," whose principal character was so charmingly impersonated by Ellen Tree. It is a drama of the Classic, and not the Romantic or Shakspearian school. None the worse, however, for this. Æschylus and Sophocles were poets, as well as Shakspeare, and like him addressed themselves to enduring elements in human nature. "Ion" furnished an excellent type of its author's genius. For Talfourd was not a universal or omni-sided man, nor had he the burning intensity or volcanic eruptiveness of some of his cotemporaries. But he had, nevertheless, very considerable powers both in diversity and degree, and these powers were all developed by a judicious culture, presided over by a beautiful taste, and all wrought in unison with unbroken harmony.

A considerable portion of the present volume we met with some years since, under the title of "Miscellanies," and read and re-read it with unqualified delight. We rejoice to find these old favorites in the present volume, together with several additions of kindred quality. It is a volume to keep on one's table for reiterated consultation, and a volume, too, to have a conspicuous place in a household library. Its contents, though wanting the customary poetic garb, are overflowing with the poetic spirit, rich in poetic imagery, and brilliant from first to last, with turns of thought and phraseology, which only a poet's brain could have produced.

The reader, too, will be charmed with the elevated tone, and the clear, genial, humane spirit of these writings. Everywhere he will see the indications of a high-minded, "whole-souled," noble-hearted man, to which "nothing was alien, that concerned the welfare of mankind." And this same type of character appears still more conspicuously, on account of the peculiarly favorable occasion, in his biography of his friend, Charles Lamb. We presume our readers have seen this. If not, they are undergoing a loss which we counsel them to supply forthwith. That inimitable, most genial and loveable of oddities, Lamb, could not, the world through, have chosen so capable and appropriate a biographer.

Talfourd's success at the bar was most brilliant, and he lost nothing of his bar-reputation on the Bench. His demise was untimely to the world, though not to himself. In the midst of an address to the Court, which exhibited, conspicuously and fully, his noble and humane traits, he was instantly stricken with apoplexy, and without being able to say farewell, "he passed over to the majority." But he left behind him a name garnished profusely with pleasant associa-

tions, as well as writings, which must ever delight, instruct, and refine all whom they reach.

We are indebted for this, as for numerous other choice books, to H. C. Baird.

*Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington and others of the Family.* Edited by B. P. Shillaber, of the Boston Post. J. C. Derby: New York. Phillips, Sampson & Co.: Boston: 1854. Pp. 384.

It is undoubtedly a hazardous experiment to issue a 384 page duodecimo, made up of materials like those brought together here. But Mr. Shillaber has succeeded better than we could have hoped, and we have found the volume hardly less interesting in the mass, than we had previously found its several items, as they appeared in a daily paper. The fact is, the writer has wit, humor, keen common sense, and a genial humanity; and the oddity of the vehicle, through which these traits are exhibited, perhaps even adds to their power over us. There is a vein of purest, finest gold in these malaprop utterances, and we cannot but wish and hope the writer may, in some other and better form, put forth the beautiful gifts, of which we here have scattered glimpses.

Meanwhile we are sincerely thankful for what he has given us, and it is our own fault if, while amused with Mrs. P.'s blunders, our hearts are not made better by her spirit.

For sale in Philadelphia, by Peck & Bliss, corner of Third and Arch streets.

*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.* April, 1854. Leonard Scott & Co.: New York.

We little dreamed, when, in our notice of the March number of this journal, we said we missed somewhat of the old Christopherian sparkle, that Wilson had already passed from his earthly labors and triumphs. Yet such was the fact. He who, though not less erratic than brilliant, was the journalistic editor par excellence for more than half a century, had vanished, and we are little likely to "look upon his like again."

Of the present, as of the previous number, we are constrained to say we miss a *something*, which used to be a principal fascination of Blackwood. Still it must be pronounced a tolerably fair number, though several of the articles are calculated to please home rather than foreign readers, having reference either to British party politics or the connexion of Britain with the "Eastern question." The continuation, however, of the "Quiet Heart" possesses a general as well as local interest, as do also the articles on "Puppets" and on "Life in the Sahara."

To speak with entire frankness, we must nevertheless, say, that, if the proprietors

wish and expect to maintain the ancient pre-eminence of their journal, they must rouse themselves not a little, and introduce considerably greater variety, pith and sparkle, than the latter numbers have exhibited. Success to them for the sake of "Lang Syne," if nothing else!

*The Edinburgh Review.* No. CCI. January, 1854. Leonard Scott & Co.: New York.

This number comprises eight articles, well enough written, yet adapted for the most part rather to interest British than general readers. The omnivorous scholar, however, will be pleased with the "Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox," as carrying him back to an era, when there were "giants in the land" of St. George, as well as gigantic events in progress on the European stage. The article on the "Blind," too, possesses a general value and interest, and finally we may place in the same category, "Thackeray's Works" and the "Ottoman Empire," though the latter is mingled with much, that concerns the "islanders" chiefly.

We do not like to be captious, but we cannot help thinking that the "Edinburgh," which we can remember some thirty years, is wanting in the old variety, pungency and brilliancy, which were so much to us in our early days. If the reader questions this, we refer him to the "lang syne" numbers, which were enriched and embellished by the pens of Jeffrey, Macauley, Sidney Smith, Mackintosh and their compeers—a race which, save a few reliques, has passed away. It was a splendid race, and they had, moreover, splendid materials to work upon in a band of Poets who have also vanished.

Still this journal is a valuable one, and we wish it permanence and continued success.

*The London Quarterly Review.* January, 1854. Leonard Scott & Co.: New York.

Like this month's "Edinburgh," the present Review contains eight articles, most of them possessing a general interest. The article on the poet Gray does, perhaps, all that could be expected with such scanty materials. It presents us the singular spectacle of a man, with considerable genius, great erudition and varied accomplishments, suffering, his life long, from ennui, occasioned by lack of *vigorous performance*, and leaving but a few poetic fragments and a small collection of letters, as the produce of fifty-five years, in which literature had been his sole occupation.

Humboldt's "Cosmos," "Guizot," "Religion of the Chinese Rebels," and "Castren's Travels among the Laps" are all worth reading, and the first two are prepared with con-



siderable ability. The "Memoirs of King Joseph" (Bonaparte), is more remarkable as a specimen of the Toryism, which has so strongly marked this Review in former times, than for aught of general interest, and "Turkey and Russia" may, perhaps, be got through by those, who are not already surfeited with the subject.

We must acknowledge, however, that, since Lockhart's retirement, the "Quarterly" has lost much of that virulence and partisanship, which made it formerly so exceedingly offensive to many, and especially to Americans. It is now quite civil and decent.

### EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

SEÑORITA SOTO.

The lovers of the ballet awoke from the lethargy into which they were plunged after the departure of M<sup>lle</sup> Yrca Mathias by the unexpected apparition of Señorita Soto at the CHESTNUT; a danseuse whose acquaintance Philadelphia had the good fortune to make a year ago, and whose talents at that time were duly acknowledged by our public press. An elaborate criticism upon her dancing therefore will not now be required. Suffice it to say, that without yet having exhibited proofs of that professional training which it is apparent M<sup>lle</sup> Mathias has received in an eminent degree, capacitating her for every walk of her profession, she never fails to display high natural gifts of grace, elasticity, vigor, and excellent taste in the ravishing art of dancing. She wisely confines herself to the dances of her native country, Spain—wisely, as well because they are best suited to her, as because there are no other dances that can be compared to them in beauty, or that can so vitally thrill the beholder.

What was it then, we asked ourselves, that enables Señorita Soto—without possessing a high degree of professional education, without transgressing the prescribed limits of decorum in her art—to agitate so powerfully, to flush with such intoxication, her every spectator? The cause is to be traced, we soon found upon examination of our own feelings, to the very absence of that scientific training, which, however, could be dispensed with by no one, but so superb a woman as she. In the case of the performances of an artiste schooled in all the ornaments of her art, other feelings than those of resignation to the beauties of the scene before you are called into play. Your repose is interrupted by emotions of wonder—sometimes even of pain, at oft recurring feats whose beauty cannot blind us to the difficulties they have

opposed to their still smiling executor. But in contemplating the wreathe movements of this Spanish woman—in which, while nothing is insignificant or insipid, it can only be said that each motion is elegant, ingenuous and easy, each in unison with the whole, and each apparently the only natural sequent of its antecedent—there is no *phenomenon* to arrest the quickening growth of the sensation of pleasure, till at last—the undulations dying away, and again a calm repose, the climax of the scene, pervading that lovely expanse of form and limbs—the undisturbed, rising emotions of the spectators culminate almost to the point of ecstasy. The production of this effect is, of course, powerfully aided by her personal charms, which are in every respect of the very highest order—not inferior even to those of the

"Ingráta, hermosa Antandra:

En cuyas centellas

Bellas,

El alma es salamandra,

Que respira encendida,

Dulce ardor, blando incendio, ardiente vida."

### ARCH STREET THEATRE.

This week they have been performing here to very fine audiences. On Monday, "Ion;" Mrs. Drew as Ion. Tuesday, "Romeo and Juliet," Mrs. Bowers as Juliet, and Mrs. Drew as Romeo, both of which characters were well performed; at the same time, to ladies taking characters such as Romeo, or any which unsexes them, we object to: be such parts never so well performed, they have not the same hold on our feelings or judgment. On Wednesday Mr. Wheatley took his benefit. We were glad to see so fine an audience: it evinced a just appreciation of that gentleman's character and abilities, and speaks well for the discrimination of Philadelphia play-goers. The play was "Wives as They Were and Maids as They Are," written by Mrs. Inchbald, an eminent actress and most estimable woman; fifty years ago it was a great favorite on the London boards, but it is now seldom played. The plot is, as in all its author's comedies, but simple. Sir William Dorrillon (Mr. Dolman), in difficulties, goes to India, leaving his daughter, Miss Dorrillon (Mrs. Drew) under the guardianship of Mr. Norberry (Mr. Fredericks); after an absence he returns, and finds his daughter a devotee to all the follies of fashionable life; he is sadly affected, and begs his friend, Mr. Norberry, to introduce him to his daughter under an assumed name. He hopes to frown her out of her frivolities, but the woman of fashion laughs at his frowns. The scene changes; she, it appears after all, has a heart, though

it is overlaid by folly. By losses at play, she is immured within a prison for debt; her father, who has determined to return to India, and to disinherit her, calls upon her, and offers to succour her, provided she promises to leave off her follies. The piece closes with some affecting scenes, wherein the father and daughter become known to each other; in which Mrs. Drew shone to great advantage. There is some by-play, in which Lord and Lady Priory are introduced, affording illustration of the times that were. Mr. Thayer has seldom appeared to better advantage than as Lord Priory, nor Mrs. Bowers, as Lady Priory. The beneficiary took the character of Mr. Bronzely, the roué and man of fashion, and rendered it, as he does nearly every thing he undertakes, in first-rate style. When the curtain fell he appeared before the audience, and made a well timed speech. The after piece was "Black-eyed Susan;" Mr. Drew as William. On Thursday the play was "Plot and Passion," heretofore noticed, and the "Toodles." On Friday the same bill as at Mr. Wheatley's benefit.

It is to the credit of Philadelphia that this theatre is so well sustained, being the only house now where the "legitimate" has a local habitation.

#### PARISIAN NEWS.

We extract from a letter to the *New York Spirit of the Times* the following interesting items:

In speaking of remarkable English visitors this season, you may perhaps have suspected me of a great omission, inasmuch as I have never said a word of the island belle, Miss Sneyd, who had the luck to attract the Emperor's attention and the Empress's jealousy, and whose reputation for beauty *vires acquirit eundo* it would seem—grows greater as it goes farther from the scene of its display, to judge by some letters I have seen lately. Allow me then to say in self-defence that if I have not said anything of Miss S. it was simply because my ideas did not agree with these of her transcendental, seraphic, celestial, &c., beauty, that have been elsewhere expressed. I can not only *imagine*, but *have seen*, both in Europe and America, women much more beautiful than Miss S.—not in pictures either, but in real flesh and blood. To be a real beauty, of the highest order, a woman must show some intellect and distinction in her features; otherwise she may be a perfect barmaid or peasant, but not a Goddess, or even a nymph—unless it be one of Rubens'.

What chiefly gives reputation for beauty in Paris is *notariety*, and this is true, not merely of ladies but of all classes of women.

Cruvelli gets some \$25,000 a year of singing, and *therefore* you will hear people say—not paid writers, or *very* particular friends of hers, but uninterested parties in society—that Cruvelli is a great beauty. The Emperor asks a young lady at a ball to his private supper, the Empress won't let *him* stay to supper; therefore the fair stranger must be the loveliest woman that is or ever was in Paris.

Rosati, the danseuse, returned to the Grand Opera last Friday. She was received with the greatest enthusiasm. At the end of the first act, so many bouquets fell on the stage that it was impossible to count them, and it seemed as if the "supes" would never be done carrying them away. The kid gloves of the Jockey and *Moutard* Club boxes pitched out about twenty-five nosegays in a heap, which answered the desired end—of calling the attention of the house to themselves.

The Odeon has had two or three little novelties. One of them, 'La Taverne des Etudiants,' by Sardon, caused quite a breeze the first night of its representation. The students of the *Quartier Latin* took offence at a tavern-scene, supposing that—though the personages represented belonged to a German University—they themselves were really aimed at. Accordingly, they did their best to damn the piece, but the author's friends succeeding in disarming their anger, it met with no interruption the second night.

Dumas' Memoirs have reached his duel with Gaillardet, which he describes with great cleverness, and (possibly) with truth. Neither hit the other, although (because?) they were both considered dead shots. Dumas says he missed Gaillardet because the latter was entirely in black, not showing a speck of white about him, except some *cotton in his ear*, which accordingly the great romancer aimed at, but it was covered by the other's pistol when raised! Pretty close work, that.

#### FATE OF THE "CITY OF GLASGOW" FORETOLD.

*The Horoscope*, an astrological magazine published in this city, and edited by Thomas Hague, contains in its number for January, 1851, the following in reference to this steamship, which had then just made its first trip:

"I have cast some six or eight maps, or horoscopes, appertaining to this steamer, and in none do I find a contradiction of one event, which is plainly foretold in the horoscope cast for her sailing from Liverpool to this port, Philadelphia. The incident foreshown is, eventually the entire loss and DESTRUCTION OF THE SHIP, and I fear it will not be

long before the event takes place. Never before have I seen, during my practice as an Astrologer, such a combination of evil rays among the Planets and Fixed Stars, as exists in the horoscope cast for the time that the vessel sailed from Europe, and dropped anchor in the Delaware river. The arguments of *danger* are ten, for one of *safety*. I fear the ship will not live over 32 months, if over 15, from the moment she weighs anchor for the seaport she sailed from for this country. I hope this year will pass over without her meeting with the loss of more seamen, and other mischief, during the violent and severe weather, which she is *ordained* to encounter."

#### THE ANTIQUARY.

He is a man strangely thrifty of time past, and an enemy indeed to his maw, whence he fetches out many things, when they are now all rotten and stinking. He is one that hath unnaturally diseased to be enamored of old age and wrinkles, and loves all things, as Dutchmen do cheese, the better for being mouldy and worme-eaten. He is of our religion, because we say it is most ancient; and yet a broken statue would almost make him an idolater. A great admirer he is of the rust of old monuments, and reads only those characters where Time hath eaten out the letters. He will goe you forty miles to see a Saint's well, or a ruined abbey; and if there be but a crosse or stone foot-stool in the way, he will be considering it so long, till he forget his journey. His estate consists much in shekels and Roman coynes, and he hath more pictures of Cæsar than of James or Elizabeth. Beggars cozen him with musty things which they have raked from dunghills, and he preserves their rags for precious reliques. He loves no library but where there are more spider volumes than authors, and looks with great admiration on the antique worke of cobwebs. Printed bookes he contemnes, as a novelty of this latter age: but a manuscript, he pores over everlastingly, especially if the cover be all moth-eaten, and the dust make a parenthesis between every syllable. He would give all the bookes in his study, which are rarities all, for one of the old Roman binding, or for six lines of Tully in his owne hand. His chamber is hung commonly with strange beasts skins, and is a kind of charnel-house of bones extraordinary; and his discourse upon them, if you will heare him, shall last longer. His very attire is that which is the eldest out of fashion, and you may pick a *criticisme* out of his breeches. He neuer looks upon himselfe till he is greyheaded, and then, he is pleased with his owne antiquity. His graue

doth not fright him, for he hath been used to sepulchres, and he likes death the better, because it gathers him to his fathers.—*Microcosmographie*, 1628.

#### GEMS OF AMERICAN ORATORY.

Our friend who attends the town meetings, has favored us with the following:

3. At the Anti-Nebraska meeting at the Chinese Museum: "This confederacy shall defy the ravages of time and the circumstances of events."

And of the following he assures us that, although he did not hear it "with his own ears" or any body else's, he has it from such good authority, that he cannot doubt its genuineness.

4. At a meeting in Wilmington, Delaware: "The State of Delaware, though small in territory, has produced many eminent men; not the least of whom was the illustrious Bayard, of whom it may be said, as of his great namesake in France, that he was *sans peur et sans culottes*."

#### THE EARL OF LUCAN.

The *Galway Packet* writes:—Major-General the Earl of Lucan goes out to Turkey as the commander of the British cavalry. If the gallant general be as great at scattering the enemy as he has been in exterminating his Irish tenantry, the arms of England will be eminently successful in the coming war! If he storm the enemy's position with the same rapidity as he levelled the homesteads of desolated Mayo, the war will soon be brought to a close!

#### FIRST PHILADELPHIA THEATRE.

On the 15th of April, 1754—just a century ago—the first theatre was opened in Philadelphia at the south-west corner of Cedar and Vernon streets, (Southwark). The performances were the "Fair Penitent" and "Miss in her Teens." A Prologue and Epilogue, written for the occasion, were spoken by Mr. Rigby and Mrs. Hallam.

#### NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.

Many new books are announced in London; among them a *Life of Mrs. Opie*; a *Common-place Book of Thoughts*, by Mrs. Jameson; the second volume of *Chevalier Bunsen's "Egypt's Place in Universal History"*; the seventh and eighth volumes of *Moore's Memoirs and Correspondence*; the *Life of Luther*, translated from the German of Gustav; and *König*, by Archdeacon Hare.

# BIZARRE.

AN ORIGINAL, LITERARY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PART 7.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY TWENTIETH.

YEAR 1854.

## THE PROPOSED FRANKLIN MONUMENT.

During the past few months a very perceptible desire has been felt by a portion of the American public to take some steps towards perpetuating the fame of Benjamin Franklin, and of exhibiting, by some monumental testimonial, the veneration in which they hold his worth. The printers and publishers of this country—of whom we constitute a very humble part—have taken the matter in hand—meetings and conventions have been held—and, we very much fear, the business has got such a start that it will now be difficult to check its progress. We say we *fear* such is the case; and, in fact, we do most earnestly deprecate the success of any such project. For what laudable end will be gained by its fulfilment? In the first place, can it be thought for one moment that the *fame* of Franklin will not outlast any monument that can be erected over his mouldered bones? That is not likely; and were such a consummation to ensue, no pile that will be erected by the gentlemen in question would serve to keep his memory green. The heaven-kissing pyramids of Egypt; it is true—the tumulus of skulls of the Eastern king—have answered that purpose, when the deeds and achievements of which they were designed to be the memorials have for ages been forgotten or neglected. But no monument of this magnitude will be heaved up upon the spot where Franklin sleeps; and it demands some such monstrous creation to give to unborn Time the constant recollection of one whom it had otherwise heard not of. "To exist in stone, and be but pyramidally extant," says Sir Thomas Browne, "is a fallacy in duration." The loftiest trophy that the hand of man can raise, must at some time fall into the same lowliness as the humblest headstone: it is but a question of time. And therefore while we praise the meritorious idea of a monument somewhere else to Franklin, we protest against tumbling his bones about to submit them to any other than their present covering. No one will forget Franklin simply because two tons of brick

and twenty of marble do not lie between him and the sun. No—when the American people have ceased to preserve in their minds the good deeds and the patriotic services of Franklin, there is nothing that we at this day can say or do to bring them justly before their view. Besides, is it certain that a structure will be erected worthy of the name it is desired to commemorate? If the thing is not to be done in a proper style, it had far better, for our own sake, not be done at all. A mean, insignificant abortion will alike discredit the object and the movers of the scheme.

But why, let us enquire, is this monument to be built? What advantage will it be to the fame of him who rests beneath its ponderous weight? We have already answered that question; and we will go on to say, that in our humble opinion, there is more attractiveness, more genuine respectability in the simple grey stone which now covers the breasts of Benjamin Franklin and Deborah, his wife, than could be found in the loftiest pillar that can be raised. Thus was he interred, at his own request: thus has he slumbered peacefully for more than half a century; and thus, we could wish, he might be permitted to repose until that dread day when, to the call of the Archangel's trump, he shall arise to take his place among the countless throngs that wait the final judgment, ere they lay aside corruption and put on immortality.

Are people really anxious to honour the memory and gratify the dying wishes of the great philosopher—let them emulate his life—let them even enquire into the condition and prospects of the fund which, from that couch whence he was never to rise again in life, he bequeathed to the city of Philadelphia. According to his wishes and calculations, this fund was to have amounted, in one century from his death, to more than half a million of dollars; in two centuries, to over twenty millions; and while during this period, it was to be constantly available for individual benefit, the whole sum was eventually to enure to the community at large. It is well worth any good man's while to look into the state of this fund. Such a

course would, doubtless, be far more gratifying to the soul of Franklin than all "the luxury of woe" that could be lavished on his senseless dust.

"Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath;  
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death?"

Were there any necessity or propriety in a new funeral stone to Franklin, we would suggest for its inscription that epitaph upon himself which, composed in his earliest manhood, he republished twenty-five years after.

"The Body  
of

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,  
Printer,

(Like the cover of an old book,

Its contents torn out,

And stript of its lettering and gilding,)

Lies here, food for worms.

Yet the work itself shall not be lost,  
For it will, as he believed, appear once more,

In a new

And more beautiful edition,  
Corrected and amended

By the Author."

Franklin died, April 17th, 1790. In his will, dated July 17th, 1788, he simply expresses his wish to have his body buried with as little expense or ceremony as might be. But in the codicil, dated June 23d, 1789, but a few months before his death, we find this remarkable clause:

"I wish to be buried by the side of my wife, if it may be, and that a marble stone, to be made by Chambers, six feet long, four feet wide, plain, with only a small moulding round the upper ledge, and this inscription:

BENJAMIN }  
and } FRANKLIN  
DEBORAH }

178—

to be placed over us both."

In the north-west corner of the graveyard belonging to Christ Church, in this city, this stone is placed. The man to whom it was erected, in immediate expectation of death (as is shown by the fact that the codicil was made in June, 1789, and the figures 178— are so arranged by him that unless he died in that very year, they would be useless), had calmly and deliberately selected the spot where he wished his corpse to repose. He had not only decided upon the form, the size, the material of his monument, but went so far as even to prescribe the maker's name. In the name of all that is sacred and holy,

let him rest in the bed he chose for himself. Desecrate not the ashes of the departed by unscrupulously violating his last wishes! Build a cenotaph, if you choose, at Laurel Hill or in Franklin Square—erect a column to his name, or a mausoleum exceeding in splendor the palaces of the living—but spare his poor remains from sacrilegious hands. Across the ocean, the greatest man that ever breathed the air of England lies not in Westminster Abbey, nor beneath the lofty dome of Paul's; in the country churchyard of a village obscure in all else save the dust that it inherits, is the grave of William Shakespeare; and the words of his epitaph we will heartily apply to the grave of Franklin.

"Good friend, for Jesus sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here.  
Blessed be the man that spares these stones,  
And cursed be he that moves my bones."

## POPULAR SONGS OF SPAIN.

### II.

#### SONG OF THE CHRISTINO SOLDIERS.

With rice and codfish  
They pretend to feed me:  
I shall die of hunger then!  
But long live liberty,  
With rice and codfish.

For eight months past no pay;  
I despair of handling it.  
I shall die of hunger then!  
But long live liberty  
For eight months past no pay!

If dieting lengthens life,  
As the proverb says,  
The poor soldiers that carry on this war,  
What a long life awaits them!  
If dieting lengthens life.

But although without pay or ration,  
I will defend Christina.  
Death to Carlos of Bourbon!  
Although without pay or ration.

With the moustaches of Carlos  
We will make a brush  
To paint the portrait of Christina,  
And of Isabella the Second,  
With the moustaches of Carlos.

Let the warlike trumpets sound,  
The clarions and the tymbals.  
Death to the Infant Don Carlos,  
To the Inquisition and the monks!  
Let the warlike trumpets sound!

LINES TO

Oh! tell me not of fair complexions,  
 Ruby lips, and beaming eyes;  
 Life's best treasure is affection—  
 That alone can Time despise.

Care still delves its deepest furrows  
 On the softest fairest brow;  
 Brightest eyes are dimmed by sorrows;  
 Ruby lips must cease to glow.

'Tis alone the heart's emotions,  
 That through changing life endure;  
 'Tis alone the heart's devotions,  
 That can endless bliss secure.

Cherish then, oh! fondly cherish  
 A gift so rich, so rarely given;  
 Youth and Beauty both must perish;  
 Affection is the growth of Heaven.

RELIQUES OF EARLY AMERICAN BALLAD POETRY.

NUMBER II.

MOORE'S LAMENTATION.

[In our last number we gave a specimen of Virginian ballad poetry. The verses which follow are derived from the same section of country, and are of a kindred nature. But while the other was a song of victory, this is a chaunt of vengeance. The ballad (which is almost contemporaneous with the events it celebrates) was, and is, a favourite song among the hardy mountaineers of the Blue Ridge and the hunters on the banks of the Kanawha. The shores of the Blue Stone river are yet viewed with a melancholy interest, and its waters are still foul, to the mind's eye, with the stain of innocent blood. James Moore—a lineal descendant of Joseph Alleyne, famous for his "Alarm to the Unconverted"—was settled in 1784, in Abb's Valley, in Western Virginia, on the waters of the Blue Stone river. He and his family were pious, God-serving people, and from the lowly roof of his humble cabin, morning and evening, the notes of praise and adoration ascended to the seat of the Most High. In July, 1786, a war-party of Shawanees fell upon his peaceful habitation. Moore himself, three of his children, and a serving-man, were at once slain. Mrs. Moore, with a son, three of her daughters, and another girl, was led into captivity; another child, a boy, being already prisoner among the Indians. And on their route, her captors nearly broke the mother's heart by tomahawking her little boy the first day, and the next, tearing her

baby from her breast and dashing its brains out against a tree. At last they reached their towns on the Scioto, where Mrs. Moore and one daughter were tortured to death in the manner related in the ballad. During the whole period of her sufferings her conduct, according to the testimony of the last surviving daughter, who was present, was filled with serene composure and faith in the prospect of a speedy and immortal salvation. The *light wood* with which she was tormented may demand an explanation to modern ears. It consisted of splinters and fragments of very dry pine, highly brittle and inflammable. These the Indians would thickly insert into every part of their victim's naked body, causing the most unutterable anguish: then they would set fire to them, and let them thus consume.]

Assist me with words, Melpomene, assist me with skill to impart  
 The dolorous sorrow and pain that dwelt upon every heart,  
 When Moore and his infantile through the savages cruel did slay.  
 His wife they led captive along; with murmuring voice she did say,  
 "Farewell, ye soft bowers so green, I'll traverse these valleys no more;  
 Beside you murmuring stream lies bleeding the man I adore;  
 And with him my sweet innocent babes, these barbarous Indians have slain:  
 Were I but in one of their graves, then I would be free from my pain."  
 Once more she cast on them her eyes, and bade them forever farewell;  
 Deep sobs from her bosom did rise, while thus she in anguish did wail.  
 The heathen, her sorrows to crown, led her without further delay  
 A victim to their Shawnee towns, and now comes her tragical day:  
 A council upon her was held, and she was condemned to die;  
 On a rock they a fire did build, while she did their torments spy;  
 With splints of light wood they prepared to pierce in her body all round,  
 Her flesh for to mangle and tear. With sorrow she fell to the ground,  
 But her senses returning again, the mercy of God did implore.  
 "Thou Saviour that for me wast slain and bled in a bloody gore,  
 Have mercy now on me in death, and Heaven will sing forth thy praise,  
 Soon as I have yielded my breath in a raging fiery blaze."  
 Then to her destruction proceeds each cruel blood-thirsty hell-hound;  
 With light wood they cause her to bleed, streaming from every wound.  
 The smoke from her body doth rise; she begs for their pity in vain;

These savages hear her cries, and with dancing laugh at her pain.  
 Three days in this manner she lay, tormented and bleeding the while,  
 But God his mercy displayed, and on her with pity did smile,  
 Growing angry at their cruel rage, her soul would no longer confine;  
 Her torments he soon assuaged, and in praise she her breath did resign.  
 Let each noble, valorous heart, pity her deplorable end:  
 Awhile from your true loves part—join me, each brother and friend—  
 For I have been where canons did roar, and bullets did rapidly fly,  
 And yet I would venture once more, the Shawnees to conquer or die!

## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

A SERIES OF LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NUMBER I.

I use the above caption to these letters without intending thereby either to endorse or repudiate its literal significance, but because the phenomena covered by it must have some name, and the one they go by among some hundreds of thousands of believers, may certainly answer with the qualification annexed. Were there any assignable limits to human absurdity, one might think it strange, that phenomena, to whose actual, million-times reiterated occurrence myriads of trustworthy persons of either sex have most solemnly borne witness, should still by not a few be pronounced "humbug," "fraud," "collusion," &c. &c. For be it understood, it is calculated on probable grounds, that little, if any, less than one million persons in this country believe firmly, on the evidence of their own senses, in not only the *reality* of these phenomena, but in their absolute *spiritual origin*! Nor are these believers composed of the ignorant and the constitutionally superstitious *solely or chiefly*. Indeed the proportion of this class among them is very unusually small—smaller, I apprehend, than was ever before found among those adopting novelties of belief. The vast majority, as nearly as I can learn, are from the educated, the intelligent, the thinking, and the so-called "respectable" classes of society—precisely such as, in ordinary cases, are slow to accept innovations in the prevalent opinions—especially innovations so wondrous and startling as those in question.

Not, however, to enlarge further on pre-

liminaries, I propose, Mr. Editor, with your leave, to give in one or more successive papers a brief account of my own personal experience of these phenomena. For I have been an eye and ear witness of the manifestations in many various forms, and this, for the most part, without stirring from my own chamber. Let me state how.

From the outset I had been accustomed to read whatever came in my way, in the newspapers and elsewhere, concerning these curious facts, but, until about one year ago, I had never myself witnessed any of them, nor been present at any "circles," and therefore held no decided opinion either affirmative or negative touching their *reality* or their *origin*. A year since I was told, on returning to my room one evening, that a gentleman had called, in my absence, to see me, though without stating his name or business. The next day a youthfully-looking man called upon me, declaring himself to be my yesterday's visitant. He introduced himself as having been directed to me, by an acquaintance of mine, as one, who might be able and willing to aid him in certain studies, the chief among which was the art of written composition. He brought an article of some ten or a dozen folio pages, as a specimen of his writing. It was a sad performance, showing indeed indications of considerable thought and even imagination, but exhibiting also an almost total lack of mental discipline and disfigured by well nigh every fault, that could be crowded into a production of its length. In short he struck me, as one, who, had he been trained by a thorough classical education and drilled for years in the art of composition, might have become a writer even above the average. From present appearances, however, the attempt seemed a well nigh desperate one, and so laborious did I know must be the office of faithfully training him, were I to assume it, that my chief desire was to decline this office. I therefore endeavored to show him how extremely difficult must be this undertaking; went through his piece, line by line, cutting and slashing its literary enormities without mercy, and finally directed him, if he thought best to persist, to return in a few days bringing me an article on the most familiar theme he could find, couched in language precisely such as he would use to his children, his cook and his apprentices, and, for a time, to utterly discard every thing like figurative or ornamental expression. The way in which he received this flaying alive impressed me strongly in his favor.

As his testimony will come much in play further on, I will here state who and what I discovered him to be, and what a year's intimate association has taught me to be his character.

He is about thirty-three or thirty-four years old; a large manufacturer, in pecuniary circumstances affluent enough to be entirely independent; a husband and father, and a communicant, like his wife, of the Baptist Church; of spotless moral habits, and unblemished reputation; and unpossessed of any other scholastic training than he received from a few years' attendance at our common schools. My reasons for stating these facts will presently appear. One of these reasons, which I will here state, is to show, that he was a man neither to be himself "humbugged" or intentionally "humbug" myself or others. His being an active, shrewd business man, fully conversant with both affairs and men was certainly a fair pledge of the former, and his moral and religious character, besides the entire absence of temptation thereto, was an absolute assurance of the latter.

Two or three days after this first interview he returned, bringing an article, which resembled the first in no one particular save its number of pages. The theme was a practical, familiar one, whose items had come under his own observation, and the style was simple, direct, forcible and lucid, utterly eschewing metaphor and trope, and therefore free from the confusion, which always marks the use of these by unpractised writers. In short, both in matter and manner it was a production, that would have done no discredit to a writer of established repute, and I had scarce a half dozen corrections to make in nearly double that number of pages. I was completely astounded with this rapid and vast progress. In my whole experience, which had been extensive, I had never seen anything at all comparable with it.

Nor was my astonishment permitted to abate. A series of articles followed, for a time prose, and afterwards prose and verse interchangeably, marked by the same characteristics, and showing more like the productions of a veteran than of a tyro in the compository Art. Not more than four or five months had elapsed ere half a dozen city papers had published prose and poetic articles from his pen, and are ready now to print whatever reaches them wearing his autograph!

It was, I think, at our third or fourth interview, that I was expressing my amazement, as I had repeatedly done before, at his progress, when something led to his informing me, that he was a "medium," and had been for more than a year, the phenomena manifesting themselves through him in several different ways, though principally in that of *unpremeditated writing*.

While he was telling me this, he was suddenly affected by the impulse, which always

preceded his writing in this way, and seizing the pen, he scrawled with incredible celerity a variety of communications, purporting to come from *disembodied spirits*. His own account of the process was substantially this. A certain electric thrill passed through his right arm, accompanied by an impulse to take pen in hand, of neither of which phenomena could he give any elucidation. Holding the pen in an anomalous fashion, a single word flashed vividly across his mind and was rapidly noted down. This word vanished completely from his memory, and a second took its place, which was in like manner recorded. Thus a sentence, a quarter or half page, a page, or even two or three pages, were written, he having in his mind *only one word at a time, and not distinctly conscious even of that word's meaning—what had gone before and what was to come being equally an entire blank to him*. After thus writing a page, he knew not one particle of its meaning any more than myself, and discovered this meaning only by beginning and going consecutively through it. Nor was he less astonished often than myself at the strange and interesting revelations, which nevertheless his own pen had just written down.

I know how difficult of belief is a statement like this, especially to one merely reading it in this record. I could scarce credit it myself at first, though coming from my friend's own lips. But the repetition of the same scenes several times per week through a whole year, coupled with this lengthened and familiar experience of my friend's perfect veracity and honesty, as well as clear-sighted sagacity, has absolutely compelled the conviction, that *the facts are exactly as he states them*, and that he is alike utterly incapable of being himself deceived in the quality of his own sensations and of deceiving others by declaring what does not exist.

Specimens of these communications I will give bye and bye. At present I will relate the purport of some of them relating to myself and my pupil.

At one of our early interviews it was written down, that my pupil was sent to me by certain directing and guardian Spirits of mine, for the accomplishment of certain purposes highly beneficial both to myself and him; which purposes, being accomplished, would fit us both to be instruments, in the hands of Spirits, of utility to the world. It was said that the Spirits having supervision of me were seven—first, a so-named *guardian Spirit*, my mother—second, five so-called "*directing Spirits*," consisting of three of the most celebrated of deceased British poets and two of the most distinguished of British Statesmen and Orators—and finally



a second female Spirit, who in life was an English lady of distinction, and whose office was called that of "elevator," while also holding, it was said, certain other relations to me. I may hereafter mention the names of these directing Spirits, but at present I forbear. Suffice it to say, the statement, that half a dozen Spirits so brilliant and exalted were united in the supervision of my humble, insignificant self, struck me, as so completely and even absurdly incredible, that for some time I could not possibly accept it, and was even moved thereby to discredit the reality of the whole matter.

But what could I do? In the interviews extending through a year and upwards, amounting, I suppose, to full two hundred, this statement was, at every meeting, reiterated in every variety of form, accompanied with communications covering fifty or sixty letter sheet pages, in addition to other communications in different modes, which I may hereafter describe! The result of all which was, that I could not reject the reality of the *persons* without rejecting also the reality of the *things*. They must of necessity stand or fall together, and in truth I could reject neither without repudiating the testimony of my own senses and discrediting various species of evidence of precisely that kind and degree, on which we daily rest our happiness, our general well being, and even our lives!

Still further. Being one day at my pupil's counting room, some time after the first disclosure of these facts, an acquaintance of his, who was a so-named "trance-medium," called in. He was totally unacquainted with me, with my pupil's connexion with me and with the facts above mentioned. Hardly had he seated himself, when he went into a "trance," and began speaking aloud in verse. It was genuine poetry both in substance, form and finish of execution, and strangely enough its theme was the same, as that of a former communication of my pupil, being taken up where that communication left it and carried with perfect consecutive-ness further onward. Greatly astonished, I asked the "tranced" person who was speaking through him? He named, as the speaker, one of my "directing Spirits," a poet, who oftener than either of the rest, had been the spokesman in the interviews at my room! I then asked, who was with this Spirit? He replied, a group consisting of several, of whom he named two, who were also poets, and both my "directing Spirits!"

I make no comment on these facts. Very strange they must by all be admitted to be, and to explain them on any other principle, than that claimed for them, I suspect, will be found impossible.

Still further. Being, some time after, present with a "rapping medium," through whom communications are made by the alphabet, I asked whether any Spirits were attendant on me. The answer was rapped, "yes." Who are they? In reply, the names of three of my "directing Spirits" were rapped out!

Now this young man knew nothing of the two previous witnesses, or of their having specified certain Spirits as with me, nor was he one by education, condition or wonted associations, to whom the names of these deceased foreign poets would be likely to occur at all. Indeed the same might be said of the other two "mediums," all three alike being bred mechanics, and however intelligent and well informed on some topics, very unlikely to be familiar with authors of the class in question. Here, then, were three several witnesses independent of and having no connexion with each other or knowledge of each other's disclosures, all testifying to the same strange facts! "A threefold cord is not easily broken," says the proverb. Most especially is this true, when each strand is by itself incapable of fracture.

Still once again. Some time after, I was present with a young woman, who was a "rapping medium," through whom I obtained communications as follows. Seating herself at a table until certain raps proclaimed the (supposed) presence of Spirits, she then began repeating the alphabet with the greatest rapidity, pausing at the letter signaled by certain "raps," till I myself wrote it with pencil on paper—then recommencing and proceeding, as before, till the "raps" indicated another letter to be written, and so on to the close. After the cessation of the raps for the time, beginning at the top, the letters belonging to each single word were underscored, and thus was made out a regular, consecutive message. Three several interviews of one hour each on different days were thus busily occupied, and in every instance the Spirits purporting to communicate named themselves, as my mother and the other female Spirit, entitled the "elevator."

Now this "medium" knew neither myself nor any of the facts concerning me related above. So that she makes the fourth independent witness testifying to the *identity* of my (supposed) attendant Spirits.

But, for the present, I must close. If the reader will continue to favor me with his attention, I think he will find matter of curiosity and wonder, whatever he may think of the *rationale* of these phenomena. The present paper was necessarily encumbered with certain expository preliminaries. What follow will be filled with the phenomena exclusively.

## LINES.

SUGGESTED ON SEEING GUIDO'S AURORA IN THE  
ROSPIGLIOSI PALACE AT ROME.

Behold Apollo rising from the main,  
Ascend the concave, and resume his reign!  
The rosy Hours, entwined, around him throng,  
Weave in the dance, and swell the choral song.  
Advancing first in flowing robes of light,  
Aurora leads the glorious round of light:  
Now paints the distant hills in ruddy hue,  
Now flings the perfumed flowers to sip the dew.  
Yoked to his car his coursers mount on high:  
Proud prancing, in the East, they paw the sky:  
Urge on his burning wheels through floods of light:  
Career above, and triumph over, Night.

## TWILIGHT.

If there is an hour of all others, that sheds a soothing and tranquilizing influence over the spirits and feelings of man, it is the soft, the beautiful, the mystic hour of twilight, when all nature seems lulling to a sweet and gentle repose, and an almost imperceptible calmness gradually steals through the human breast, displacing, at least for the time, the tumultuous and conflicting passions that have agitated it during the more active pursuits and noisy scenes of day. It is an hour which, of all others, seems most calculated to awaken the refinements and sensibilities of our natures; to purify and exalt the feelings; and to gently lead the current of our thoughts to a communion with the great source of our being, and the magnificent designer of all the wondrous works of creation with which we are surrounded. If there be sentiment in the soul this hour must bring it forth; if there be slumbering gratitude within the secret recesses of the heart, it will be awakened. If there be music within the breast, the sweet harmony of this guileless hour must strike upon its sympathetic chords and produce emotions of the most delicate and enchanting pleasure! not feelings that will burst forth in loud and rapturous expression, but those of a gentle, pure and serene character. For who can look upon the delicate plants and flowers gratefully bowing beneath the soft refreshing dews of evening; and listen to the plaintive and melancholy notes of the whippoorwill, as the feathered tribe one by one are seeking a spot for the night's repose within the sheltering trees—who can look upon the calm face of all smiling nature as the mantle of darkness is

slowly and silently spreading around its ample folds;

And evening's shades are covering  
The darkling forests and the verdant plains—

without being impressed with the peace, the solemnity, the holiness that rests over this brief and beautiful hour of life. Is it strange that the heart should then feel softened, and the mind call up a thousand tender recollections of by-gone years, of the joys, sorrows, hopes and fears of early youth? And that it will often dwell with a sad pleasure upon the memory of some long departed friend—some dear and cherished relative between whom and us the wide ocean of past years now forever rolls. Yet in this mystic hour it would seem almost possible that the bright spirits of another world should hover round and mingle with our own; that they should be allowed to hold a short and sweet communion—the immortal with the mortal—in this blest interval of time, when Earth would seem to borrow for a while, the peace, the love, the happiness of Heaven.

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

*The British Poets: Poems by Thomas Hood, with some account of the life of the Author.*  
Little, Brown & Co.: Boston: 1854. 2 vols.

A beautifully printed edition of the poetical works of an universal favorite, which will be very welcome here. Hood, without ranking among the master-poets even of this century, has reached the popular ear and heart, as few could do. His singing was not of a very lofty strain, to be sure, but still there was something in it to all likings and for all needs. He touched at times the farthest chord of mirth and of sorrow, and those who would not laugh, were forced to weep with him. Graceful fancy and gentle feeling characterize in general his minor poems, yet he has shown a remarkably vigorous dramatic and descriptive power in some, as in his "Eugene Aram," and "The Haunted House." And while professing himself an humorist of the broadest-kind, there is an accent in his "Bridge of Sighs," and "Song of the Shirt," which has vibrated in the conscience of the age, more profoundly than many sermons. Strange, however, as were the contrasts of his nature, it was not an inconsistent one. A vein of true humanity and kindness penetrated and explained it; and there needed only a more intense energy of internal fire to have fused its mass into a genius of the highest

order. His wit often ran wild, and his jesting became sometimes extravagant and wearisome, but it was never malicious, offensive, or gross. His satire, if it can be called such, was quite devoid of personality. He hated earnestly the heartless mammonism of his time, which shocked and disgusted him, but he attacked it only through its terrible results, and without rancor or bitterness. He laughed sometimes at the so-called "Saints," not for themselves or their faith, but because their cant and bigotry were repulsive to his true nature and wide sympathies. Underneath the speech of the jester, indeed, there seems to have been hidden as sincere a reverence for God, and love for his fellows, as the best of his reprovers could claim. His merriment was only the natural overflowing of his temperament, and left no sting behind. That temperament developed itself in his life also, and perhaps more beautifully. The wit that corruscated sometimes with too great brilliancy and fitfulness in his writings, diffused itself at home in an equable and kindly radiance. His career was a long and courageous struggle against poverty and disease, in which his cheerfulness never deserted him, but grew only brighter with his sufferings. Nor did his generous sympathies ever become embittered by his own ill success in life. The most exquisite and touching of his poems, the "Song of the Shirt," the "Ladies' Dream," the "Bridge of Sighs," were written during the progress of his last illness, when he could see nothing in the future for himself but a speedy death, and for his wife and children, to whom he was most tenderly attached, but absolute penury. He seemed to have forgotten his own miseries, in the miseries of others. No wonder that he has endeared himself in the recollections of so many readers, and that time only seems to make his position there the more secure.

Notwithstanding the high reputation which some of the more elaborate of his serious compositions possess, we must confess on the whole to a greater liking for his minor poems. Many of these, we think, are extremely beautiful, and of a high artistic finish. Some are remarkable for that combination of nobleness of thought, with grace and delicacy of feeling, which distinguished many of the cavalier poets of the seventeenth century, and which has been so rare since. There is often, indeed, a quaint archaism of phrase apparent, as if it were Waller, or Suckling, or Lovelace himself, who was talking. Of these lesser poems there are several in the volumes before us, collected, we believe, for the first time. There are however others, not inferior to the best still unreclaimed, of which we regret the editor was not aware. The following,

quite authentic, have been taken from English journals; we are sure that our readers, if they have not met them before, will thank us for their introduction here.

#### FAREWELL TO THE SWALLOWS.

Swallows, sitting on the eaves,  
See ye not the falling leaves,  
See ye not the gathered sheaves,  
Farewell!

Is it not time to go  
To that fair land ye know?  
The breezes as they swell  
Of coming winter tell,  
And from the trees shake down  
The brown  
And withered leaves. Farewell!

Swallows, it is time to fly;  
See ye not the altered sky,  
Know ye not that winter's nigh.  
Farewell!

Go, fly in noisy bands,  
To those far distant lands  
Of gold, and pearl, and shell,  
And gem, (of which they tell  
In books of travel strange,)  
And range  
In happiness. Farewell!

Swallows, on your pinions glide  
O'er the restless rolling tide  
Of the ocean, deep and wide,  
Farewell!

In groves far, far away,  
In Summers sunny ray,  
In warmer regions dwell;  
And then return to tell  
Strange tales of foreign lands,  
In bands  
Perched on the eaves. Farewell!

Swallows, I could almost pray,  
That, I like you, might fly away;  
And to each coming evil say,  
Farewell!

Yet 't is my fate to live  
Here, and with troubles strive;  
And I may some day tell  
How they before me fell  
Conquered; then calmly die  
And cry,  
"Trials and toils, farewell!"

#### SONG.

These eyes that were so bright, love,  
Have now a dimmer shine;  
But what they've lost in light, love,  
Was what they gave to mine.  
And still those orbs reflect, love,  
The beams of former hours;  
That ripened all my joys, my love,  
And tinted all my flowers.

Those locks were brown to see, love,  
That now are turned to grey;  
But the years were spent with me, love,  
That stole their hue away.  
Thy locks no longer share, love,  
The golden glow of noon;  
But I've seen the world look fair, my love,  
When silvered by the moon.

That brow was fair to see, love,  
That looks so shrouded now;  
But for me it bore the care, love,  
That spoilt a bonny brow.  
And though no longer there, love,  
The glow it had of yore,  
Still memory looks and dotes, my love,  
Where hope admired before.

## SONG.

There is dew for the flow'ret  
And honey for the bee;  
And bowers for the wild bird,  
' And love for you and me!

There are tears for the many  
And pleasures for the few;  
But let the world pass on, dear,  
There's love for me and you!

There's care that will not leave us,  
And pain that will not flee;  
But in our hearts unaltered,  
Sits Love, 'tween you and me!

Our love, it ne'er was reckoned,  
Yet good it is, and true;  
It's half the world to me, love,  
It's all the world to you!

## A TOAST.

Come! a health! and it's not to be slighted with sips,  
A cold pulse or a spirit supine;  
All the blood in my heart seems to rush to my lips,  
To commingle its flow with the wine!

Bring a cup of the purest and solidest ware,  
But a little antique in its shape;  
And the juice it shall be the most racy and rare,  
All the bloom with the age of the grape!

Even such is the love I would celebrate now,  
At once young, and mature, and in prime,—  
Like the tree of the orange that bears on its bough  
The bud, blossom, and fruit at one time!

Then with three, as is due, let the honors be paid,  
While I give with my hand, heart, and head,—  
Here's to her, the fond mother, dear partner, kind maid,  
Who first taught me to love, woo, and wed!

The last three of these songs are obviously addressed to his wife. There are probably many other such "estrays" of Hood's, which a little trouble could discover.

The series in which these volumes appear,

is certainly the most perfect in typographical execution, and general appearance, of any which have been published in this country. It is remarkable also for its cheapness, and it is to be hoped will be encouraged. There is one drawback, however, in the case of the book before us,—that the proceeds of its sale, from the present state of our copyright law, will not go to relieve the distress of Hood's family, who, we believe, are still in very reduced circumstances. Nor is the condition of the law much better in his own country.

It is melancholy, indeed, to think of the return which the world has given to one, who spent a sad life in entertaining and instructing it; in providing it with amusement the most harmless, and with lessons the most touching and profound.

*Kew Gardens, a Sketch; St. Mark's Eve in Yorkshire; and other Tales. Selected from Chambers' Miscellany.* Lippincott, Grambo & Co.: Philadelphia: 1854. Pp. 144.

We have here a most admirable little quindecimo, comprising five articles selected from our old friend Chambers, every page of which is richly worth preserving.

In No. 1—"Kew Gardens"—we have a perfect store-house of entertaining and instructive matter. No. 2—"A Chapter on Diamonds"—gives us a pregnant *résumé* of whatever is known touching the quality and history of this Queen of Gems. In No. 3—"The Relics and Superstitions of the Past"—we have several narratives, all interesting; but "The Paria of Bombay," and "The Ship of the Dead," transcendently so. No. 4—"Wreck of the Medusa," is attractive, though painfully, terribly attractive. And No. 5—"Character and Manners of the Tyrolese"—furnishes a charming picture of these brave, honest, primitive mountaineers, whose only fault seems to be their invincible fidelity and tenacious loyalty to that mean, treacherous, perpetually ungrateful power, Austria, whose rule they acknowledge.

Poland, Hungary and Tyrol have, each in turn, proved the sheet-anchor and salvation of Austria, and to each this paltry government has been false, cruel, and oppressive beyond measure. Must not a retributive day come at last to the Iscariot Hapsburgh?

Undeniably, as the Omnipotently Just wields the sceptre of the Universe.

*Westminster Review.* April, 1854. Leonard Scott & Co.: New York.

This organ of the Radicals has, for the present quarter at least, shown itself superior in interest to both its competitors, the Whig "Edinburgh" and the Tory "Quarterly." In each and all of its eight articles may be found much to entertain and profit alike the general

and the local reader. Especially attractive are "Lord Campbell, as a Writer of History,"—charming with its old time *naïveté*, and pithy phraseology; "Schamyl, the Prophet-Warrior of the Caucasus," a personage reproducing in many aspects his great exemplar, Mohammed; "Thomas de Quincey and his Works," which, though not rendering what we think *full justice* to this most wondrous of living scholars and writers, nevertheless says of him many admirable things admirably well; and "The Balance of Power in Europe," which utters concerning the "Mob of kings and princes" thereof, for the last half century, many things which are *literally true*, and therefore the most severe and condemnatory things, that could by any possibility be expressed.

The remaining articles contain many important facts of a general character, which are worthy of being both pondered and preserved.

The digest of "Contemporary Literature" seems fairly done, and on the whole the present number may be pronounced a very good one.

For sale by Getz, Buck & Co.

#### EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

##### LEUTZE'S "WASHINGTON AT THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH."

A late number of the "Beilage" of the "Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung," contains a lengthy article on this new Tableau by the American artist Leutze, which was exhibited at Berlin a short time ago, and which appears not only to have been greatly admired by the public in general, but also to have met with the full and unfeigned approbation of those sternest judges of a work of art, viz., artists themselves. Omitting the somewhat too German abstractions of the article, we submit to our readers the following description of the picture.

The American army is beaten, or rather driven by the English from the heights, which they have not been able to defend any longer, into a kettle-shaped valley. They fly down the hills in wild disorder—exhausted, panting, their every limb and feature speaking of a day's labor that has cost them their last strength. As they rush, in brutal instinct, towards a swamp to quench their burning thirst—in their ragged attire, many bare-footed, badly armed, wild despair, fury and agony depicted on their dust and sweat bedecked countenances—they seem more like a gang of highway-robbers, a band of guerillas, than a beaten army. On the summit of the heights appear, in the mist of distance, the red uniforms of the English, and we ask ourselves, if this set of men

below can at all have been able to withstand an attack of those compact battalions of disciplined soldiers. But then, examine more closely these rough backwoodsmen, these citizens and farmers—who have either been torn away from the plough and from their workshops, or have left it from pure choice—and your doubts will vanish. These men, with their primitive strength of nature's growth unchecked, have endured more than this, and will endure more yet. Give them but one breath of fresh air, but one draught of water, but one moment's rest—then a leader who knows how to employ their force, and these men will once more, with their rusty old guns, rush into the midst of English bayonets.

The man who knows how to employ their force, their great leader is already on the spot. To the right, on the heights, the American artillery still sends its thunders against the still hesitating enemy, from whom they are only separated by a small forest: behind them march up the reserve-troops in close files, and Washington, the commander-in-chief, on horseback, has hurried down into the valley and arrested the fugitives—he has discharged the thunder of his words on their General, who has either fled too soon or commenced the attack too early.

This moment, in the midst of the action, the arrested flight—by the words of the commander-in-chief—forms the subject of the picture. Mind has conquered matter. They stand once more, they heed no longer the enemy's fire, they have overcome the fear of death, and fatigue, and thirst, and hunger. Instead of throwing themselves on the ground to drink water, they drink their commander's words. They need not be ashamed as their General must; they did their duty as long as they could, and then followed the command of nature, the law of self-preservation. But now they hear of something higher and greater. The spirit of Liberty, Fatherland and of Honor speaks from Washington's mouth: his words revive these masses, and we, looking on, believe, see, yea, we know—as we pass over the many varied expressions of countenances—that Washington's words will perform wonders. This body of men is composed of healthful matter, and though apparently disorderly, they still obey the law, as the Anglo-Germanic race in America has ever proved its readiness to do. There is one incident particularly, which truly and poetically characterizes the spirit of the whole. An old man in a coarse woollen coat, a pioneer according to the commentary, is seen dragging his two severely wounded sons towards the swamp—perhaps, to give them a last refreshing draught. The one faintly grasps his hand, fixing an eager gaze

on the water, which he cannot reach yet—the other rests on his arm almost a lifeless burthen—still the sorrow-stricken father's eye is even at this moment bent upon Washington—as if his words made so powerful an impression as to suspend the old man's private grief. As in the *Iliad*—where only the old men on the wall exclaim: How beautiful is Helen!—and we all seem to see her in her beauty.

We shall leave it to professional critics to speak of the excellent grouping of the picture, and to point out how not only each group, but each individual, each head has its peculiar expression, and what deep study must have preceded such a work—we have only to deal with History as glorified by Art. Washington is the chief figure, the centre; but the artist, who makes him also the conspicuous object of his celebrated painting of "Washington Crossing the Delaware," the rest sinking into comparative insignificance, has in this picture exhibited a different conception of his subject. In the one he stands upright in the boat, in that icy winter's night, and the look, with which he seems to measure the shore, is the subject of the picture—the rest is of little importance. We may say that, Washington while crossing the Delaware can not in reality, have stood or looked as he does in the picture—the conception is an ideal one, but as such has its peculiar merits in an artistic point of view. In the *Tableau* before us now, the artist has become more truthful, more matter of fact—one might say, more democratic. His Washington is yet the central star, but he is entirely the human chieftain, the General of the Militia—the *primus inter pares*. Not his heroism, but truth, energy, and intelligence turn the odds of the battle. It is a portrait of the real Washington, as he probably did look on horseback, in the battle at this very moment, and so dear did truth become to the artist, that he did not select the finest expression of which the countenance is capable, but the one most appropriate to the situation. The flush of anger is upon it, the bones project, the corners of the mouth are distorted—the expression would almost be an unbecoming, unmanly one, if there were not so much depth, kindness, and clearness in those eyes, that we know in looking on that it can be but a passing one.

We shall not dwell upon General Leeds as a contrast—he is deeply stricken—but whilst sitting there upon his horse, with the look of a chidden schoolboy, who has no word of excuse, his better self has conquered wounded pride; he submits to the reprimand of his severe judge, and resolves to make complete amends for his omission. The real artistic contrast to Washington is in his suite.

Immediately behind him gallops up a young officer, in a foreign uniform, with a fine, aristocratic countenance. Everything about this man is aristocratic—his features, bearing, dress, look: he comes from another part of the world—it is Lafayette. We see the Lafayette as he was—this "white character," as Napoleon used to call him. This is the young gentleman with the clear complexion, the neat toilette, the fine "manchettes" and "jabots"—which seem to speak of the care of *valets de chambre*, and the women at home; the delicate Marquis, thrown into another world of men, hardened and darkened in the sun, and in the storm, and by hard work. He will get accustomed to them, though it is not his legitimate sphere, and though, in the noble, expressive face, is wanting the mark of creative genius, and the warrior's or field-marshal's look: his expression is gentle and good; his enthusiasm is not a kindling one, but easily ignited by great example. Thus he looks admiringly upon Washington—upon the power of the word of a great man; and we believe that, at this moment, he, like the chidden general, makes a vow—to emulate the example of the hero.

It is remarked as a point of great merit, that, whilst we see a battle in the midst of action before us, we are still spared by the artist the sight of corpses. We acknowledge this, and to the attentive observer, this painting possesses other merits to distinguish it from battle-pieces in general. What we admire more is the poetically suggestive freshness of the green turf, with which the artist has invested the virgin soil of his new world, "What may yet grow here!" he seems to exclaim: "We may be beaten thus often yet, but when we kiss that soil, we rise in new strength!"

Thus, there rises in America an eminent historical painter, gifted with those noble and profound powers of abstraction, and conception of real things, which we were accustomed to claim as a patrimony of Europe, and particularly of our own German Fatherland! By his name, he would appear to be of German origin, and he has pursued his academical studies at Düsseldorf. We will not grieve at it; but can it be a pleasant thought to us, that not only our discontented and despairing, but also our better spirits, emigrate to the new world!

#### NEW FRENCH PLAY.

*Le Gendre de M. Poirier*, is having a great run at the Gymnase, in Paris. It is the joint production of M. Emile Augier and Jules Sandeau, *ci-devant amoureux* of Madame Du-devant, from whom she borrowed in part her *nom de plume* of George Sand.

## D'ISRAELI: RANDAL LESLIE: BLACKWOOD.

Blackwood's Magazine contains a review of 'The Right Honorable D'Israeli, M. P.: a Literary and Political Biography, addressed to the new Generation,' a new book just published by Bentley in London. As there is no name upon the title page, the Reviewer speaks of him throughout as Randal Leslie, all of whose bad qualities are attributed to the nameless author. The Review is a singular one. It opens with a homily upon the crime of 'calling names,' and thinks that 'there will be a strong necessity for revising the law of libel.' He says, 'We have thought it our duty at the outset, to make these stringent remarks, because we altogether disapprove of, and abominate this style of literary warfare;' and, 'We have, all of us, a decided interest in maintaining the respectability of controversy.' Having thus defined his sentiments, he proceeds in the course of his Review to denominate the author of the book in question—1st, 'an ineffable block-head;' 2d, 'an unhappy human reptile;' 3d, 'unpossessed of the ordinary feelings of a gentleman;' 4th, 'cold, selfish, and malignant;' 5th, 'skulking creature;' 6th, 'cockatrice;' 7th, 'political profligate;' 8th, 'a luster after office, and a receiver of bribes;' 9th, 'the most venal, selfish, unprincipled man of this generation;' 10th, 'caitiff;' 11th, 'masked assassin;' 12th, 'intensely dull;' 13th, 'Tartuffe;' 14th, 'Randal Leslie;' 15th, 'cold toad;' 16th, 'grossly impertinent;' 17th, 'contemptible little snake;' 18th, 'fool;' 19th, 'galley slave;' 20th, 'a thorough scavenger;' 21st, 'poor knave;' 22d, 'young whipper-snapper;' 23d, 'a wretched, cur-tailed puppy;' 24th, 'ignorant as a Hottentot;' 25th, 'a poor pitiful;' 26th, 'singularly paltry critic;' 27th, 'a jackdaw;' 28th, 'an egregious blunderer;' 29th, 'an absolute bungler;' 30th, 'a billy-goat butting at a wall.'

## THE NEW-BORN AND THE DEAD.

Lavater, in his "Physiognomy," makes the following remarks. Has the observation of others confirmed them?

"I have had occasion to observe some infants, immediately on their birth, and have found an astonishing resemblance between their profile and that of their father. A few days after, this resemblance almost entirely disappeared; the influence of the air and food, and probably also the change of posture had so altered the design of the face that you could have believed it a different individual. I have afterwards seen two of these children die, the one at six weeks and the other at four years of age—and about twelve hours after their death, they completely recovered the very profile

which had struck me so much at their birth; only the profile of the dead child was, as might be expected, more strongly marked and more tense than that of the living. On the third day their resemblance began to disappear."

"I knew a man of fifty years and another of seventy, both of whom, when alive, appeared to have no manner of resemblance to their children, and whose physionomies belonged, if I may so express myself, to a class totally different. Two days after their death, the profile of the one became perfectly conformed to that of his eldest son, and the image of the other father might be distinctly traced in the third of his sons. This likeness was quite as distinctly marked as that of the children, who, immediately after their death, brought to my recollection the physionomies which they had at their birth. In the case of which I am now speaking, it is to be understood that the features were more strongly marked, more hard; and, notwithstanding this, the resemblance did not remain beyond the third day."

"As often as I have seen dead persons, so often have I made an observation which has never deceived me. That after a short interval of sixteen or twenty-four hours, sometimes even sooner, according to the malady which preceded death, the design of the physionomy comes out more, and the features become infinitely more beautiful than they had been during life; they acquire more precision and proportion, you may perceive in them more harmony and homogeneity, they appear more noble and sublime."

"Has not every one of us, I have often reflected in silence, a primitive physionomy, the origin and essence of which must be divine? Must not this fundamental physionomy have been disturbed, and, if I may be allowed the expression, submerged by the flux and re-flux of events and passions? And may it not gradually re-establish itself in the calm of death, as muddy water works itself clear, when it is no longer stirred?"

## NATURAL ART.

The *New York Herald*, speaking of the Central Park proposed in that city, says:—"Advantage should be taken of its rugged and diversified character to impart as much variety and natural beauty to its aspect as possible."

This reminds us of Matthews's story of the old woman, who said, "Ah! Mr. Matthews, I try to make my daughters natural."

## SCENES IN CUBA.

The Havana correspondent of the *New York Herald* furnishes the following items:

John Chinaman already fills a conspicuous place in Cuba. You will see him in footman's livery at the churches, kneeling by the side of his mistress; he is brakeman on the rail-cars—fireman on the steamboat; he cultivates sugar, coffee, and tobacco; carries your luggage to the hotel, and, in fact, occupies almost every situation, even to repairing the streets in the chain gang. On one plantation I saw eighty, who appeared contented and happy under a kind, intelligent master; in others their situations were most pitiable. At the — estate two had just committed suicide in despair; others had been cruelly beaten, and one killed, for daring to resist his inhuman master.

Last Saturday evening at a masquerade ball in Matanzas, a young Creole of the highest respectability was arrested by the order of the Governor, for wearing a domino with one-half of the face red, the other white, and a blue star on either side. This is a capital offence in the eyes of the intelligent Governor. The young man's confinement, however, will be of short duration, as the English steamer arrived the day before yesterday with a general amnesty from the Queen for all political prisoners.

Captain-General Pazuela is a strict observer of the Catholic religion. During Lent his box at the opera was vacant. The exercises of holy week were strictly attended by himself, family and officials; and with true Spanish piety and humanity, himself, ladies, and suite, together with the *élite* and nobility of Cuba to the number of five or six thousand, attended the innocent amusement of bull-baiting on Sunday last. Three or four bulls were tortured to death, and only two horses had their bowels ripped out; consequently, it was considered a tame affair; and, with perfect disgust that bulls more ferocious were not introduced, the Viceroy Captain-General directed the proprietor of the arena to hand over the receipts to "Beneficencia," a charitable depository for very little infants "who never had any father or mother."

## PARISIAN NEWS.

From the Paris correspondence of the *New Orleans Delta*, we get the following:

Whose memoirs do you suppose have been published now? The memoirs of Mlle. Celeste Magador, if you please. Magador—once a famous lorette, and a dashing danseuse at Mabilie, a great beauty till she was damaged with the small-pox, and lately married to a gentleman of title, but whose fortunes he had squandered, and who has just been made consul by Louis Napoleon to some South Sea

Island—publishes her memoirs, in two volumes and yellow covers. This is pandering to a depraved taste with a vengeance.

Meyerbeer's opera, "*L'Etoile du Nord*," has been parodied at the *Delassements Comiques*. It offered an admirable field for burlesque, as, being highly favorable to the Russians, there was every propriety in turning it upside down, and abusing the Cossacks to music. Scribe and Meyerbeer were both in the house, and, if they did not feel insulted, were probably highly amused. The second orchestra, performing behind the scenes, was composed of penny whistles, and combs and paper.

## SALE OF AUTOGRAPHS.

At a sale of autographs which has just taken place at Paris were the following lots: A letter of Babeauf, written from St. Pelagie, was knocked down for 80 francs; one from Desaix to Kleber, 25 francs; from Madame Elizabeth, 80 francs; from Marat, 25 francs; from Marie Antoinette, 180 francs; and one from Madame Lœstia, mother of Napoleon I., to Lucien Bonaparte, 19 francs, 50 centimes. Twenty-one lines of the writing of Napoleon I., without signature, were sold for 15 francs; and ten pages of his writing, with corrections by his own hand, being a fragment of the History of Corsica, which he composed a little after his leaving the school of Brienne, brought 200 francs.

## A LEDGER OBITUARY.

The following appeared in a recent number of the *Public Ledger*:—

[For the Public Ledger.]

In Memoria—On the Death of Miss Kate \* \* \* The early Sabbath morn was here. In Heaven her name was called. She died, and answered, "present." One who was permitted to peruse the Diary of her heart, rejoices in being able to say, that every page contained the words:—"With all my strength I battle for my God: no more he asks." And who that *knew* her, did not love her? O! it seemed as if Music's anointed bells, o'erspread with the bright drapery of Constancy, were daily chiming o'er the altar of holy thoughts a new-born love for Katie!

We would fain be as the Nightingale—sing with our breast against the thorn: but alas! her death has entranced the heart with a dream of agony that promises no ending.

## UNPUBLISHED WORK OF CICERO.

At Naples, some pieces of parchment have recently been found in the binding of a book, containing three fragments, hitherto unpublished, of Cicero's famous treatise "*On Fate*."



## CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE.

Señorita Soro has given us during the past week at this establishment a series of Spanish and Italian dances, than which there are no more beautiful compositions known to the Art. In consequence of the lateness of the season, and of the heat, her audiences, with the exception of those on Monday and last night, were not as numerous as the merits of this *artiste* deserve they should be. Another drawback also to her success is the utter insufficiency of her *corps de ballet*. Mr. Smith, the premier, is excellent, but our commendations can go no farther. This want of support too, it is evident, has had an unhealthy effect upon Señorita Soro's own feelings, and consequently upon her dancing. Still her performances can never be called indifferent, and, at times, during the present engagement even, they rose to the summit of her powers. In the "Carnival of Seville," which does not deserve the name of a ballet, being merely a *pot-pourri* of detached dances, Señorita Soro and Mr. Smith astonished every one by their beautiful and peculiar execution of the "Jota," which, though danced to the same music, and in the same figure mainly, as by the Ravels, contained many novel introductions. No *artiste* of this lady's eminence has ever before taken part in the "Jota" in our city; and all who were absent from its performance have been deprived of a pleasure not readily afforded otherwise. Her dress in this, as indeed in all her characters, is very correct and beautiful, and, when assuming the prominent attitude of any *pas*, it cannot be controverted that she is really a splendid looking woman.

It is to be hoped that she will return soon again to this city with such accessories as will enable her to do full justice to herself. Too well established is her reputation—too conscious is she of her own powers—to require any assurances from others that her failure to create a *succès fou* during her present engagement is in no degree attributable to herself. Her talents and her beauty, combined, it is said, with inordinate assiduity and ambition, are sure guarantees of a long future career of triumph—of showers of bouquets, of smiles, of applause, of fortune, fame, and homage. Let her not forget, that "l'aiguillon de l'ambition, aussi bien que de l'amour, c'est la difficulté."

## ARCH STREET THEATRE.

At the ARCH this week they have had excellent houses. On Monday evening was played Sheridan Knowles' beautiful conception of "Love," Mrs. D. P. Bowers as the Countess, Mrs. John Drew as Catharine, Mr.

Wheatley as Huon, and Mr. Fredericks as the Count. Mrs. Bowers' rendering of the Countess was an excellent performance: indeed until we saw her in this, we had no expectation she could display the loftiest passion, which can possess woman's mind, with so much truth, energy, and expression. Mrs. Drew's Catharine was a fair performance; so was Mr. Fredericks' Count. Mr. Wheatley's Huon was admirable. On Tuesday the play was "Wives as They Were and Maids as They Are," heretofore noticed, and "Black-eyed Susan." On Wednesday Mr. John Drew took a well deserved benefit. The plays were the comedy of "Sweet Hearts and Wives," "Teddy the Tiler," and the last Act of "Richard the Third," John Drew as Richard the Third. We were curious to see him in this piece, apparently so incongruous to his nature. Whilst his Richard wanted the vigour and energy of Kean's, Booth's, or Forrest's—it was still fairly performed. The attendance at Mr. Drew's benefit was larger perhaps than has been assembled for many years at any one of our Theatres. The house was literally packed, and hundreds, without exaggeration, were denied admission.

## THE HIPPODROME.

Franconi's great equestrian company commences on Monday evening a series of entertainments of a magnificent character, under a pavilion covering several acres, at the corner of Broad and Prime streets, near the Baltimore Railroad Dépôt. This is not the same company that was here last summer, but one far exceeding that in number, talent, and resources. We witnessed the representations of this troupe in New York a year ago, and can guarantee that nothing equal to them has ever yet been offered to the populace of this city. The airy, open position selected for their pavilion, and the character of its construction, affording ample sitting room and a thorough ventilation, will no doubt assist materially in rendering the Hippodrome a place of great resort during the approaching summer evenings. No doubt that accommodations for carrying passengers between it and Chestnut street will be properly provided: if not already determined upon by the parties interested, we would suggest the fitness of running a line of cars on the railroad, from the corner of Eighth and Market streets to Broad and Prime. This would be the means of affording great comfort to our citizens, and would be unquestionably remunerative both to the management of the line, and to the Hippodrome.

# BIZARRE.

AN ORIGINAL, LITERARY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PART 8.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH.

YEAR 1854.

## METRICAL VERSION OF PSALM CXXXVII.

By Babylon's waters reeling,  
We thought upon Zion and wept;  
Our harps to the willow consigning—  
On the willow we hung them unwept.  
With taunts, the despoiler of Salem  
The songs of our Lord did demand:  
But how shall the anthems of Zion  
E'er swell at the stranger's command.

Forget thee Jerusalem? oh never!  
The spirit of song should be free.  
May my right hand be withered forever,  
Ere it strike at the stranger's decree.  
Forget thee Jerusalem? oh never!  
The spoiler our songs ne'er shall know:  
May my tongue lose its accents forever,  
Ere it blend with the voice of the foe.

## JOHN WILSON.

And so Christopher North, the most heterogeneous of composites; the most complex of anomalies; the most brilliantly erratic of beings; and yet withal a genuine human soul, prodigally dowered with all kinds of richest gifts, lodged in a body, which was a fitting vehicle and counterpart thereof; Christopher has gone to join the host of the Immortals.

In sitting down to notice this departure, we cannot help feeling, that much, very much, has gone with him. Our own *young days* have gone thus. Of those young days no small portion of the nutriment and inspiration was found in the prose and verse of Wilson, more especially in those cometary sparklings in the shape of criticism and essay, which made Blackwood a recognized luminary of the literary heavens. And surely never before had a critic such superb and multiplex materials whereon to operate. For he was the coëqual and personal associate of that group of poets and literary men, who made the close of the eighteenth and the opening of the nineteenth century the most brilliant era by far in the literary

annals of Great Britain. Indeed, if we generalize our view, the same era may be pronounced the most brilliant known to us in the history of the world, alike for its men and its events. Napoleon and his associates, with the incidents of his career in both its ascension and declination on the one side, and Wellington and Nelson on the other; Goethe, Schiller, Richter and their compeers in Germany; and in the British islands that splendid aggregation, of which Byron, Scott and Shelley are individual specimens; assuredly I can recall no period in history, which witnessed contemporary men and events to compare with these. Think, then, what inspiration there must have been in the atmosphere of an age like this for a genius peculiarly susceptible to surrounding influences!

Wilson was both poet and critic in one—a combination among the very rarest witnessed. Nor this only. He was also an original thinker and an orator, and both of a high order. In fact, notwithstanding the many brilliant things of various kinds produced by him, no work of his, known to me, fully justifies the idea I have of his native capacities. His creative works, too, like his poems and novels, bear a stamp very different from what we should have anticipated at his hands. Thus the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," and the "Trials of Margaret Lindsay," are less characterised by concentration, crispness, and vigorous yet irregular outbursts, than by a plaintive sweetness and tenderness so long drawn out and so finely spun, as sometimes to cloy us, and again to oppress us with a sense of monotony. The same character belongs more or less to his long poems.

Now who would have looked for traits approaching very near to a rose-water sentimentalism and mawkish sweetness from such a big mass of genuine, glowing, healthy manhood, as Wilson? Six feet and two inches tall, with a person so admirably proportioned, as to be fitted alike for feats of brawny vigor or extraordinary activity, he had that enthusiastic love of athletic exercises, of hunting, fishing, and out-door life in general, which has ever characterized

certain classes of Britons, though less often the literary tribe. In short he was no less distinguished for his physical prowess in all its appropriate fields, than for his intellectual achievements. For this reason it is, that the peculiarities of the above named works strike us as being so alien to their author. We should rather have ascribed them to some valetudinarian, dyspeptic weakling, than to this deep-chested, broad-shouldered, firm-treading Caledonian Hercules.

Wilson had in him much of the old Greek. He did not ignore the just claims of the corporeal moiety of our dual nature, but recognized and satisfied them to the full. He did not deem Plato the less a philosopher for being capable of triumphing in the wrestling matches and foot races of the Olympic games, or Eschylus and Sophocles the worse dramatists, for being sturdy athletes and hardy soldiers. It is certainly a deplorable as well as curious fact, that, in the full blaze of this illuminated nineteenth century, we should in the vitally important matter of education be so far behind those Pagan Greeks of 3,000 years ago! "A cultivated, accomplished mind in an *equally* cultivated and accomplished body" was their maxim. The consequence has been, that while the Greek intellect remains even now one of the world's chiefest luminaries, the Greek form also survives in the Apollo and the Venus, as the ideal perfect of the human organism.

Wilson may be thought to have even gone to extremes in this respect. For like Wyndham, the admiring friend of Burke, and in his day pronounced the "finest gentleman in England," Wilson advocated sparring matches and prize fights with the kindred games and exercises of old times, on the ground of their having been a principal cause of the bold, hardy manliness of the British character.

The fullest and most favorable specimens of Wilson are doubtless found in the pages of Blackwood. Nor less certainly are found there the most glaring exhibitions of his faults and foibles, of which he has a large measure. As I intimated at the outset, he was a most heterogeneous compound. Shakespeare's Thersites or the Billingsgate fishwomen in their vocabulary of vituperation were quite tame compared with Wilson when assaulting a political adversary or demolishing some poetaster or literary charlatan. We may add, too, that these individuals in their very coarseness could hardly reach Wilson's not infrequent displays of this description.

But though the feet of this grand Figure are of clay, the trunk and head are of gold and precious stones. The eight or ten volumes of *Miscellanies*, made up of his con-

tributions to Blackwood, contain specimens of the most splendid writing in every department of literature. He is a glorious critic, when he really approves and affects an author, and it were difficult to find in our language more subtle, penetrative, genially appreciatory and nobly expressed specimens of criticism, than these *Miscellanies* comprise. Nor can there be found elsewhere more exquisite and thrilling bursts of poetry, though wearing the garb of prose.

The series of papers, published in Blackwood under the title of "*Noctes Ambrosianae*," are the most remarkable among Wilson's writings, as combining the best and the worst of their author. They reek throughout with Alcohol; they are profusely leavened with profanity and smut; they are immeasurably abusive of persons disliked whether on political or other grounds; they are self-contradictory even to an amusing degree; and yet they are so rich in exquisite criticisms on contemporary genius: so eloquent in their delineations of Nature in her infinitely varied phases and so apt in detecting the benign moral significance of these phases; so keen in their perception of and so vivid in their sympathy with the most recondite as well as the highest and noblest attributes of the human soul; in short, they manifest, in the writer, a nature of so grand a mould and so prodigally dowered with brilliant and loveable qualities, that we forget and ignore his modifying faults, or if thinking of them at all, we think of them as bearing the same relation to himself, as do the spots on the Sun to that luminary.

But Wilson has gone, and the age of Scott, Byron, Shelley and their compeers seems to us to have become, with his departure, an *age past*. So long as he, their associate and appreciative critic, survived, and on turning over his volumes we could read the glowing words wherewith he greeted and immortalized their yet living genius, they seemed, by a half-voluntary collusion on our part, to be still denizens of the same sphere with ourselves. But Christopher has gone, the Byronic age has become historic, and alas! we feel that the bright and hoping years of our own life are forever vanished also. However, it is a consoling and kindling thought, that the unseen yet nigh-neighboring sphere contains so immense an aggregate of beings such as one could admire and love and would rejoice to meet. In this view the world we now inhabit is comparatively poor and lean and void of interest, and the summons to relinquish it ought not to be unwelcome.

I could wish we might have a judiciously 'expurgated edition of Wilson's "*Noctes Ambrosianae*," to say the least. We would not lose the better portion of the volumes, for it were losing some of the most exquisite

moreover in the language. But mingled therewith is much, which must offend the taste of all pure and refined persons, and must do injury, if it has any effect, to the young and uninformed minds, which might be greatly benefitted by the rest.

Farewell, then, thou Christopher of our youth and of our adult life, and may thy memory be forever green!

## LINES.

The harp, once struck by Sorrow's hand,  
Returns but notes of woe.  
Forbear! Demand no other strain,  
Lest deeper grief should flow.  
For now Despair and Grief conspire  
To woo the accents of my lyre:  
No more can I, with magic strains,  
The thrill of Joy inspire again.  
Its trembling strings no longer bind  
The fiercer pangs, that shake the mind:  
Yet once it knew, nor ceased, to charm  
The ravished ear to rapture warm—  
When many a furrowed brow hath smiled,  
Or even Pain itself been gilded.  
It knew full well the sweep sublime,  
Or how to build the polished rhyme;  
But now, consigned to Sorrow's hand,  
Its numbers swell at her command;  
And still must steep the heart in pain,  
Till other impulses swell the strain.

## RELIQUES OF EARLY AMERICAN BALLAD POETRY.

### NUMBER III.

#### THE BATTLE OF LAKE GEORGE.

[The following very curious ballad is reprinted from an original and probably unique broadside. It was written by a New England soldier in General Johnson's army, and published (it is believed) at Boston about the end of September, 1755. Its popularity at the time was considerable, and it went through several editions; but nearly a hundred years have now glided by, and, like its author, it has long since been forgotten.

When the English ministry sent Braddock to Virginia, in 1755, their plans contemplated nothing less than an entire removal of the French *squatters* from the territories they had unlawfully occupied. Braddock's disastrous expedition against Fort du Queneau was but a link in the chain: Crown Point was another post of equal danger to the colonies, and, to reduce it, a large force was

sent from New York and New England, under the command of William Johnson of Johnson Hall. With him were a number of friendly Mohawks, led by old Hendrick, their chieftain. On September 8th, 1755, a detachment of 1,000 men from Johnson's army, under Colonel Williams, were met by the whole French force under Baron Dieskau, an approved general: the Americans were defeated and driven in upon their main body, which was drawn up on a small tongue of land projecting a little into Lake George. A few trees and logs hastily thrown together in their front formed a sort of protecting breastwork, behind which the marksmen, lying prostrate, could find a slight shelter. Through the whole of that long, warm day, the conflict thus raged; till towards evening, the repulsed French fled from the scene, leaving their general, and many killed and captive, in the hands of the English. Nor were their misfortunes yet exhausted. As darkness came on, they marched into the very arms of a scouting party of two companies from Fort Edward, and were again defeated with much loss. The result of this victory were a barometery and a fortune to Johnson; and a universal festivity and thanksgiving through all New England. The all-absorbing anxiety with which the whole people contemplated the course of the Old French War may be readily imagined, when we recollect that every thing that they held dear was perilled on its conduct. The antipathy towards the French of the nameless author of these verses, testifies what were the feelings of men in those days, when the triumph of the arms of Louis was regarded as the inevitable precedent of Popery and the Pretender, brass money and wooden shoes. "To the sons of the Puritans," says Mr. Parkman, "their enemy was doubly odious. They hated him as a Frenchman, and they hated him as a Papist." To the sons of the Puritans was due the merit of wresting Louisburg from the enemy, and, in fact, of finally bringing about the total subjection of Canada to the yoke of Great Britain.]

#### A BALLAD CONCERNING THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH, AT LAKE GEORGE.

O! bless the God that gives success unto our English nation,  
Who granted us a victory beyond our expectation.  
Our enemies encounter'd us with such undaunted courage,  
And fired so fierce on us at first, that they our hearts discover'd.  
A fatal scheme our foes had laid, and cunningly devised,  
Of which, if we had known in time, we had not been surprised.  
A thousand then of chosen men, were sent from our encampment,

And when we on three miles had gone, we had our hot engagement.  
 They'd notice of our coming out, and placed themselves in order.  
 We'd not a thought so soon to meet such knaves within our border.  
 In ambush they were laid so close, and by the path so near,  
 Their regular troops in order stood, all placed in their rear.  
 Their orders were to let us march, till all by them surrounded,  
 Then we should be their easy prey, all taken, kill'd or wounded.  
 But Providence our fate prevents, and frustrates their design,  
 Too soon their signal it was given, thanks to the Power Divine.  
 Brave Williams stood in front while guns loud roar'd, and balls were flying,  
 And there he for his country died, and purchas'd fame by dying.  
 Judicious Whitting, took his place, and led us back retreating;  
 In spite of our more numerous foes, all their designs defeating:  
 An hundred men we lost before we to our camp arrived,  
 And there our friends they look'd so bold, that they our hearts revived.  
 Our enemies they push'd so close, and follow'd us so near,  
 We thought they were our own men, a bringing up the rear.  
 Brave Johnson then directs the fight, as bold as Alexander,  
 Resolv'd to do his country right, as being chief commander:  
 He is the battle risk'd his life, when bullets they were flying,  
 Too warmly bent on victory, to have a thought of dying;  
 Brave Lyman now, well skill'd in law, a new cause had undertaken,  
 Not such as those he used to plead and seldom be mistaken;  
 Most hero-like he did appear and fought with zeal unfeigned,  
 And never did he give it o'er, until the cause he gain'd.  
 Our Colonels all, with sword and spear, appear'd in pomp and splendor,  
 They bid defiance to the French, and Jemmy the pretender.  
 Our engineer despis'd all fear, his courage I must mention,  
 Which never could disputed be, what o'er was his intention.  
 The cannons with continual noise, roar'd like to claps of thunder;  
 They kill'd 'tis true, not many men, which need not be a wonder:  
 But still the threatening sounds they spoke, made all the Indians scatter;  
 (Stunn'd with the noise, and fire and smoke) Canadians they fled after.  
 And now my friends I will relate, while cannons loud did rattle,  
 How our brave soldiers did behave, amidst the flaming battle.  
 Like lions, they disdain'd to fear, in fighting for our nation;

Our King, our properties and laws, against a French invasion.  
 'T was in the morn at eight o'clock, the engagement first begun.  
 'T was six o'clock in the afternoon, before the fight was done.  
 About that time, our wearied foes march'd heavily retreating;  
 And o'er they had got far from us, received another beating.  
 Our Hampshire friends from Edward Fort, came out to our assistance,  
 They risk'd their lives to help their friends, nor fear'd their foes' resistance.  
 The French were like the wearied sheep, just fitted for devouring,  
 They scatter'd them on every part, this was their final scouring.  
 Their shattered forces now dispers'd, in woods by streams and fountains;  
 Like sheep who from the shepherd stray, and wander o'er the mountains.  
 One thousand and eight hundred men, of which their force consisted,  
 Are sunk to nought, tho' once they thought they could not be resisted.  
 They thought they should our country drive, but found themselves mistaken,  
 Some few by flight escap'd the fight, but most were kill'd or taken.  
 Their chief we have a prisoner made, and Major-General killed;  
 The aid-de-camp resign'd himself, with grief their hearts were filled.  
 Then let our hearts encourag'd be, and let us not surrender,  
 Our rights, religion, liberty, unto a false Pretender.  
 And since the victory we've won, and brought the Monseurs under;  
 We gladly would be marching back, to carry home the plunder.

## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

A SERIES OF LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NUMBER II.

Mr. Editor:—I mentioned, in my first communication, that the "Spirits" declared, through my paper's *controlled* pen, that they had sent him to me for purposes beneficial to both him and myself. Some of these benefits to him I have intimated already. So strong proved to be the magnetic, or "odious" sympathy between us, that he seemed to grasp, as it were *intuitively*, many items, which it had cost me long years of study and scholastic discipline to acquire. Thus it was, that the Spirits explained what at first had appeared to me so marvellous and un-

precedented, his becoming at once a correct and quite reputable writer in both prose and verse. It was curious to witness the operations of this sympathy. Again and again, while going over with him one of his pieces and being about to suggest some amendment, such as the substitution of another word in the place of one employed by him, that very word would be caught and uttered aloud by him before I had opened my lips! This occurred so very often, that we both came to regard it, as quite a mark-worthy phenomenon, even among phenomena, which were all of a singular kind, to say the least of them.

But, moreover, the "Spirits" proclaimed certain purposes, which, in part through my pupil's help, they were to accomplish in myself, besides making *predictions* of sundry important beneficial changes in both my physical condition and my worldly circumstances. This appeared *fair* undeniably, for they gratuitously furnished a test of their own *verity* and *credibility*, which left open no avenue for evasion.

The substance of these predictions was, first, that, ere long, a great and palpable improvement should take place in my corporeal state, as well as in my condition in certain other respects specified; and secondly, that, at some coming period not absolutely fixed by them, I should be developed fully as a "medium" for some three or four various modes of "spiritual communication." This last phenomenon, it was moreover stated, would be merely the *completion of a process already begun*, for that I had for years been, without being conscious of it, a channel for imparting impressions from the denizens of the Spirit-world. I will here cite a few *verbatim* specimens of the sentences relating to the above points, which were noted down by my pupil in the curious manner I have previously described. Thus,

"Z—," (meaning myself,) "is a medium. You (my pupil) will enable us to develop him fully."

"You have the most elevated influences around you. Awake, O man, put on thy strength."

"Better days are dawning upon you."

"They," (certain adverse circumstances,) "shall neither hurt nor destroy you. All will come right. You will be able to conquer. We lead you into green pastures and beside still waters."

"We have much for both of you to do. You are yoked together in the car of Spiritualism."

"Z—, you shall triumph over all difficulties."

"Be assured, that we are ever guarding thee. Let not thy feet stray into forbidden paths, and we will carry thee, as upon a pil-

low of down. Rest assured we are with thee night and day."

"You will be unclothed of the rubbish that surrounds you, and your spirit shall soar above earth and paint the beauties of eternity. The lightnings shall leap around you, and the thunders shall roll beneath you, and the heavens shall be to you as a garment."

"We will take care of you. Your day-dawn is brightening. The golden drops of the morning dew are gathered by the pure and bright."

"O believe, that we are with thee, ever watching over thee, ever bearing thee up. Let not the doubts of your pupil affect you. All is working rightly with him."

"We guide you over the deep sea of mortality. Be firm, be passive. We will ever continue to guide you."

"You are a chosen vessel."

"When your system becomes *entirely* subject to our control, then you will be able to perform prodigies."

These are selected from a large number of kindred declarations. I have taken these, as putting the matter of the predictions in a general form. There are others, not exactly suited for publication, which go so minutely into particulars, as to furnish, as I said above, a test, in no way to be evaded, of the *credibility* of the communicators.

Now, if I am not greatly deceived, there is something in the cast of these utterances, which, to say the least, is not *inappropriate* to the supposed utterers. Certainly they strike me, as being at the farthest remove possible from the mental habits of my pupil, both in their substance and expression.

A year has now elapsed since the commencement of these predictive sayings, and the reader may perhaps be curious to know whether all or any of them have yet been verified.

The "mediumship" has *not* been fully, nor am I able to say how much, if any, progress therein has been made. I can say, however, that the *prophecies respecting two other points have been fulfilled—fulfilled literally, specifically and fully!* There is no mistake about this. The matter is such, as to afford no *possibility* of error. Whatever may be thought of the rest, it is an *absolute fact*, that two circumstances foretold, one year ago, in the manner stated, and seeming then as unlikely to occur as almost anything, that could have been fancied, have within a year come literally and fully to pass!

I leave these statements to the reader's consideration, and reserving some further strange phenomena for an after letter, I subjoin here a transcript of one of my pupil's

*trancic* visions, which occurred some months ago, and was taken down five days afterward by myself. I give the substance of his utterances, though I do not pretend to give always, or even generally, his precise words. I select this vision, though not his first, because the portion of it introducing the ship purports to be a *figurative* description of my own past and present conditions. A few days previous, the "Spirits" had said, Z—, endeavour to prepare your mind for a message from the Spheres." This vision is the message spoken of.

#### VISION.

We two had sat about twenty minutes on opposite sides of a table, with our hands resting thereupon, when suddenly and without exhibiting any preliminary symptoms, my pupil passed into a *trancic* state with his eyes tightly closed. After waiting a few moments, I put several questions, with the purpose of drawing from him the *meaning* of this crisis; what he saw, felt, &c., &c.. He remained in this abnormal condition (I should think) upwards of half an hour, speaking continuously most of the time. The *substance* of what he said, as nearly as I can recall it, was as follows:

"I see a band of bright and beautiful Beings, five in number, standing at some distance above you, Z—, in a slanting direction. They are garbed in flowing white robes, with their heads uncovered save by their long, curling locks. They form a connexion with you, (being, in fact, your directing Spirits) and are actually operating on you for your benefit. Yet their ostensible employment is a singular one, for they are busily moulding into various beautiful forms a substance somewhat resembling potter's clay. This substance, however, is white in color and translucent, and similar in appearance to the misty vapour filling a valley when thoroughly penetrated and illumined by the morning sun. They say, these forms, which they are modelling, are the *ideas*, or the *archetypes* and *representatives* of the *ideas*, (I cannot determine which) wherewith they are *preparing to impress your mind*.

But oh what a dreadful condition your brain was in some time ago! It is now healed, but I can see distinct vestiges of its former maladies; marks of terrible lesions, and of actual adhesions of the brain to the skull, particularly in the region of the *medulla oblongata*.

Why, if you had remained much longer in *that* state, you would have become a *bad Spirit* and would have been absolutely cast out!

But you are now cured of those diseases, and you are constantly and rapidly growing better and better.

And what a noble brain you have,—so full and rounded in its organs, and so harmonized and balanced! And how curious and admirable is the sight I now witness,—the *process of thought*,—or the *course of ideas* from their origin through all the changes wrought upon them by the several organs of the brain, till being embodied in language they go abroad in written compositions or vocal speech! That origin is the great Central Intelligence, or God. I can see millions of bright streams flowing downward from that Fountain into repositories of created minds, and into *your* mind among the rest. This light-current of ideas enters first a compartment at the base of your brain behind, near where the head joins the neck. This compartment has folding doors, which are kept locked to protect its contents from the assaults of combativeness and destructiveness located near.

But now they are opened and I see the thought-substance flow forth. Cautionness arrests its progress for a moment. Only for a moment, however, since you have little of that fear, which would prevent your ideas, be they what they may, from finding full development and free expression. The ideas next proceed to Ideality, and this faculty labors some time in modifying and shaping them. They pass then to Constructiveness, and *what* a faculty this of yours is! It is the *master* power of your brain; immense in its compass and tremendous in its executive force! I cannot describe the countless and curious complications of its marvellous mechanism. It grasps the ideas now presented to it, and labors long upon them, but the nature of these labors is beyond my power of delineation.

The thought-material is now transferred to Causality, whose portion of the work occupies considerable time, this faculty of yours being of large compass. Comparison next receives it, but does not very long detain it. It is now taken in hand by the perceptive organs, Individuality, &c., &c., which severally contribute what is needed of their services.

This preparative moulding process being completed, the result passes into and becomes embodied in language, and is thus fitted for accomplishing the intellectual, moral and general social uses of ideas. And yet I perceive, that, before the creation thus wrought is sent forth on its humanitarian mission, one additional item of work is performed. This performance is by a faculty named *Wisdom*, which (if I judge aright) is not a single, uncompounded faculty of the brain like the rest, but a *composite* or spiritually chemical *result* of the others combined. It apparently supervises, polishes, slightly alters and re-arranges here and there,—re-

minding me of a careful mother overlooking her daughter, when dressed for a festive occasion; here smoothing out a crease or a rumple; there touching up a curl, &c., &c..

Such is an imperfect description of the process of thought passing before my Spiritual sight,—as distinctly visible, as *real and natural*, as any *material* spectacle I ever witnessed. But ah! my poor words can convey but the faintest conception of the beauty, the strangeness and the wonder of what passes in this Spirit-realm!"

"The scene changes, and oh what a change! Your past career and experiences and your present condition are now daguerreotyped most exactly and vividly on my sight, under the image of a ship. I see a large, noble, admirably equipped and fully appointed Bark, after traversing the ocean for a time, at last dashed violently upon a rocky reef, that juts out from the shore, and there fixed too fast to be floated off. There it long lies, the helpless butt of all the angry, chafing elements in turn. I see the billows, furious and foaming from their encounter with the insolent winds, hurl themselves against its sides; overtop its decks; and fling mud, sand, gravel and every species of ocean-contained rubbish through all parts of its interior. I see the sails rent and tattered, and the masts snapped and splintered by the stormy, frantic winds, that roar hoarsely and shriek wildly, as if in disappointment at their inability to blow it completely into atoms. I see the rains pour deluge-like down, drenching it in every part and leaving within it masses of water to soak it through and through; and by their stagnation to breed loathsome reptiles and evolve deadly miasmas; while above rolls and crashes the awful-voiced thunder and ever and anon a lightning-bolt is launched from the over-arching blackness to pierce and tear the motionless and unresisting hulk. Alas, poor Bark! how long can you sustain, without being annihilated, the active hostility of all the elements, thus combined against you in their insurrectionary seasons? Even the life-giving, genial Sun, in your present *false position*, acts upon you to *your harm*; for those very torrid beams of the summer noon, which robe the earth in greenness and bloom and call from its bosom the rich products, on which animal and human life and enjoyment depend, do but burn and crack and warp the materials composing your unsheltered mass.

But thank Heaven for what *now* I witness! Two large *camels* are brought and one being placed beneath each side of the ship, it is floated off the reef and conducted into a tranquil, lovely, land-locked bay and there securely moored. Landward

I see a beautiful region, diversified with hills and vallies and level plains, with trees and grass and various grains intermingled in pleasing proportions. Oceanward I see the watery expanse, bounded by the horizon only, rolling its surges mountain-high, under the scourge of the tempest-blasts, and dashing against the shore, all foaming with wrath, as if to wreak on *that* the destructive fury, which was impotent against their nimble-winged, unassailable airy foes. But the surface of this little bay is as smooth as a mirror, being protected by two long, parallel tongues of land, running diagonally to the course of the tides, which at their seaward extremity approach each other so closely, as to leave but just room for the entrance of a Ship. Within, close to the land, I see the once wrecked, hapless Bark, moored and kept afloat by camels. Busy hands are at work, cleansing the interior thoroughly of all its filthy depositions; scraping, repainting and repainting its exterior; putting up new masts and new sails; and restoring the entire structure to a sound, complete condition.

The work is seemingly finished. I behold a majestic, noble-looking Ship, fully rigged, appointed and furnished, and apparently as staunch and sea worthy, as if turned off the stocks for the first time.

But I am told the Bark is not yet quite ready to encounter all the liabilities of the open sea. Having been so long water-soaked, it must still remain for a time in its safe, quiet haven, until the warming sun and exhaling airs have entirely extracted the dampness, with which it is saturated and deprived of its buoyancy. The time required for this may be *shortened* by multiplying and improving the favorable conditions about it. Besides the danger of its sinking in a rough, stormy sea, if going forth in its present water-logged state and without its sustaining camels, it would be impossible to stow much provision aboard, on account of its soon growing *mouldy*. And one item besides remains to be done. Some of the Ship's knees having been weakened by the strain upon them, must be taken out and replaced by new ones. It is appointed, that these knees should be made from the *Roots* of a certain tree close at hand.

This and all other matters needful will soon be accomplished, and then, this Ship will be as *sound and completely serviceable as ever*. It then may safely traverse the ocean in all its moods. It then may and *will* visit and discharge its cargoes not only in *every quarter of this country* but in *Europe*. It has a prosperous and grand career before it in time to come."

Such is a very inadequate account of this vision in my chamber five days since.



## A L'INCONNUE DU NORD.

Strangers we met—for a few bright moments met—  
 Though few, enough those moments were to stamp  
 Their golden impress on my soul and fix  
 An image there, which even death itself  
 May not efface; enough, to add a pearl  
 Of priceless worth to swell my treasury  
 Of friends; enough, to give sweet food for dreams,  
 Dreams that rob life of care; enough to fill  
 The crystal bowl at will and cause the wine  
 Of life to overflow.—And then the hour  
 Of parting came, no more again perchance  
 On earth to meet! One last and lingering look,  
 One farewell draught that fate had drained the heart—  
 The jewelled cup is snatched away—gone—  
 Gone—lost! Oh there is naught but Faith,  
 Trust in Goodness, Truth and Love supreme,  
 Can see Benevolence and bless the hand  
 That gives and that withholds—glimpses of Heaven,  
 Moments of bliss, no more can man enjoy  
 And live; years of joy, happiness  
 Complete, are only for eternity.

This meeting was designed in love to bring  
 Our souls in contact, to unite in bonds  
 Strong as eternal will, two hearts which else  
 Here and hereafter might have pined, nor known  
 What 't was they needed, or what wanting was  
 To crown their cup and to perfect their joy—  
 Our souls perchance have loved before this world  
 Received us in its cold embrace, and now  
 We meet on earth and yearn to greet the friend  
 Of former life, beloved, then lost, now found.  
 A single glance—they recognised, nor sound  
 Nor word betrayed the silent interchange  
 Of kindred thoughts that lay too deep for speech—  
 Only the breath came warmer, quicker, sped  
 By the red tide which hastened to the heart.  
 Farewell, dear lady! know there is one soul  
 That's linked to thine in life and death—be sure  
 If prayers avail (as who can doubt) nightly  
 They'll rise to Him who condescends to pour  
 Rich blessings on His children's heads who trust  
 All to His love, that He may guard, preserve,  
 And crown thee with His dearest gifts.  
 If not on Earth, as sure as souls survive  
 The mockery of death we meet beyond  
 This Earth, and there 'll be parting nevermore—  
 Farewell, and in your charmed hours remember me.

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 INEDITED LETTER OF  
 THOMAS WALPOLE.
 

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[Copy of an autograph letter from the Hon. Thos. Walpole, (a distinguished member of Parliament, ambassador to Munich, &c.) to Major W'm Trent, of Trenton, in the collection of M'r Frank M. Etting, of Philadelphia, dated the 30th May, 1775.]

Dear Major:—By this time, I think, you will have ended your voyage, and after a long and painful absence, have had a meeting with your Family and Friends. When-

ever it may happen, I sincerely wish, that it may be attended with every satisfaction, which you yourself could expect from it.

As to Politics I do not propose saying much about them. It is an ungracious subject at best, and you receive intelligence of that sort from others, who can give you better information than myself. I have observed, however, that Government and its Friends, till lately, have continued to talk their old Language, but, I think, with less confidence than before, and tho' they still have affected to make no doubt of prevailing in the end, they allow, that it may not be done so soon, as they once expected. Since the account of what passed on the 19th of last month, they probably begin to think, that it will not be done at all. From the accounts hitherto published, the Americans seem to have behaved with Prudence and Spirit, in receiving the first Blow and resenting it afterwards in a manner which became them. We are very impatient to know what may have passed since the 28th, or 29th of April: Now that Hostilities are begun, it is to be supposed that they will be continued, till matters are brought to some decision; and we shall receive I doubt not, a sad account of Gen'l Gage, and his army. Boston too, I fear, must fall a sacrifice to the Fury of England—I would say Folly, if that were not too mild a term for my purpose. We shall, however, I think, be beat into our senses, before it is long (the only sort of instruction which at present we seem capable of receiving) and every thing, in a good degree, may yet be set right again. What should be most abhorred by both countries is separation. There are those among us, who may yet, if they are suffered to do it, prevent that common calamity.

I hope that you will find every thing in Vandalia,\* in as good a way as you could expect, if not you will be able to take such measures as may secure the property, which we have got there, and especially, that you will be able to protect it from farther violations. We must flatter ourselves, that the little which is wanting here, will soon be done, when we shall see those better times, on which this country now depends for its preservation.

I desire you to believe me to be, &c., &c..

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\* The name given to a tract of land on the Ohio, commonly known as "Walpole's Grant." It appears there originally existed two companies, one in Virginia and one in Pennsylvania, and that these finally united under the name and title of the "Grand Ohio Company." Each State had an agent in London, the former Col. George Mercer; the latter Major William Trent. The grant, owing to the breaking out of the Revolutionary struggle, was never confirmed by the King. Mr. E. has in his possession many papers relative to this company, among others the original power of attorney to William Trent, bearing date, April, 17th, 1775, signed by Thomas Walpole, Samuel Wharton, B. Franklin, and J. Sergeant.

## POPULAR SONGS OF SPAIN.

## III.

## SONG OF THE MANCHEGA (DANCE.)

I was married yesterday;  
To-day I am a widow!  
Since yesterday I have had  
Two good moments;  
May heaven be pleased  
To grant me every day  
Two such moments.

To sing the manchega  
Requires a saltcellar,  
And whoever has it not  
May go to the devil!  
Long live La Mancha and her songs  
Full of salt and grace!

I would wish to die  
And hear my funeral knell,  
To see who would say to me  
God forgive you!  
Long live the black eyes  
And the fine waist  
Of my little girl.

If you hear the bells  
Of my obscenities,  
Do not let them bury me,  
Without having seen me;  
For it is a bet  
That, with a look,  
You will bring me to life again.

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

*Sunshine on Daily Paths. From Household Words. With eight original illustrations.* H. C. Peck & Theodore Bliss: Philadelphia: 1854. Pp. 452. Price, \$1.

To all those accustomed to look over the hebdomadal issue, entitled "Household Words," (and their name is "legion,") it were superfluous saying, that the present volume is an admirable one. We have never known a serial publication consisting of articles so uniformly and decidedly excellent, as this of Dickens. His administrative talent would seem fairly to match his literary genius, for, as he cannot, probably, himself produce more than one or two articles in each number, he is obliged to depend on others to fill up his pages, and the administrative talent we allude to is shown in his drawing around him helpers, who keep the paper very well up to the tone set in his own pieces. It is certainly an unprecedented thing, his never, from any cause, admitting what is dull, uninteresting, or ungenial. Could praise of a weekly editor go higher?

The present volume is well named. It shows us, that the realms of Nature and Art close about us are over-brimming with marvellous, curious and interesting processes and facts. An excellent household volume for all, it is specially valuable for the young, since, besides furnishing of itself much useful knowledge, it is likely to stimulate them to seek it themselves in the paths of common, every day life. We trust, that additional volumes may be made from the same class of selections.

*A defence of the "Eclipse of Faith," by its author, being a rejoinder to Professor Newman's reply, &c., &c..* Crosby, Nichols & Co.: Boston: 1854. For sale in Philadelphia, by H. C. Baird.

Who professor Newman is, we confess to being totally ignorant. As little do we know who is his opponent, whose name, moreover, is not mentioned here. Nor, to speak plainly, do we specially care to know any more than we do about the matter. In the discharge of our duty we have gone through as much as we could achieve of these 208 duodecimo pages, and our own impression is, that the reader's time could be more profitably spent in almost any other conceivable way. The religious polemics, that could interest a bygone age, seem out of date and effete at the present day. We question whether they ever did any good. We are pretty sure they seldom convinced either party.

Nevertheless, we can say, the present volume is well enough written, and though of course abounding in reciprocal complaints of unfairness, in taunts and recriminations, it certainly is not half so bad in these respects as many things we had formerly read.

*The Edinburgh Review.* April, 1854: Leonard Scott & Co.: New York. For sale in Philadelphia, by Gets & Buck.

Three or four articles of the present number are quite interesting and instructive both for the local and the general reader.

Thus, N'o 1, "Mormonism," is a well digested and exhaustive account of the rise, progress and present state of this strange phenomenon, together with a fair analysis of its nature, and some judicious speculations on its probable destiny.

N'o 2, "John Locke," is a full and able account of this celebrated philosopher and excellent man, with a very good critique on his philosophic system.

N'o 3, "French Protestant Refugees," is a well executed résumé of one of the most attractive of recent histories.

N'o 4, "Moore's Memoirs," is no great affair, though the citations from the volumes noticed are of course very readable.

N<sup>o</sup> 5, "National Gallery Report," is very dull in our view.

The three remaining pieces, "Recent Italian Refugees," "The Judges on Codification," and "Consumption of food in the United Kingdom," contain, especially the latter two, numerous statistics, which may doubtless interest a certain small class of British readers, but have little *general* attractiveness, save to those anomalous individuals, occasionally found, who love and revel in facts and figures on *their own account*.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

### NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

The National Academy of Design, an exhibition at New York, contributed to by artists of Philadelphia as well as other cities, and remarkable for more than wonted variety, taste, and brilliancy, seems to merit some notice from our hands. That great progress is being made in each department of painting; that our artists by dint of genius, study and a sincere following of nature, are becoming at once more truthful and more skilled, less shackled by the dogmas of the various schools, and more independent as relates to choice of subject, becomes more and more evident on each succeeding occasion of display, constituting at once a ground of high expectation and of confident affirmation. The New York collection we found national in every sense but one, which we shall presently note. Freedom from all error is an unasked condition of great and distinguished excellence. In a general survey of this collection, we were struck by a style abundantly too ornate. There are not a few who labor to supply, by an elaborate accumulation of minutiae and gorgeous coloring, that freshness and richness of landscape which is to be seen nowhere but in nature, and in the productions of those artists by whom nature has been most closely copied. On the other hand, the superior effect of unsophisticated simplicity of treatment, is here, in several instances, triumphantly shown. We must refer also to a distinct class, the works of those who are only imitators. These represent nature, so far as they are accurately and strongly drawn, but want that glow of imagination which would raise them to a level with their prototypes. Nature, however faithfully copied, is scarcely all that we expect from the painter, for the mere copies will always want numberless graces, which it is the business of the painter to supply from imagination. There are those who see the beauties of nature, but do not feel their invincible and undefinable associa-

tions. Let us look a moment to the artists of the pen. When Shakspeare paints nature, every hill and every glen swarms with spirits; if he looks into a cowslip-bell he discovers the "delicate Ariel" nestling there; the hills on which his eyes are feasting are "heaven-kissing hills." So, too, in Milton we hear voices "sole or responsive each to other's note," and the moon appears as

"One who had been led astray,  
Through the heaven's wide, pathless way."

Copyist-painters or writers may please, but cannot astonish. The pictures of both may be accurate and beautiful, but must want the inspiring presence which alone can bring us in view of nature's mysteries. Dissimilar again from these are those who when they would be tender are turgid, and when gentle, insipid. We observed a few good domestic paintings in this exhibition, sparkling with the vivid and unfading colorings of nature. Historic scenes were sadly wanting. That vast field, success in which affords the very highest honors, has apparently no laborers within the walls of this Academy. Then we have numerous portraits, several of marked excellence, and seemingly leading not only to a knowledge of outer personal characteristics, but, if expression betokens anything, to the inmost recesses of the heart. On the whole, we must express high gratification at the appearance of the collection. If there were neither the Flemish nor Italian schools, there is no wanting in poetic feeling, and, withal, much that must tend to excite and refine the growing taste for art.

HINDOO GIRL; theme from LALLA ROOKH, by MRS. J. KELLER. Soft solemnity in the treatment, united to pensiveness of expression and almost superhuman grace in the figure. The floating light committed to the Ganges, the fate of which is to tell her own, has just passed beyond the weedy vegetation of the banks, and pauses in the eddying current ere it commences its swift progress downward, soon to be whalmed in waters, or disappear, still burning, like a fading star. The look of fond expectancy, of mute attention to the ever varying lustre of that ray, tells itself the story. The radiance thrown on the maiden's countenance, discloses a heart at peace with itself, though full of care for another's weal. The figure of the Hindoo girl is exquisitely draped, the drapery itself being something more than a subordinate charm. The graceful convulsion of the leaves supporting the light, the fragile beauty of the tiny bark, with the sparkling lustre diffused through the gloom, now playing on forest leaves, and now on the green sward and over the surface of the water, aid the fascination. A splendid ar-

range of light and shade, productive of a remarkable effect, allows the accessories, in place of disturbing, to concentrate attention on the lovely embodiment of all the passion that can heighten female beauty, of all that ever varying grace and inborn gentleness and secret diffidence, that make the fire of love but blaze the brighter. All nature is in harmony with the scene. It is a tableau of the heart—an episode of emotion—a scene which one might gaze on and love forever—one brought from a never perishing source, wrought from a fancy neither capricious nor impetuous, but from those sensations which, born of whatever spring, thrill the most secret chords of genuine feeling. Mrs. KELLER has two other works in the collection, an Italian girl, and a portrait. Of these, it is unnecessary to speak. We saw enough in the HINDOO GIRL to be satisfied that the genius and art that conspired to produce it, may be summoned at will. The excellence of *chiaroscuro*, which may be defined as the art of properly distributing light and shade in the mass of composition, has always appeared to us to depend on unity and truth; of which we have here one of the best possible illustrations. It was in *chiaroscuro* that even Leonardo da Vinci failed, and in which Tintoretto and Corregio especially excelled. In the modern school, Reynolds is a superior instance of success.

VIEW ON THE HUDSON; by REGIS GIGNOUX. Who would look for poetry or romance, or any other artistic element, beyond peradventure the architectural, at the corner of Broadway and Wall? Yet the commercially-present Baron Rothschild—that king of kings—in whose debt are all the sovereigns of Europe; Rothschild, the expectant purchaser of Palestine, has, through one of his myriad agents, found out in that brick, mortar and business corner the very man we were in search of, one who can give us the true scenic effects of an American Autumn in earth, in air, in heaven, and in water. Here is something not to be imitated, and therefore, when it gets to Europe, something of a gem. The tints of foliage are finely rendered, and the trees, grouped *en masse*, rear boldly and effectively their weighty forms against the pure and lofty sky. We confess we are not altogether pleased with this sky. Whilst a too subdued light often gives an effect weak and insipid, too great clearness, where there is minute handling, is apt to impart severity to the outline. In the painting—

THE INDIAN PARADISE; or the DREAM of the HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS, by P. A. RICHARDS, we see how, in the diffusion of a soft and changeable lustre, a beautiful effect is elicited by the very contrast between the really sharp mountain forms and this soft,

subduing light that enlarges while it enwraps them.

ALABASTOR; or the SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE, by the same artist as the preceding, reminds us of the rich beauty of the works of the lamented COLZ. There is here again the same rich light, but rarified; hills rising into inequalities, and diversified by an exuberance of abundant vegetation. In many respects worthy, as a composition, of the warm and soul-inspired fancy of Shelley—"a poet hidden in the light of thought"—it fails to embody or to aid the conception we have always entertained of the wanderings of him, who—

"Obedient to the light  
That shone within his soul,"

passed in and amidst all earth's sensuous glories. Let the wanderer be dashed out, and the scene remain for what it is—a fine and brilliant landscape, the equal to which one may search for far and long.

GORGE ON THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS: STORM CLEARING, by D. G. BREWERTON. This Brewerton never dreamed this scene in his studio, or worked it out from some light flimsy sketch. Like a member of one of the nomadic tribes, we will vow, he has camped many a day and night on mountain top and in forest dell. By the powers of divination, we know that he has sat for hours watching the shadows as they chased each other over rocks and woods, and fields of grass. What we especially admire in this composition are these same shadows, that give to the whole scene at once freshness and truth. We have not only *bulk* as an essential element in the truly grand, and a fine grouping of masses of rock and earth, with trees that have wrestled for centuries with the winds of heaven, but those lighter and gentler graces, which, with playful influence lure one in, a fancied sharer in the actual scene.

THE COAST OF GENOA; by J. F. CROPSY. There is not a single painting in the exhibition worked out in the style of this. Sharp outlines even to the very waves; but by an admirable arrangement of color, no unpleasant severity. The hills on the back-ground give a fine relief to the narrow and lofty towers, each stone of which, with true Hollandic patience, seems to have been painted. We are not aware whether this fresh and buoyant scene has been taken by the artist from the place itself or not. In neither case can he be charged with being a mere copyist. The works of the copyist possess no originality, and are performed mechanically. The present production, together with being splendid and ornamental by its dashes of color and the freedom of its treatment, delights and deceives the eye. A more congenial union of the qualities necessary in

sketching coast scenery of this character, we never saw displayed.

PILGRIM TO ROME—IN SIGHT OF ST. PETER'S; by LUTHER TERRY.

"And go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,  
O not of him, but of our love."

So breathed the poet, and the poet-artist has simply filled up the measure of those associations to which the name of Rome is indissolubly tied. Between St. Peter's and the spectator stretch the vast Pontine marshes; near at hand, the cowed pilgrim, with staff and "sandal shoon and scallop shell." The beautiful, saint-like countenance is sufficiently earthly to create a human interest, sufficiently heavenly to warm the heart to the holiest and loftiest aspirations. The pilgrim meets our sympathy, and holds out almost a bond of friendship. His mission appears full worthy of a life's effort; hope and expectancy are in this moment of the heart's gladness almost fulfilled. We enjoy the beauty of the gloom on the distant horizon, and think of the new pleasures that shall await arrival. The work may safely be regarded as a triumph. It has another merit and a strange one—a merit belonging to two others of this artist's productions—that, seen near or far, it appears to equal advantage, so delicate is the work, yet so massive is the effect. The proportions too are so perfect, that most would be misled as to the size of the canvass.

The ARTIST'S DREAM; by L. TERRY. An artist with pallet and brushes in hand, has fallen asleep on his chair before a freshly prepared canvass. Three female forms, typical, it may be, of the three Graces, are clustered on one side, whilst the head of the sleeper droops on the other. As the whole effect is in the expression and position of the group, and in a certain nameless grace clustering around them and pervading the very air, we content ourselves with pointing it out to searchers for the beautiful.

#### CON-CUR, CON-DOG.

When Dr. Adam Littleton was compiling his Latin Dictionary, and announced the word "concurro" to his amanuensis; the scribe, imagining that the various senses of the word would, as usual, begin with the most literal translation, said "*concur*, I suppose, sir?" to which the Doctor replied peevishly, "*concur! condog!*" The Secretary, whose business it was to write what his master dictated, accordingly did his duty; and the word *condog* was inserted, and is actually printed as one interpretation of "concurro" in the first edition, 1678, though it has been expunged and does not appear in subsequent editions.

#### NEW MUSIC.

We are pleased to notice a few choice compositions for the voice and piano forte, just issued from the press of William Hall & Son, New York:—"Kitty Dear Quick Step," being N'o 4 of a series of twelve melodies, by William Dressler, entitled "Summer Evenings"—Price, 12 cents. "The Cupid Polka," being N'o 1 of a choice selection of Polkas, Marches, Waltzes, &c., arranged in brilliant style for the Piano Forte, by Charles Grobe, entitled "Maitre de Plaisir"—Price, 25 cents. "The Mother's Smile," ballad by William Vincent Wallace—Price, 38 cents. Serenade, "Soft Evening Air," by J. A. Fowler—Price, 25 cents. The high reputation of these composers is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of their music. The pieces before us are brilliant and effective for the parlor, pleasing and instructive for practice, and such as will improve the taste, and give satisfaction to both player and listener. William Hall & Son, 239, Broadway, New York, will send by mail, post-paid any of the above pieces, on receipt of the marked prices.

#### THE PRONUNCIATION OF FOREIGN WORDS.

Bolivar, the liberator of Colombia, was not called Bolly Var, as we pronounce it, but Bo-lee-var, with the accent upon the second syllable.

Genoa should not be called Ge-no-ah, but Gen-o-a, with the accent upon the first syllable. The spelling in the old translation of Boccacio—namely, Jeneway gives the proper pronunciation. The family name, Janeway comes from this; meaning a native of Genoa.

It was stated some time ago in BIZARRE, and never contradicted, that the children in our public schools were taught to pronounce foreign words, as if they were English words, and that this was done to cover the ignorance of the teachers, who were incapable of teaching them better. The new public school authorities should correct this. What would a Frenchman think, if he were asked if he came from Bordeny Awks?

#### IMPORTANCE OF CORRECT SPELLING.

Monsieur Varillas, a French author well known among divines, had a nephew whom he proposed to make his heir; but who, in a letter to his uncle, was unfortunate to close it with—"votre tes kobeissant," instead of "obeissant." This little error so exasperated Mons. Varillas that he never forgave it—set his nephew down for an egregious blockhead, unworthy to be the successor to the fortunes of a man of learning, and left his estate to pious uses.

## EGYPTIAN DANCING GIRLS. 1

An American traveller in Egypt has written a long and interesting letter to the *National Intelligencer*, from which the following is extracted :

*At Orisot* are to be seen the celebrated dancing girls, whom some modern writers describe in terms which would lead you to suppose they are the most beautiful of their sex, with bright eyes, lovely mouths, full and ruby colored lips, features singularly symmetrical and delicate, pretty hands and feet, &c., and they cap the climax when they tell you about their full and magnificent forms being clad in airy and bewitching costumes, and glowing with health and pleasure. *See them*, and truth will oblige you to say that all those charms and attractions exist only in the imaginations of those who have thus described them, and who have availed themselves largely of the poet's license in this as in many other of their gorgeous pictures of oriental life and scenery.

The *Ghawaree* are a race devoted to pleasure. In their dances they display great agility and great muscular powers ; but these performances are nothing more than a constant repetition of the most lascivious movements, carried far beyond the bounds of decorum, and bearing no comparison with the voluptuous but graceful performances of Spanish artistes. They are of various shades of color, from yellow to jet black, and, though many of them are finely formed, they possess few personal attractions. Some of them practice tattooing, and transform their ruby colored lips into pale blue ones. Their dress is tawdry, and not always neat or clean : their ornaments consist of innumerable strings of gold coins, covering head, neck, and bosom—a mark of wealth quite inconsistent with the miserable mud hovels in which they live.

## "SALAD FOR THE SOCIAL."

Messrs. Putnam & Co., New York, will shortly publish a new work under this title, by Mr. F. Saunders, who made so marked a *début* in the world of letters last year, in the publication, entitled "*Salad for the Solitary*," numerous entertaining extracts from which we presented at the time to our readers.

## ILLUSTRATION OF THE ORIGIN OF WORDS.

Bindun Hill, in England, was originally called Pen by the Britons, in whose language Pen meant a hill. The Saxons, thinking that Pen was a proper name, called it Pendun, or Pen Hill, and the English taking the compound Pendun for a proper name, called it Pendun-hill, (whence, Bindun Hill,) or Hill-hill-hill.

## IMPORTANCE OF THE BEARD.

When Louis VII of France, in obedience to the injunctions of the Bishops, cropped his hair and shaved his beard, his Queen, Eleanor, found him a somewhat ridiculous looking personage, and soon very contemptible. She behaved herself as she thought fit, and the poor king obtained a divorce. Eleanor then married the Count of Anjou, afterwards Henry II of England ; she had for her marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne, and this was the origin of those wars, which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French three millions of men ; wars which would probably never have been waged if Louis VII had never shaved himself.

## MON CARROSSE.

The French word *carrosse* (a coach) was originally feminine, as its termination implies, and it is so found in Cotgrave's Dictionary. Its gender was changed, owing to an erroneous mode of speaking in the youthful Louis XIV. He came to the throne in 1643, aged about five years ; and soon afterwards, enquiring for his coach, he called out "Ou est *mon carrosse*?" This was sufficient to stamp the word masculine, and it has so continued ever since. A puerile error of this kind is not to be wondered at ; but that a whole nation should change the gender of a word in compliment to the ignorance of a child is an absurdity of no common magnitude.

## INNS.

In *Putnam's Monthly* for June, 1853, is an article upon the subject of Inns, in which the writer says :

"Clement's Inn was the scene of that memorable dialogue between Shallow and Sir John."

And

"The author of Peter Wilkins resided for a time at Clifford's Inn."

It may be news to the writer of that article, but not to many others, that these Inns were not Taverns, as he supposes, but Inns of Court, where the students of law resided.

## LA PORTE D'ENFER.

"The Gate of Hell," is the name of one of the numerous points of exit from the city of Paris. The funeral cortège of Talleyrand being about to take up its march for the cemetery outside of the city, the driver of the hearse desiring to know the particular route he should take, inquired "which gate shall I drive to?" "A la Porte d'Enfer," replied ominously the master of the ceremonies.

## HINTS FOR DINERS-OUT.

A late reviewer has carefully culled from Moore's Diary several heads of the best anecdotes in the world. For the benefit of such of our readers who desire to be armed at an emergency from such a pocket arsenal, we transcribe them here.

1. Sir Boyle Roche's dream: his head being cut off and placed upon a table. "*Quis separabit?*" says the head. "*Naboblish,*" says I, in the same language.

2. Lord Ellenborough being once met going out the House of Lords while Lord — was speaking, "What, are you going?" said the person to him. "Why, yes," answered Lord E. "I am accountable to God Almighty for the use of my time."

3. Story of Lord Ellenborough's saying when Lord — yawned during his own speech, "Come, come, the fellow does show some symptoms of taste."

4. One of the country gentlemen in the house (May, 1826) said, "We must return to the food of our ancestors." Somebody asked: "What food does he mean?" "Thistles, I suppose," said Tierney.

5. A conceited man of the name of D'Oyley, having said that he wished to be called De Oyley, somebody at dinner addressed him thus: "Mr. De Oyley, will you have some De-umpling?"

6. Talked (to Luttrell) of the dull audience I had the other night at Bowood. Told him I was fool enough to fancy at first that Mrs. F. was crying, but that I found she was only putting up her hands to settle her spectacles. "Ay," he said, "you thought it was *nocte pluit tota*, instead of which it was *redeunt spectacula*."

7. The dull Duc de Fitzjames was induced by Chateaubriand, at some political crisis, to speak in the *Chambre des Pairs*. Forthwith some wit produced this:

Fitzjames a parlé; la chose est certaine,  
Chateaubriand a fait ce que fit La Fontaine.

8. "Well," said some one to Plunket, "you see —'s predictions have come true." "Indeed!" said Plunket, "I always knew he was a bore, but I didn't know he was an *augur*."

9. Luttrell's idea of the English climate, "On a fine day, like looking up a chimney; on a rainy day, like looking down it."

10. Fénélon, who had often teased Richelieu ineffectually for subscriptions to charitable undertakings, was one day telling him that he had just seen his picture. "And did you ask it for a subscription?" sneered Richelieu. "No," said Fénélon, "I saw there was no chance: it was so *like* you."

## ARCH STREET THEATRE.

At the Arch this week the "Star Company" have been playing a variety of pieces. On Monday the play was "Love," with "Black Eyed Susan" as the after-piece. On Tuesday, "Giralda" and "Rory O'Moore." Wednesday, Mrs. Bowers took a benefit. The house we were glad to see crowded in every corner where there was sitting or standing room. The performance opened with "Love's Sacrifice," Mrs. Bowers as Margaret Elmore; Hermine, Mrs. John Drew; Matthew Elmore, Mr. Fredericks. Mrs. Bowers played admirably in this rather difficult personification. The after-piece was the "Rough Diamond;" Mrs. Bowers as Margery, and John Drew as Cousin Joe; both capitally done, indeed. Mrs. Bowers' excellence in her profession, shone equally in the gay, rollicking Margery, and in the beautiful Margaret, willing to sacrifice herself for her father's honour. On Thursday was presented the fine comedy, by G. Coleman, the J'r, of "The Jealous Wife;" noticed at length heretofore, with the farce of "The Irish Lion." Friday evening M'r Thayer took his benefit, and presented the comedy of "Man and Wife," being its first performance for many years in this city, and "The Serious Family." To-night, the drama of "Gilderoy" will be produced, for the first time this season.

## CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE.

Mesdemoiselles Adelaide, Caroline, Theresine, and Clementine Rousset, and M. Jean Rousset have succeeded Señorita Soto at the above establishment. They present a very pleasing entertainment but cannot be considered as holding a high rank in their profession. M'lle Caroline, though she deserves praise for many dances, failed completely in her rendering of the Jaleo de Xeres—she evidently has not the least Spanish inspiration. Though perhaps not the most finished *artiste* of the four sisters, we cannot withhold the opinion that M'lle Theresine, taking every thing into consideration, is the most pleasing, and is destined also to become the most popular of the sisterhood.

## ENGLISH OPERA.

We have been informed that M'dm<sup>e</sup> la baronne de Marguerites with an efficient company will soon commence an engagement at the Chestnut Street Theatre, to sing in English Opera, and that the "Barber of Seville," the "Marriage of Figaro," and other novelties to our language and city will be successively produced. An Opera in Philadelphia again will be so novel an affair, that we cannot doubt that the enterprise will prove successful.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, what say you, madcap?"—*Parguhar.*

# BIZARRE.

AN ORIGINAL, LITERARY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PART 9.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE THIRD.

YEAR 1854.

## THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

### A FABLE.

*Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama  
Insula, dives opum.*—VIRG.

Where Sol betakes himself to rest  
In the wild regions of the west,  
Along a forest's peaceful glade,  
Once on a time a wolf there stray'd,  
To all the beasts a bugaboo,  
Lycaon, or a *loup-garou*—  
Descended from that wolf of note,  
To whom the maid in red capote  
Exclaimed with innocent surprise—  
"O, grandmama, what monstrous eyes!"  
Or sprung, perhaps, as some relate,  
From nobler blood, of ancient date—  
The nurse who suckled at their birth,  
The twain whose sons since ruled the earth;  
But short their reign—th' unwieldy state,  
Crush'd by its own oppressive weight,  
To swift destruction madly hurl'd,  
Avenged at length the conquer'd world.  
But to our hero—stout and young,  
Who little cared from whence he sprung;  
Bold was his port, and keen his sight,  
His bark was bad, but worse his bite.  
He hastened to the forest's side,  
Where poured a stream its ruffled tide:  
And thither bent to taste the flood  
A lambkin from the neighbouring wood,  
A gentle creature, fancy free,  
As harmless as a lamb could be.  
The wolf his victim scents afar,  
And thus he spake—in feats of war  
Well versed, though not so well  
In Hugo Grotius or Vattel.  
A *casus belli* was his need,  
And that he found with ready speed.  
"Ha, bold intruder, hie thee hence,  
Or perish for thy insolence!  
This flowery glade is none of thine,  
But is by right, and shall be mine."  
To whom the lamb with tearful eye,  
And, speaking, fetched a heavy sigh—  
"The trackless region's utmost bound,  
Thy proud domain, my fathers found:  
But reft of all, each glory past,  
This lone retreat I sought at last."  
"Ho!" quoth the wolf, with liquorish tooth—

"Thy boast is glory past, forsooth!  
And what is that I prithee tell?  
Marauding wretch! thou know'st full well—  
Thy peaceful neighbours to annoy,  
To rage, to ravage, and destroy.  
E'en now, the stream that hither flows  
Runs turbid from thy very nose."  
The lamb replied—"I own it true,  
\*The current flows from me to you,  
But as it speeds along the main,  
Brings richest produce in its train—  
Hesperian fruit, the fragrant weed,  
And the hived juices in the reed."  
To whom the wolf, more savage grown:  
"Cease, prater, thy insulting tone!  
My wrongs no longer brook delay."  
With that he seized his helpless prey—  
The blood reek'd upward to the sky,  
And echo caught the parting sigh,  
Sped onward with the shameful tale  
From rock to rock, o'er hill and dale.  
Then roar'd the Lion in his lair,  
And grizzly grew the Northern Bear,  
Shrill Chanticleer piped out amain,  
And eagles crown'd screamed back again.

Ah, fatal day for Freedom's spread,  
When lust of empire turn'd her head!

## RELIQUES OF EARLY AMERICAN BALLAD POETRY.

### NUMBER IV.

#### THE MOTHER COUNTRY.

[The ballad to which we are now about to call attention deserves mention, if not for its intrinsic merit, at least for its author's sake. Perhaps few of our readers are aware that in earlier life, Benjamin Franklin possessed a vocal talent which he was not averse, on occasion, to display. Indeed, a taste for music characterized his whole course through life. The following verses were written and occasionally sung by him at the meeting of the Junto, an association formed in this city for purposes of mental improvement and recreation. They are referred by M<sup>r</sup>



Sparks to the era of the passage of the Stamp Act, in 1765. "The allusion to France, in the last stanza but one, would seem to refer to that period." The whole composition is strongly marked by that strain of practical common-sense which distinguished everything Franklin every said or did. He was always anxious that Great Britain, at the peace of 1763, should retain Canada and her other conquests on the American continent: he gives a reason for this in the last line of his song, which we doubt the Government would hardly have justified.

The chorus—"which nobody can deny"—is an old English accompaniment, and very well adapted to songs of a political complexion.

In 1761, Franklin writes from London to his old friend, Hugh Roberts, respecting the Club or Junto we have spoken of. His own language furnishes the best commentary upon its nature:—

"You tell me you sometimes visit the ancient Junto. I wish you would do it oftener. I know they all love and respect you, and regret your absenting yourself so much. People are apt to grow strange, and not to understand each other so well, when they meet but seldom. Since we have held that club till we are grown gray together, let us hold it out to the end. For my own part, I find I love company, chat, a laugh, a glass, and even a song, as well as ever; and at the same time relish better than I used to do the grave sentences and wise observations of old men's conversation; so that I am sure the Junto will be still as agreeable to me as it ever has been. I therefore hope that it will not be discontinued as long as we are able to crawl together."]

### THE MOTHER COUNTRY.

#### A SONG.

We have an old mother that peevish is grown;  
She snubs us like children that scarce walk alone;  
She forgets we're grown up and have sense of our own;  
Which nobody can deny, deny,  
Which nobody can deny.

If we don't obey orders, whatever the case,  
She frowns, and she chides, and she loses all patience,  
And sometimes she hits us a slap in the face,  
Which nobody can deny, &c..

Her orders so odd are, we often suspect  
That age has impaired her sound intellect;  
But still an old mother should have due respect,  
Which nobody can deny, &c..

Let's bear with her humors as well as we can;  
But why should we bear the abuse of her man?  
When servants make mischief, they earn the rattan,  
Which nobody should deny, &c..

Knew too, ye had neighbours, who aim to divide  
The wons from the mother, that she's still our pride;  
And if ye attack her, we're all of her side,  
Which nobody can deny, &c..

We'll join in her law-suits, to baffle all those,  
Who, to get what she has, will be often her foes,  
For we know it must all be our own, when she goes,  
Which nobody can deny, deny,  
Which nobody can deny.

### BARCAROLO.

Come in the moonlight, come with me,  
My bark yet lingers by the shore—  
The gondolier awaits but thee,  
With artful skill to ply the oar.

Hark, the voice of music greets us!  
Melody, approaching near,  
Now in swelling accents meets us,  
Bursting on the ravished ear.

Sweet is music, grief disarming!  
Now we smile, and now we weep—  
Passing sweet, in cadence charming  
O'er the waters of the deep.

Lady fair, then haste to woo it!  
By the paleness of the night,  
O'er the waters we'll pursue it!  
Smiling Venice doth invite!

### SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

#### No. II.—SWEDEN.

GOTTENBURG, April 11th, 1814.

After having been baffled for two days with "light airs," in seaman's phrase, at length on the morning of the 8th we had the pleasure of hailing a fine fair wind, and put immediately to sea, our ship having been swung by her hawsers, ready to start at any moment. The following day, the low lands of Leicester and the Naze of Norway being left behind, we found ourselves fairly in the Skaggerrack. Our Hitteroe pilot we landed off Christiansand. Yesterday, on rising, we were shut in by a dense fog, which, however, soon cleared off and displayed our goodly vessel, in her full proportions and warlike panoply, to the astonished eyes of a fleet of about three hundred merchantmen on their way to the Baltic, under convoy of an English gun brig, which was far to leeward. The alarm of the superstitious mariner, on beholding the Flying Dutchman, in a night

of tempests, striving in vain to weather the Cape, has never, I am sure, equalled that of the unsophisticated John Bulls who saw on that calm morning, in a time of war, the horrid spectre of an enemy's ship of large force in such dangerous proximity to them. Some put their helms hard up, others hard down; those vessels ahead of us made sail in various directions, those astern shortened sail, or hove to; in a word there was a general scattering, while their poor protector, too far off to give them any aid had they needed it, and too weak to do so effectually had he been near, seemed as much at a loss what to do as his helpless flock. Our amiable captain on observing the general alarm immediately displayed our flag of truce (a white flag) at the fore top-gallant mast-head, to signify his peaceful character, and kept strait upon his course, at such speed as the light fair wind, with all sail set vouchsafed, so that we were soon in advance of nearly the whole fleet. In the afternoon, however, being now in the Cattegat, our treacherous breeze left us, and we younger men of the mission\* paid visits in one of the ship's boats, while Captain Angus kindly placed, with its crew, at our disposal for the purpose, to several of our interesting neighbors in search of some late English newspapers. Although none were to be found, all the captains confirmed the intelligence we had received at Hitteroe from the American Consul at Christiansand, of the advance of the allies, the defeat of the French in a battle fought within sixty miles of Paris, and the probable dethronement of Bonaparte. Considering the object we have in view, this news (which we find on our arrival here to be correct) was not much to our taste.

A pilot boarded us this morning off Wingo Beacon and brought our ship into War-ga. The river Gotha is still frozen, and to gain a proper position in the lower harbor it was necessary to hew a passage for her some distance through the ice. (The English brig having sent an officer to inquire who we were, Mr H. accompanied him back to the vessel in search of late papers, for this is the forty-sixth day since our departure from New York, and as the world is being turned upside down we are anxious to know the particulars of what is passing, so as to calculate the good or ill which is likely to befall us in the general uproar.

Three others of us set out forthwith for this place, empowered to engage suitable apartments for our distinguished chieftains and suite. We left the ship before she was fairly in the harbor, (who would not quit one as soon as he could, after so wet, tempestuous, and long a passage?) and, having walked about seven miles over the ice, reached a small village where we first touched Swedish soil. Here we obtained each a little two wheeled vehicle, without either cover or springs, drawn by a single horse, and having a fair-haired, blue-eyed, amiable fellow for a driver. We laughed heartily at these cars, the little ponies, and the manner in which our drivers, with their everlasting *pråk, pråk, &c., &c.*, managed them. In due time, however, and with reasonable speed, we were borne within sight of Gottenburg. Our surprise was great to find that it seemed chiefly composed of log houses. On entering the town however, we found it contained many fine buildings and that one of its streets, Canal street, is quite handsome. This is the only part of it that has any claim to beauty.

April 13th.

It seems we violated the quarantining laws in coming to town before the ship had been visited, and permission to land her passengers granted, by the proper officer. Our chiefs have only got here this evening, and would have been detained still longer but for a special order, dispatched in their behalf by the Governor at the instance of the American Consul. Many of our countrymen are now here, and, as may be supposed, receive us with open arms.

April 15th.

An amusing occurrence took place yesterday morning. We were awakened at an early hour by a band of music that performed several pieces in the corridor of our hotel near the doors of our apartments. In the innocence of our hearts we supposed the Governor of the city had sent his band to serenade the ministers; on getting up, however, we ascertained that the fellows came of their own accord, and indeed make it a practice to do so on the arrival of respectable travellers, in the hope of receiving a few *skillings* for their trouble. Having been well paid yesterday they have been with us again to-day, and received, with a Rix dollar or two, a polite but final dismissal.

The streets of Gottenburg are narrow, and without side walks or pavements. The canal serves only for the transportation of wood, &c., and runs through two of the principal streets. Many platforms float upon it on which the women do all their washing without the accessories of benches and tubs, kneeling on the platforms and washing their

\* May, 1854. For, reader, you must know you are now voyaging in the U. S. Corvette John Adams, with some of the distinguished men who were sent to assist in treating with the English Commissioners for peace. The Hon. Henry Clay and Jonathan Russell were on board this ship, and afterwards, as is well known, united with Messrs. Adams, Gallatin and Bayard, in negotiating at Ghent the treaty, which was signed on the 24th December, 1814.

clothes &c. in the canal itself. Their appearance as thus engaged seemed very odd to our trans-Atlantic eyes.

The houses are good, and many of them quite handsome. In the suburbs they are all of log, but partly weather-boarded; in the town mostly of brick, rough cast, and of a light color, tho' in the latter respect various.

Gottenburg was formerly walled in, but the wall is now principally demolished. There are no splendid edifices here. The Exchange and two churches are fine ones, and that is the most that can be said of them. There is not a single public house where a person can procure a good dinner, but there is a club house, where you may dine tolerably well.

The country in the vicinity of Gottenburg is rugged and picturesque. A good deal of snow is still lying among the rocks.

April 17th.

No news yet of the appointment of any British Commissioners, and in the present shattered condition of Napoleon's power, for alas! the French capital was occupied by the allies on the 31st ult., it is not probable that John Bull will care to hurry himself to treat with Brother Jonathan.

In an hour I shall be off for St. Petersburg *en courier*, leaving all my good friends musing on different schemes of temporary travel. I leave them with feelings of sincere good will, as never could have been a company so numerous, on ship board so long and in such a series of storms, who passed their time in more perfect concord. Good luck attend them all, wherever their various lots may be cast. I am about to launch my frail bark on a wilder sea than the Atlantic, the sea of active life. May a good Providence direct my course!

## POPULAR SONGS OF SPAIN.

### IV.

#### SONG OF THE STUDENTS OF SEVILLE.

Take care, take care, little girl,  
Take care, I am going to catch you;  
The little rogue answered  
Catch me, catch me, catch me.

The student's cloak  
Is like a flower-garden,  
It is all full of pieces  
Of different colours.

I know not what there is, mother,  
In the cassock and the cloak;  
When I see a student  
I feel all agitated.

Mother, I have seen some eyes,  
Black, sparkling and handsome;  
Alas! I am dying for them  
And they laugh at me.

The students, mother,  
Are very bad fellows;  
When they see a pretty girl  
They do not study their lesson.

Open, little girl, this curtain  
That hinders our seeing you;  
All the music of the students  
Comes to serenade you.

The angels in paradise  
Adore the saints and God;  
And we students  
The pretty girls and wine.

## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

### A SERIES OF LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

#### NUMBER III.

M'r Editor:—The "vision," with which I closed my last letter, was a phenomenon wholly untouched by any of the numerous hypotheses, suggested by Dr Dods and others to account for the manifestations now taking place. I have read that gentleman's book carefully, and although it brings forward many astonishing and interesting facts, it did not even *begin* to impress me otherwise than I was impressed before opening it.

For example. The "process of thought," from its inception till its embodiment in vocal or written language, comprised in that vision—where did my pupil, being such by education and practical pursuits, as I have described him, get such a curious train of conceptions, or where *could* he have gotten them? In his normal state, it is not merely *beyond* his mental capacity, but it is *acide from and alien* to his whole tone of mind, alike in its substance and its form.

Could he have gotten it by mesmeric transcription, from my own mind, as I have already stated the magnetic sympathy between us to be wonderfully close? But nothing could be transferred from my mind, which was not previously *there*, and I am sure his description was as new and strange to me, as it was to him, when I repeated it to him after his return to the normal condition. And here be it noted, he recollects not a word he has uttered, nor an incident, that has occurred during his *trancic* state, but first becomes aware of them through my relation to him. And not only was there no

such conception in my own mind, but, in forty years' incessant miscellaneous reading, I have, to my knowledge, never met in any book anything akin to or in the least resembling it.

His description, moreover, of the ship, its adverse fortunes and the circumstances of its final renovation—whence came that? In my record I have done his description but imperfect justice, but even as it stands, he would himself be the first to say, that the achievement of such an allegory, giving so exact and consecutive a narrative of actual events without employing, from beginning to end, other than abstract symbols, was wholly beyond his *normal* ability, even had he known the facts and had at his command whatever time he wished. And yet this account was given off-hand in a few minutes! Here again I say, this allegory could not have been mesmerically transferred from my mind to his, since most assuredly it was not in my mind, and "*ex nihilo nil fit.*"

But I can cite other phenomena, which, I think, will, if possible, be yet more convincing to Dod's expository theories.

Thus, one afternoon I had been putting various questions to the "Spirits" purporting to be present with us, which had been answered in one or another way by my pupil's "*controlled*" hand. Finally I deliberated with myself whether I should ask a certain question concerning an acquaintance of mine. This question was, whether he was a *gambler*. I never had heard anybody declare him to be such, nor had I any evidences of the fact, that could be put in any definite shape. It was merely a vague suspicion, gotten I knew not where, that haunted me and would not be "*laid.*" I was deliberating with myself, whether I should be more pained, to receive an affirmative response to the inquiry directly put, or to remain, as at present, merely troubled with a suspicion. Meanwhile I had said not a word, nor given my pupil the slightest hint of the subject existing or the process going on in my mind.

Suddenly, and before I had broken silence, his arm and hand were electrically affected; the hand was reversed and thrust beneath an old newspaper, which had lain for months on one side of my desk, as a basis for sundry books and manuscript scraps, which were kept there for convenient access. He pulled out this paper, without looking to see what it was or what it contained, and turned the underside of it towards me, his finger resting closely on a single word, though he did not look at it or even at the page, whereon it was. The word beneath his finger was, "*gambles!*"

It was answering affirmatively the *unuttered* question in my mind, which I had as

yet been unable to summon courage enough to propound!

Both of us were, I think, more astounded at this phenomenon, than at any of prior occurrence, though I cannot tell why we should have been. There was no evading the conclusion, that some Intelligence, itself unseen yet seeing our thoughts, was here present and operative; that this Intelligence had noted my inward debate, had seen the word, that would end that debate, on the *under surface* of the newspaper, and had moved my pupil's hand to perform a certain act, whose import was unknown to himself, but which fully subserved the purpose in view.

Here, again, this answer could not have been transferred mesmerically from my mind to his, for *yes* was not in my mind. And still more, my pupil was a blind, merely automatic instrument throughout, not knowing *why* he plucked forth the newspaper, or what word his finger rested on, or what that word referred to when I read it to him! I defy the ingenuity of the total race to explain these facts on any known natural principles—or any principle, indeed, save Spirit-intervention!

But after a brief interval, which we had filled up with exclamations of wonder, a second occurrence took place, hardly, if at all, less wondrous and strange.

This time I put the question aloud, whether a certain individual, with whom, several years before, I had had very serious differences, still retained the ancient feelings of alienation and hostility towards me?

At once he was electrically moved; rose from his seat; went behind my desk and into a corner, where, close beneath the sloping roof, stood an old trunk of mine. He flung up its lid, and plunging his hand beneath several articles of clothing, pulled up from the bottom a package of papers and flung it smartly into my lap. This package, wrapped up in white paper superscribed with certain hieroglyphics for my own use, which he could not have understood even had he read them, contained sundry letters long before received from the person I was inquiring about, plentifully and highly spiced with the hostile feelings, under which they were written! It was an unspoken, but most emphatic reply in act, that those feelings even now remained unaltered!

Here, once more, no possible explanation, as it seems to me, can be given of this phenomenon, save Spirit-intervention. My pupil had never even noticed, that the trunk was there; he knew not that it was unlocked; he knew not, that the package of letters was at its bottom; he knew not what was in the package when he pulled it out; and finally knew not what was the meaning

of the acts he was mechanically impulsed to perform. All mesmeric transmission was, therefore, out of the question; even had the response, thus *enacted*, been in my mind, which it was not.

Contenting myself with these selected cases for the present, I will close this letter with the record of another of his trancic visions, noted down directly after its occurrence from heads taken during its passage. It is but an imperfect transcript, but will, I think, afford the reader matter of some astonishment.

#### VISION.

Before me I behold a beautiful, limpid, silent-lapsing stream, whose origin is lost in the far distance. Its smooth surface mirrors the bright orb of the Spiritual Sun. It meanders through a lovely valley and from its banks tower up hills of solid granite. Now a portion of it bubbles and foams through a race and over a dam, whereon is situated a mill with an old wheel moved by the water. Having fulfilled this office, the water rushes down through a grooved channel, which conducts it back to the stream, from which it was diverted for the use of the mill.

Just below the junction of the mill-race with the parent-stream, is a village. Its houses, mostly of wood, are neat and comfortable, white, with green shutters and with vines trailing round their porches.

In the porch of one of these dwellings I see a woman standing, full-faced and of a benevolent expression. She is looking at a boy of ten years, gay and lively in temperament, who is amusing himself with some childish sport. She thinks of his future course and fortunes; wonders whether his life will be bright with happiness, or blighted by disease or calamity, or victimized and led captive by the "Strong Man" of Sin. Her eyes overflow with tears; she stoops, lifts her long apron to wipe away her tears, and again surrenders herself to meditation on the destinies of her child.

The lad, with arch, intelligent look, approaches her. She lays her hand on his head and sobs aloud, she knows not why. Gloomy presentiments overshadow her mind and enwrap her heart. She gathers him up in her arms and retires within doors. She takes him on her knee and questions and talks seriously to him.

The scene is changed. I see a large library. A student, with folded arms, stands before the book-shelves. Deep, carking care shades his face, which exhibits the lines that temptation yielded to, and consequent grief, often trace. Bitter words break from his lips, as he walks and chews the cud of gloomy fancy. A fit of restlessness seizes him. He resolves and re-resolves, then

breaks forth in despairing exclamations, for wormwood fills his breast. This student is the lad adolescent.

Again the scene is changed. Here I behold the *natural*, and there the *Spirit-world*, a tissue-like curtain only dividing them. I see the same lad, now a man. He is without *settled* mind and purpose. He often fights his own heart and wrestles with his own intentions. His intelligence clings to a determinate end, but his heart beckons him away from it. Lack of firmness to carry out his designs is the stumbling block in his life-career. Temptation, adder-like, strikes him and he stumbles to the ground over his own good resolves. Bright images woo him onward, but irresolution keeps him back. Sometimes he wills and wills strongly, and carries his will vigorously out. But *these* volitions are but hasty, momentary ones, and not *matured*, persistent resolutions.

But I see a path opening before me and running back in perspective as far as the eye can reach. It is Life's *true* path, though, alas, not *his* path! It is rocky and difficult at its *entrance*, but beautiful and flower-bordered as it extends onwards.

I see the man, above spoken of, moving along in his own wrong path. I see also, that various *crossways* stretch from *his* path into the *right* one. He is wearied and disgusted with his course and determines to get into the right track by one of these crosspaths. He succeeds, and the scene vanishes from my sight.

Another scene, and another crisis in this man's life! His old irresolution overcomes him; he strays from the true path, and falls back into his old track.

Another change! With far greater than any former vigor of resolve he has again entered and is moving steadily forward in the right, beautiful way. I observe, that this path is crossed, at intervals, by fences of different heights, on which in conspicuous letters is inscribed the word, "Persevere." These fences grow higher, as one advances, but the prospect also grows more beautiful. I see our pilgrim stoutly climbing over one after another. He will persevere!

I see a group composed of this person's five directing Spirits; Shelley, Burke, Byron, Scott and Canning. Scott is a noble-looking being and is standing with his hand resting on Burke's shoulder. Burke looks the statesman and orator he was. Shelley is beautiful, and though every one would recognize him for a poet, he looks also like an orator. Byron is athletic, finely shaped, lively, alert, and altogether noble in aspect. In a word, all are bright, radiant beings.

They are conversing. Let me try to hear what they say.

I hear Scott remark, that men as yet un-

derstand Spiritual manifestations but imperfectly. This arises from their wrong conceptions of the celestial life. They compare all things of *this* life with things material and nearly *identify* the two. Their difficulties would be mostly obviated, could they but understand what matter is. The quintessence of matter is God. By consequence, the farther the circles of materiality recede from their Divine centre, the grosser does matter become. From this centre His own essences diverge in circles ever widening and widening. Of created beings, Archangels and Angels are nextest Him and therefore first in intelligence.

Next come "Spirits of just men made perfect," whose progression has brought them into the Angelic neighborhood.

Then follow each other a series of circles, till is reached the line dividing gross materiality from etherial Spirituality. Thus as matter ever grows grosser and grosser, it was found necessary to envelope Spirit, while resident, as man, on earth, in a form composed of earthly matter, and named flesh.

Next below man are animals, whose degree of grossness cuts the link between Spiritual and material.

Lower still is air, whose constituents produce water. Then comes earth, followed in order by the minerals. Of these Gold is first; the quintessence of gross matter and the starting point for further descents. Gold is a primitive formation, deposited by the elements acting on quartz. This quartz sifts the gold through its pores, from which rains loosen and carry it away.

\* \* \* \* \*

I see before me an extensive plain. On the right it is checkered here and there with clumps of trees, while on the left are broken grounds. The left wing of the Turkish army occupies the point of intersection of two streams. The central portion of the prospect exhibits villages and scattered farm-houses and directly in front of me stands a large city. Here is posted the centre of the Russian army, while their left wing stretches five miles beyond the right wing of the Turks. The intention of the Russian commander is by this means to overlap and turn the flank of the Turkish forces. The Turks, however, have occupied the tree-clumps and have posted artillery here, as well as in the centre.

The Russian general has committed an error by concentrating too much of his attention upon the movements of his left wing. By consequence the Turks have outmanoeuvred him and have so extended *their* left, as to outflank the Russian right wing. Through means of this movement chiefly, the Russians are put to a complete rout. By the extension of his left wing the Russian com-

mander is enabled to draw off his forces and thus save them from utter annihilation. He could not, however, save them from a humiliating defeat.

As a conspicuous element of this battle, I notice, that the Turkish movements have been mainly directed by French and English officers.

I perceive also a battle between the Turks and Russians in Asia. Again the latter sustain a severe defeat, and, as before, I observe that this is owing chiefly to the French and English tactics employed by the former. The Russians are greatly perplexed by these unlooked for results and are at a loss what course to adopt in the premises.

### LOVE SONG.

I've roved o'er the sunny south of France,  
At the purple vintage time;  
Have twined with her maids in the festive dance,  
And drank to their health in wine.  
But never a maiden yet could see,  
Possessed of charms to equal thee.

I've basked on Italy's sultry shore—  
On the vine-clad hills of Spain—  
And heard the voice of music pour  
From the lips of the dark eyed dame.  
But never a maiden there could see,  
Possessed of charms to equal thee.

I've climbed the Switzer's glacier heights,  
And drank his mountain air,  
Have joined in his native festive rites,  
And laughed with his daughter fair.  
But never a maiden yet could see  
Possessed of half the charms of thee.

I've gazed on Beauty's haughtier train,  
Where British maidens vie,  
But all their boasted charms were vain  
To win my thoughts from thee.  
For never a maiden I could see  
Possessed of charms to equal thee.

### THE MONKEY'S TOILET.

*Translated from the Memoirs of the Baroness D'Oberkirche, published at Paris, 1863.*

"After the opera I was engaged to sup with the Princess de Chimay, lady of honour to the Queen, [Marie Antoinette, of France]. A droll adventure happened there. While we were still at the theatre, a monkey of the smallest species, of which the princess was very fond, succeeded in breaking his little chain and making his escape without any one's perceiving it. He slept in a cabinet, behind her chamber, in

company with a lap dog as small as himself. They lived on good terms and never fought unless there were some almonds or pistachio nuts to be shared. The monkey, delighted with his liberty, at first, as it appeared, used it soberly, for he contented himself with upsetting the water in his comrade's porringer and inundating the carpet with it. Grown a little bolder, doubtless, he ventured a step into the next chamber, and lastly into the toilet room with which he was perfectly well acquainted; they took him thither every day, and the princess's beautiful toilette service of silver gilt had, for a long time been the object of his covetous desire. You may imagine if he took a good drink of it. There was a massacre of boxes, powder-puffs, combs and hair pins. He opened every thing and poured out all the essences, but after having taken care to cover himself with them. He afterwards rolled himself in the powder, looked at himself in the glass apparently, and, satisfied with this transformation, he completed it by making an application to himself of the rouge and the patches, as he had seen his mistress do; only he put the rouge on his nose, and the patch in the middle of his forehead. That was not all; he made a head dress for himself out of a ruffle, and all at once, when he was least expected, in the midst of supper, he entered the eating room, jumped upon the table accoutred in this style and ran to his mistress.

The ladies uttered frightful cries and fled; they thought it was the devil in person. The princess however could hardly recognize him; but when she was satisfied that it was really Almanzor, when she shewed him seated beside her, enchanted with his appearance and behaving prettily, bursts of laughter drove away their fears. The contest was who should give him pastry and filberts. For my part I did not partake of the general enjoyment. I find monkeys very amusing at a distance, but not in rooms, where they commit all kinds of havoc and introduce slovenliness. However, that of the princess of Chimay seemed to me very comical, decked out in this way."

### LINES TO ———.

I wandered forth the other day,  
From city cares set free,  
To seek some lone secluded spot,  
And meditate on thee.

The air was balmy as in June,  
The sky as bright above;  
The little birds sang joyously—  
All nature spoke of Love.

I wondered why the sephyr's breath  
Subdued the chilling blast;  
I wondered why the sky so bright,  
And Winter not yet passed—

I wondered why the birds should sing,  
In such a happy strain,  
Regardless that the coming hour,  
Might bring the storms again.

Enraptured with so strange a sight,  
Sure, 't is a dream I sighed,  
When on an old oak's neighboring limb,  
Two gentle Doves I spied:

Both looking down with pitying eyes,  
Upon my lonely fate,  
As if it grieved their loving hearts,  
That I should have no mate.

I then remembered, 't was the time—  
How beautifully true—  
When birds first choose their tender mates,  
Or former ties renew.

Inspired with th' enchanting scene,  
So full of poetry;  
I homeward soon retraced my steps,  
To write these lines to thee.

And if my song thy heart can move,  
My constancy to bless,  
We too, may, at no distant day,  
Know equal happiness.

### CURRENT LITERATURE.

*A Full and Authentic Report of the Testimony on the Trial of Matt. F. Ward, &c., &c., with the Speeches of Gov. Crittenden, Gov. Helm, T. F. Marshall, Esq., and Nathaniel Wolfe, Esq., and the Reply of Alfred Allen, Esq., attorney for the Commonwealth. Reported by A. D. Richardson. D. Appleton & Co.: New York: 1854. Pp. 176. For sale in Philadelphia, by C. G. Henderson & Co..*

We have read nothing, this long while, that suggested a greater number of melancholy thoughts than this pamphlet. And, could any useful purpose be subserved thereby, we could write pages of severest criticisms thereon, the severity of which should nevertheless consist in their literal, unmodified truth. But we have no heart to do this, for it were wholly superfluous. That the prisoner has escaped death by hanging, we cannot regret. He has not escaped, nor can he escape the dread penalty of bloodshedding. The shade of that amiable, virtuous, useful citizen, cut down ruthlessly on the very stage of his usefulness, must pursue the homicide through life, and make that

life one struggling anguish and gloom. What more could even *vengeance* ask—much less simple *justice*?

Our comments will be restricted to the pamphlet's self. It would seem to be well reported. But is it not *curious*, that while the protracted speeches of *four* of the first of Kentucky lawyers—two of them ex-governors—for the *defence* are here given, the speeches of the *three principal* lawyers for the prosecution are omitted, and the closing remarks of one prosecuting officer alone are given, and him an invalid hardly able to be present at all? Certainly this does not look like a *willingness* on the accused's part, that *all* the proceedings should be published to the world.

Another curious fact is here disclosed. In all civilized countries we had understood it to be a rule of Law, that relatives and others vitally interested in the issue of the case and the fate of the accused, were excluded from bearing witness on the trial. But *here* the *father* and *mother* of the prisoner are permitted to testify. And, stranger still, the bowie-knife-brother, the companion of the prisoner in his homicidal work, and with him indicted for murder, is allowed to give the fullest of all the testimonies on the trial!

Once more. It *looks* curious, that one of the defending counsel should be permitted to read pages from a printed book of the accused, having no more relation to the facts in evidence, than Homer's *Iliad*!

But we leave the matter with a single further remark. When we reflect, that shooting and knifing are, in certain portions of our Union, infinitely more common, than even wordy disputes are with *us*, and that punishment of homicide by Law is a thing almost unknown there; and when we consider, that the whole policy of this nation is shaped and its destinies dependent on the influence coming from that very quarter; we cannot help feeling something very like despair of the Republic! The perusal of the present pamphlet has done much to deepen this feeling.

*History of the Protestant Church in Hungary, from the beginning of the Reformation to 1850; with special reference to Transylvania.* Translated by the Rev. J. Craig, D. D., *Hamburg.* Phillips, Sampson & Co.: Boston. James C. Derby: New York: 1854. Pp. 559.

This stout decimo, with which we are favored by Messrs. Peck & Bliss, of this city, furnishes tokens of faithful, conscientious research, is well digested and arranged, and presented in a lucid, simple style. The Theologian, especially if Protestant, will of

course find herein matter of genuine interest, as he traces the fortunes of the same radical principles held by himself amid various peculiarities of race, government and political events. The lover of History in general will also encounter much to gratify his peculiar likings.

Whether the mere miscellaneous reader will greatly relish this volume, may be something dubious. We can, however, assure him, he might "go further and fare worse." In this volume is, of need, interwoven much of the general history of that most romantic and chivalric of races, the Magyar. Maria Theresa, at once the *great woman* and the *great bigot*, figures here somewhat largely. And, most especially, something like justice is here rendered to Joseph II, the grandest and noblest, yet the "best-abused" and the worst-misapprehended by both foes and friends, of the long line of Hapsburgh.

Surely here must be no small amount of topics to interest even the casual reader!

*The Recreations of Christopher North.* Phillips, Sampson & Co.: Boston. James C. Derby: New York: 1854. Pp. 307.

We have recently spoken, in *BIZARRE*, so much at length of Wilson both as *littérateur* and as man, that it were repetition to renew the discussion. We would, therefore, simply remark at present, that the above-named is a most charming volume, exhibiting the better and finer qualities we have before attributed to the author in amplest measure, while vitiated by very few of the faults, sometimes mingled in his productions.

To all then, of whatever age or sex, we can recommend these pages with warm, unqualified cordiality and without appending a list of *errata*, as we should be constrained to do with many other of his writings. Right wholesome and invigorating, as well as entertaining and instructive reading is nearly the entire bulk of these 307 pages.

*The Knickerbocker.* June, 1854: Samuel Hueston: New York.

An interesting number of this favourite American Magazine. The following are its contents: *Life* on the Yuba; *Kindred Spirits*; *Fanny Ross' Beaux*; *Lines*: France; *Baptiste Montauban*; *California Miner's Song*; *Lines* to Napoleon the First; *Letters* from Poplar-Hill; *The American Oak*; *Stanzas*: *The Beggar-Boy*; *The Fudge Papers*; *'Thy Will be Done*; *'Spirit Companions*; *The Life and Character* of William Pitt; *Lines*: *The Arbutus*; *The Golden Age*; *An Episode in the Life* of a 'Boobie'; *Stanzas*: *'Unrest*; *Artists*; *What my Thoughts Were*; *Lines*: *'Smile O'er the Dead*; *Switzerland*:



On the Road; A Charge in 'the Dauphin' Case; Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington; Melbourne and the Chincha Islands; The Spectator: Appleton's Edition; Puddleford and its People; An Evening in the California Mines; Gossip with Readers and Correspondents: 1. Another Fragment in the Life of 'Uncle Reuben.' 2. An 'Enlightened Deist.' A Curious Metamorphosis. 3. Richard Haywarde: Life in the Country. 4. The 'Bizarre' Weekly Journal, &c., &c..

In the April number of *The Knickerbocker* a reviewer of *Scotia's Bards*, says: "We regretted not to find among Tannahill's pieces that beautiful poem, in which he bids farewell, on leaving Scotland, to 'bonny Teviotdale, and Cheviot mountains blue,'" and in which occurs these expressive stanzas:

"Farewell! ye hills of glorious deeds,  
And streams renowned in song;  
Farewell, ye bonny braes and meads,  
And fields I've loved so long!

Home of our hearts!—our fathers' home!  
Land of the brave and free!  
The sail is flapping on the foam;  
That bears us far from thee!"

This song was not written by Tannahill, but by Thomas Pringle, a celebrated philanthropist, the author of many fugitive poems, and a friend of Thomas Campbell. He was a native of Hawick, in the south of Scotland. The poem referred to was written on the eve of his departure from Scotland, about the year 1837, with a Scotch colony, for the South of Africa. He returned shortly after to his native country, and there died ten or twelve years ago.

*Blackwood's Magazine.* Leonard Scott & Co.: New York.

This magazine comes to us this month, laden with good things; some of the articles it is true, suit better the latitude of England. Such is the first article, which is rather a captious and illiberal attack on the much needed reform in the University of Oxford. The second is rather an interesting article upon ancient and modern fortresses. No. 3 is an amusing taking to pieces of a would-be-tragic writer, M'r T. Percy Jones. It is done in Maga's best style; we rather think the author will be satisfied without attempting tragic authorship again. No. 4 is the concluding part of the "Quiet Heart." This is a beautiful tale. This, and the preceding tale of "Katie Stewart," by the same author, are for tenderness and sweetness worthy almost to be placed beside the "Trials of Margaret Lindsay" and the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," by the renowned Christopher. If the author would only publish his tales in English instead of in the

Scottish dialect, he would soon rise, we predict, to literary eminence. We know the Scottish dialect is far more ductile and soft, more fitted to express tender emotions than plain English, but half the readers will read such a tale, and see nothing attractive, because they don't understand the language. No. 5 is a poem upon the world famed plains of Marathon. No. 6 is a Journey from London to West Prussia, good enough in its way, but contains little new. The next two are the "Social life of the Chinese," and "Russian Designs in Central Asia." The author is of opinion that the Chinese empire instead of being near its end, as is generally supposed, is in process of reformation, and will recover its pristine vigour. The Russian designs are canvassed pretty thoroughly and at some length, though to our mind with no great success. In fact we do not see how it could be any great harm to England or any other power, that Russia had full authority over those savage tribes: a strong hand having some dominion over them would be for the advantage of humanity and religion. It concludes with a discriminating and just tribute to the memory of the lamented Wilson, in every way worthy of him. Blackwood is for sale, as also the rest of L. Scott & Co's. publications, by Getz & Buck.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

### THE WORKS OF FRANÇOIS ARAGO.

The first volume of "Arago's Works," edited by his old friend, the illustrious Humboldt, has just been published in the French and German languages. We present our readers with an interesting extract.

It was the custom always to present newly-elected members of the Institute to the Emperor after he had confirmed their nominations. A day was fixed, when, accompanied by the presidents, by the secretaries of the four classes, and by such academicians as had particular publications to present to the Chief of the State, they repaired to one of the saloons of the palace of the Tuileries. When the Emperor returned from mass he passed a sort of review of these savans, and artists, and literati in green coats. I must declare that the spectacle of which I was a witness on the day of my presentation did not edify me. I experienced even a positive feeling of displeasure on seeing the eagerness to cause themselves to be noticed exhibited by members of the Institute.

"You are quite young," said Napoleon to me as he approached; and then, without waiting for a flattering reply, which it would

not have been difficult to find, he added: "What is your name?" And my neighbor on the right, not leaving me time to answer the question, which it must be admitted was a very simple one, that had just been addressed to me, hastened to say, "His name is Arago."

"Which of the sciences is it that you cultivate?"

My neighbor on the left instantly replied, "He cultivates astronomy."

"And what is it, that you have done?"

My neighbor on the right, vexed that he of the left had intrenched on his right to the second question, was now eager to get the start, and made haste to respond, "He has just measured the meridian of Spain."

The Emperor, supposing doubtless that he had before him either a dumb man or a simpleton, passed on to another member of the Institute. This was no new comer. It was the naturalist, Lamarck, who had distinguished himself by some fine and important discoveries. The old man presents a book to Napoleon.

"What is that?" said the latter. "It is your absurd work on meteorology. It is that work by which you make yourself the rival of Matthieu Laensburg, a work that disgraces your old age. Continue your labors in natural history, and I will receive your productions with pleasure. I accept this volume only from consideration for your gray hairs. Here, take it." And he handed the volume to one of his aid-de-camps.

Poor Lamarck, who, at the close of each of the harsh and offensive observations of the Emperor, had been trying in vain to stammer out, "It is a work on natural history that I am offering to you," was weak enough to burst into tears.

But the Emperor next met with a more rude tilter in the person of Lanjuinais. Lanjuinais had approached the Emperor with a book in his hand, when Napoleon, sneering, accosted him with:

"What, is the entire Senate melting away into the Institute?"

"Sire," replied Lanjuinais, "the Senate is the public body which has at present most leisure to busy itself with literature."

The Emperor, displeased at this retort, turned short off from the civil uniforms, and joined the big epaulettes that were now filling the saloon.

Immediately after my nomination I became the subject of strange annoyances on the part of the military authorities. When I had left for Spain I had preserved my title as pupil of the Polytechnic School. My inscription upon the rolls could not continue longer than four years; consequently, I had been ordered to return to France in order to undergo the final examinations. But in the

mean time Lelande had died, and a place had become vacant at the Bureau of Longitudes, and I had been appointed astronomer adjunct. As these were places to which the Emperor had nominated me, M. Lacuée, director of the conscription, considered that fact as evidence that I had satisfied the requirements of the law, and I was authorized to continue my scientific pursuits; but M. Matthieu, successor of M. Lacuée, took a different view of the question, and he ordered me to furnish a substitute, or to join in person the contingent of the twelfth arrondissement of Paris. Finding that nothing I could urge against this decision, nor all that my friends could say, had any effect, I announced to the honourable general that I would make my appearance upon the place de l'Estrapade, where the conscripts under orders to leave had been required to rendezvous, in the costume of member of the Institute, and that I would traverse the city of Paris, in that uniform, a-foot. General Matthieu Dumas, alarmed at the effect which such a scene would produce upon the Emperor, who was himself a member of the Institute, was glad enough, after my threat, to confirm the decision of Gen. Lacuée.

#### FOREIGN ITEMS.

The following are excerpts from European journals:

Madame St. Arnaud, the wife of General Arnaud, takes with her no less than sixty dresses of the latest Parisian fashion, to make a proper appearance at Constantinople.

M. Emile de Girardin, of *La Presse*, has gained his suit in the libel case against Eugene Mirecourt, for his misrepresentation of him in a biographical notice. George Sand is also at sword's points with the same gentleman for having taken her life (biographically.)

An enormous mass of amber, two feet long, one and a half broad, and one foot thick, the largest ever found, has been discovered in Denmark.

A movement is on foot for the erection of a statue, in Edinburgh, to the memory of Professor Wilson.

The following notice was observed on the door of one of the churches in London: "It is particularly requested that moustaches be not worn in this church during Divine service."

#### ANECDOTE FROM MOORE'S DIARY.

Lord Dudley, on being asked whether he had read some new novel of Scott's, answered, "Why, no, I'm ashamed to say I have not, but I am in hopes it will soon blow over."

## PLATE PRESENTATION.

This prevalent custom is well satirized in an account in the *Buffalo Democrat*, of "the presentation of a Silver Currycomb, to William Backstrap, by the passengers conveyed in his Omnibus from the Southern Michigan Steamer to the Plantaganet Hotel." The following is an extract. "Mr. Backstrap was seated on the outer edge of a blue velvet lounge in the Ladies' Parlor, and held his hat between his legs in a very modest manner. His efforts at hiding his whip behind his ankles were ingenious and pleasing. The passengers arose and stood in a half circle before him. Mr. Phule then addressed him as follows: 'M'r William Backstrap, why are we here? We are here to honor merit. Why, M'r Backstrap, do we honor merit? Because it is better to be landed safely than to be wrecked upon the voyage. Perils of lamp posts and of opposing hubs, bad pavements, and the traitorous devices of competition encircle the omnibus passenger and the ark of his hopes. You evaded these, William Backstrap, with masterly skill and courage. You baffled an insidious attempt of an unprincipled solicitor to decoy us to the Universal Dominion, an inferior hotel. You were mighty in the use of that coercive dialect, which, though elsewhere deemed profane swearing, the exigencies of trade and travel have established upon the docks as an element of Order and an aid to Justice. Why, William Backstrap, do we speak of Order and make mention of Justice? Because they beautifully herald the brilliant triumph of Art, which I carefully cherish in my back coat pocket, and which, William Backstrap, I now produce.'

"The currycomb was here taken out, and Mr. Backstrap in the most affecting manner immediately hid the better part of his countenance behind a red cotton handkerchief, spiritedly ornamented with the picture of a trotting match. Notwithstanding his emotion, however, he was enabled to keep his right eye uncovered, with which to give respectful attention to the proceedings. 'Accept, William Backstrap, this silver currycomb, as a slight testimonial of our respect and gratitude for the devotion, courage, and skill displayed by you on the last trip of your omnibus from the Southern Michigan to the Plantaganet House.'

## BLOOMERISM PROGRESSING.

*Le Follet*, the undisputed oracle of the fashions, states that the *basques*, the jacket so in vogue with the ladies, are extending to the length of a veritable paletot. Uniformity in color, says the same high authority, is all the rage—robe, *capote*, *mantelet*, boots, gloves and veil must be of the same hue.

## DUMAS AND MADAME DE BALZAC.

The Paris correspondent of the *New York Tribune* narrates the history of Alex. Dumas's last success. Two months ago he began to stir the public to raise a monument to the memory of Soulié and Balzac. Last March he arranged with the director of the Porte S't Martin Theatre an extraordinary representation for these "beneficiaries of the tomb," as Mery calls them. He wrote to artists to take part in it, and to the members of the imperial family and other high-placed persons to take places, which they did at fancy-fair prices. The Emperor sent an additional contribution. All went off well. Then he organized a concert for the same purpose. The co-operation of the first artists of the metropolis was secured, and the imperial family and high dignitaries were again laid under more or less willing contribution. Meyerbeer, the composer, paid two hundred francs for a seat he did not intend to occupy. Nearly all the tickets were sold by the mediation of prominent female artists, at more fanciful-fair prices than before. The grand Balzac-Soulié concert was announced with a solemn flourish of hand-bills and newspaper trumpet; and then suddenly steps into court Madame Eva Constantine Victoire Rzewuski, widow de Balzac, demanding the suppression of the name of Balzac on the bills under penalty of 10,000 francs damages, to be paid by Alexander Dumas, on the ground that she does not wish the public to be called on by that gentleman to assist her in a work which she desires to do alone. The concert was deferred, and this novel suit came on for trial lately. Dumas has just announced in his paper the result of the trial. "We have gained our case against Madame de Balzac. We are permitted to erect a monument to the author of the *Comédie humaine*." With literary and artistic people—one of the many "all the worlds" revolving in the Paris system—this affair has been a leading topic of talk.

## ON RECEIVING A WIFE'S DAQUERREOTYPE.

No sunbeam, gliding o'er the earth,  
E'er played a kinder part;  
It stayed awhile  
To catch thy smile—  
When it was won,  
Stole lightly on,  
And touched thy husband's heart.

## GEORGE IV'S GREATEST ENEMY.

Lord Holland's late book contains the following. In 1820, some courtier rushed to George IV, with the news of Napoleon's death: "Sir, your greatest enemy is dead!" "Is she, by G—d?" answered the king.

## THE MARQUIS OF CHASTELLUX'S MARRIAGE.

We translate from the Memoirs of the Baroness D'Oberkirche, the following:

The Duchess of Bourbon, in doing me the honour to write me these news, at the same time related to me the marriage of the Marquis de Chastellux. He had published, some years before, an account of his travels in America. He attaches great importance to what he eats, for this book contains, especially, the detailed description of the victuals that were served up to him every day. We must believe that he has less taste than gluttony, for we cannot otherwise comprehend what charm he can find in American cookery, which is not held in esteem; he speaks of incredible dishes and relates this with a complaisance almost laughable.

He is none the less proud of his literary production, which is the cause of Madame de Chastellux's marriage. This young lady is Miss Plunkett, an Irish woman. She was at Spa at the same time as the Duchess of Orleans, and as she is pretty she was distinguished by the Princess who overwhelmed her with marks of kindness. She frequently met the Marquis of Chastellux. He seemed an excellent match to her, who had no fortune, but it was necessary to please him and that was not easy, when there was nothing to offer but a pretty figure.

She knew his excessive self-love; she made her arrangements so as to be surprised by him, absorbed in the perusal of his book. He was so enchanted with this mute praise that he made up his mind. The Duchess of Orleans, who was enchanted with this literary devotion, took the young Madame de Chastellux under her protection. The world laughs a good deal at it; they pretend that she has a bound copy of this book that is never out of her hands, and that the married couple read it together, beginning it again as soon as it is finished.

## PLAGIARISM EXTRAORDINARY.

The *New York Evening Post* says: The summary of the incidents and events of Montgomery the poet's life, which appeared in the *London Times*, is almost a *verbatim* copy of the biography in the "Men of the Times," published by Redfield, from the English edition.

The slight differences between the two are the change of *shop* in the *London Times* to *situation*; the statement in the English paper of the appearance of an edition of his works in 1841, and of his hymns in 1853, and the dropping of fifty pounds from Montgomery's pension, which according to the "Men of the Times" was £200, and the *London Times* £150.

## THE ATHENÆUM AND THE CRITIC.

The London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, says:

The unexpected publication of our Stamp Returns has resulted in some pretty quarrels. It has been a triumph to all the journals of large circulation and discomfiture for all the small ones. *The Critic* and *Athenæum* have exchanged incivilities on the subject. I should say the average circulation of the latter is nearly 8,000, that of the former about 6,000. But for talent and influence *The Athenæum* is infinitely superior. Our booksellers, almost mainly, look up for the opinion of *The Athenæum*, as poor Goldy might have looked for the opinion of that greasy old grumbler, Samuel Johnson. It has changed editors of late, however, and the present is not quite so much a regime of terror for authors. This may account for its greater leniency toward poor rhyming culprits. The late editor, T. K. Hervey, was a versifier himself who had turned the poet's spear into the critic's pruning-hook—the sour wine into vinegar—and he could not abide other versifiers. The present editor is Mr Hepworth Dixon, author of *Biographies of Penn, Howard and Blake*, and he is not afflicted with that same malady.

## DISCOVERY OF ROMAN COINS.

A very extraordinary discovery was lately made by a labouring man in the neighbourhood of Coleraine, (Derry, Ulster, Ireland,) while cleaning out a ditch. He found an urn containing 1,937 coins, together with 341 ounces of silver in pieces of various sizes. The coins are Roman in the most perfect state of preservation. The silver is composed of a large number of weighty ingots and ornamental pieces, supposed to have been used as armor for horses. There are also several battle-axes, marked with Roman characters. The whole is now in the possession of Mr. James Gilmour, watchmaker, Coleraine.

A few days ago there was found on the property of Mr. David Huey, Ballynaris, within a few perches of the river Bush, in a marshy place, situated near a crag, a large metallic vessel of very curious construction, capable of holding upwards of ten bushels, and nearly six feet in diameter. Its weight has been estimated at seven cwt. It was perfectly whole, and strongly made, more so than any made at the present day. It is very probable that it may have lain there for several centuries.—*Coleraine Chronicle*.

## ROBESPIERRE'S EPITAPH.

Pasant ne pleure point son sort,  
Car si il vivait tu serais mort.

## M. THIERS.

The *London Morning Post* gives a biographical sketch of this statesman, from which we get the following:

Go to him when you will, at any time from six to seven o'clock in the morning to his dinner hour—and, though you will find him hard at work at the continuation of his "Imperial History"—wading through masses of papers for facts, or, it may be, perched on the top of a ladder, tracing on a huge map the march of an army—you will find him easy of access, chatty, and full of cordiality—forgetful that he is a great man, and that you are naught but one of the nobodies of the vulgar herd. Get yourself bidden to his elegant table, and you will be struck, especially after he has taken his daily *quantum* of Bordeaux, with his fund of anecdote, his flashes of merriment, his tales of his struggling youth and manhood, his political and personal *souvenirs*; and, perhaps, if he be in a peculiarly gay mood, he will laughingly relate how once he nearly got killed in a duel for a love affair, and how, when the Eastern question of 1840 seemed likely to lead to a war with England, he tried to frighten "Palmistone" by riding about the streets of Paris on a big horse called Ibrahim!

## CATHARINE II AND THE PRINCE DE LIGNE.

Bagatelle (we translate from the Memoirs of the Baroness D'Oberkirche) is an enchanting place. The pretty pavillon which serves for a chateau is surrounded by gardens in the English style, perfectly well laid out. A river is to be found therein, fed by a fire-engine. Of this Mademoiselle Arnould would not have dared to say "That is as much like a river as two drops of water." It is worth more than that.

This reminds me of a charming piece of pleasantry of the Prince de Ligne to Catharine II. She had also made a river in the style of that of Mademoiselle Arnould. The prince often jested about it, and reported that this river was a design of the Empress. Finally, a workman drowned himself in it, one day. Catharine II, as soon as she saw the prince, quickly told him the news.

"What, madam, said the prince, has a workman drowned himself in your river?"

"Yes, sir, what can you say to that?"

"What a flatterer," answered the Prince de Ligne!

## SALE OF PAINTINGS.

Three pictures of Turner were lately sold in London. "Cologne, the arrival of a packet boat—Evening," was knocked down at 2,000—"Harbor of Dieppe" at 1,850, and

the "Guardship" at 1,530 guineas. These pictures were originally sold by the artist at comparatively insignificant prices. The "Guardship" for £25, and £500 a piece for the Cologne and Dieppe. At the same sale, six Hogarths (*marriage à la mode*) only brought 1,381 guineas. The "Age of Innocence" of Sir Joshua Reynolds, however, reached the compensating amount of 1,450 guineas. A picture by Wilkie, "The Trumpeter of the Guard," which was originally sold for forty pounds, brought two hundred and four guineas, five times as much as the artist got for it.

## ARCH STREET THEATRE.

At the ARCH this week, they have been playing to good houses. On Monday, "Love's Sacrifice" was played, with "Delicate Ground," for the after-piece. On Tuesday evening Mr. Fredericks, the talented Stage Manager took his benefit. The play was the fine old Comedy now seldom played, of "Every one has his Fault." Sir Robert Bramble, (M'r Wheatley); Solus, (M'r Thayer); M'r Placid, (M'r John Drew); M'r Harimony, (M'r Fredericks); Lady Eleanor, (Mrs. Bowers); with the after-piece of "Gilderoy." Wednesday evening the play was the "Hunchback," Julia, (Mrs. Bowers); Sir Thomas Clifford, (M'r Wheatley); Master Walter, (M'r Fredericks); concluding with the "Toodles." On Thursday, "Every one has his Fault" was again played, with the laughable farce of the "Miseries of Human Life."

## THE HIPPODROME.

Have you been to Franconi's?—have you seen the Tournament?—have you, in a word, been made glad by the sight of the most attractive equestrian exhibition which has ever been seen in Philadelphia? We well remember the excitement which it caused ere-while in New York, and the "fast" tone of the grand opening night. In those days all else was forgotten—horse flesh received a sudden impetus, and even lovers mixed up saddles and bridles with thoughts of the *halter*. We partially remember a then popular ballad on this theme.

"I saw her at the Hippodrome—

Oh she was young and fair;

And said that when she lived at home,  
She rode a blood bay mare."

And we went back a year in imagination when a few evenings since we revisited the exhibition and lost ourself in the excitement of the stag-hunt. Seriously the Hippodrome is the great amusement of the season, and has been appreciated as such by thousands upon thousands of enthusiastic spectators.

# BIZARRE.

AN ORIGINAL, LITERARY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PART 19.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE TENTH.

YEAR 1854.

## A COMFORTABLE CAROL.

Cheer thee my heart! thy life shall have a crowning—  
This poor apparelling cannot beguile;  
Phœbus himself has worn as dark a frowning,  
And lo, all heaven is radiant with his smile!  
Bravely thy spirit bear  
Far from each coward fear;  
What tho' some trouble come, is all joy banished?  
Prythee, a lesson read  
In every shivering weed,  
That knows in winters' rage, springs have not vanished.  
Pleasure is born of thee! Comfort is near thee!  
Glory thy boon shall be! Cheer thee, O cheer thee!

Cheer thee my heart! Heed not the present sorrow:  
Let future gladness flash in every thought:  
Never a night so black, but has its morrow,  
Whose splendor laughs all gloominess to nought.  
Though thou shouldst feel the wound,  
'Tis but to plough the ground:  
Looks not the soil as barren in the furrow?  
Yet, e'er these sightless clouds,  
Luxuriant Plenty nods,  
When Yellow Harvest clothes them on the morrow.  
Pleasure is born of thee! Comfort is near thee!  
Glory thy boon shall be! Cheer thee, O cheer thee!

## THE EXECUTIONER OF GOLMAR.

[Translated from the Memoirs of the Baroness D'Oberkirche, published last year in Paris by her grandson, the Count de Montison.]

On the 7th of May 1777, the Public Executioner of the city of Colmar was put in prison for having absented himself without permission. The magistrates interrogated him several times, and this is his reply:

One evening in the latter part of April, he was at home, entirely alone, his wife and his assistants having gone out. He was occupied with some of the necessities of his calling; that is to say, he was mending some harnesses or a gallow, when some one knocked at his door. He did not hesitate to open it. The executioner is not much afraid; he receives few visitors, and excepting the

ministers of the law, no one approaches this cursed house. Three men wrapped up in cloaks present themselves, a carriage which had stopped at some distance and was surrounded by five or six others slowly approached. The executioner sees all that; he is astonished at it but not frightened.

"Are you the executioner?" asked one of the strangers.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you alone? We wish to speak to you of something very secret."

"I am entirely alone; come in gentlemen."

He took them for the envoys of some neighboring jurisdiction, and moved aside to give them room to pass; but he had not finished his sentence before these men threw themselves upon him; gagged him, bound his arms and legs in the twinkling of an eye, so as to prevent his making the least movement, and carried him into the coach, into which they got, after him. The door was closed, the escort mounted their horses, and all set off at a swift gallop. All kept silence as long as they were in the city; when they reached the country road and the noise allowed them to be heard, the one who had already spoken touched the executioner's arm.

"Listen," said he to him, "and be afraid of nothing, no harm shall be done to you. You have been carried off to discharge a great act of justice. We will be responsible to you, provided you do not attempt to fly, and provided that you do not seek to penetrate what you ought not to know. No one will answer any of your questions, we will give you all that you have need of, we will take you home when your task is fulfilled, and you will receive two hundred louis for being disturbed in your business."

The executioner breathed, although he was not at his ease. They did not desire to take his life, that was pauch. However, he would have greatly wished them to restore him the use of his limbs and of his tongue, which was done soon afterwards.

"We are about to remove your bonds and the gag," continued the same voice; "we will even take off your bandages during the night; by day we will put it on again; but

it is on condition that you obey our orders in every thing, that you do not pronounce one word; at the first cry, you are dead."

He felt two pistol barrels and a poniard placed against his breast, and perfectly understood that there was but one course for him to pursue, that of submission. As soon as they had removed his gag, he swore by all possible oaths to do nothing against the proposed treaty, to accept all the conditions, and to agree to all that they required of him."

"Well, you have nothing to fear, then."

From this moment, not a word was pronounced; the carriage always rolled on and very quickly. They often changed horses, the horses were ready in advance, and never, as the executioner believed, in inhabited places. The curtains of the carriage were hermetically closed; notwithstanding, when day returned, they bandaged the prisoner's eyes anew, and repeated the same threats to him, in case he even attempted to raise the bandage. As to the rest, they treated him well; the trunks contained good wines and excellent provisions, of which he partook like the others. When it was necessary to descend, it was always in some forest and some desert place, which he could neither recognize nor remark. It seemed to him that they had passed the Rhine and that he was ascending mountains. On the evening of the second day (they had ascended for some time) they stopped at a gate; he heard a portcullis sound and a draw-bridge descend; they passed over a ditch of great depth: the noise of the wheels revealed it to him. Although the night was set in, they had replaced his bandage. The horses turned into a vast court, the coach-door opened, two men raised the executioner by the arms and made him ascend a number of steps; he heard, as it were, halberts or the butt ends of muskets falling around him.

"Suffer yourself to be led!" said an unknown voice, for he hesitated.

"Remember your promise!" added his travelling companion; we will keep all ours. It seemed to him that he entered a large vestibule, then he traversed many rooms, vast, black and vaulted, very certainly; lastly they led him into an immense hall and there removed his bandage. This hall was hung with black from top to bottom; some torches barely lit it. Some men, in the garb of magistrates, were seated around upon a kind of chairs; they had no masks, but the light was so feeble, that it was impossible at the distance at which he was kept, to distinguish their features.

Scarcely had the executioner entered when a veiled woman was led in from the other side. She was tall and thin and certainly young. A long robe of violet velvet, made

like that of the nuns, completely covered her. She remained immovable in the midst of the circle, her arms hid in her sleeves, yet with her head erect. He who seemed to preside over the assembly rose.

"We have sent to seek you," said he in German, which the executioner, like all the Germans, understood, notwithstanding the difference of the dialect; "we have sent to seek you to execute a sentence passed upon this woman, in order that this patibulum may be unknown to all, like the crime which has provoked it. You are to discharge your functions, you are to decapitate this woman, whom human laws could not reach, and who, notwithstanding, is guilty of an unpardonable crime.

The executioner, executioner as he was, was a worthy man; he put to death on behalf of the magistrates of Colmar, with a warrant signed by them, registered, revised by the law authorities, with the great seal of the city and the seals with flower-de-luces. Here, it was quite another affair; an assassination was proposed, in his view, for he could not recognize the authority of these strangers, whose very countenances remained an enigma to him; he collected therefore all the courage of his conscience, and answered in a pretty firm tone:

"I will not do that."

A rattling of swords was heard around him, and led him to suppose that the robes of the judges were not as peaceful as they appeared. He cast his eyes upon the condemned woman, as immovable as if this debate was entirely void of interest to her.

"You have promised to obey," repeated the voice of the one who had carried him off, "and you are exposed to our vengeance, if you violate your plighted word."

"I thought that the business in hand was a secret judgment, but regular. I am not an assassin. Gentlemen, whoever you are, I do not accept your order, I will not touch a hair of this woman. Besides, what has she done?"

The president seemed to consult his colleagues by a look, then rose quickly and cried in a thundering voice.

"You ask what this woman has done? I can tell you and then your hair rise from your head in horror; then you will no longer hesitate to become the instrument of our justice, then—"

"Enough," interrupted the woman, stretching her arms towards him, "enough! you can kill me, but you cannot, you ought not, to reveal to such a man, what your ears have heard. If I am guilty, punish me; I submit, and that is more than you have a right to expect."

Silence succeeded to this altercation, a solemn, icy silence, interrupted only by the

clicking of a large invisible clock, and which all at once struck eleven.

"There is not a moment to lose," resumed the chief, "obey."

They handed to him a very large and very sharp sword, like to those of the executioners of Switzerland.

"No," he repeated, "no: since you condemn without authority, have your own sentences executed yourselves."

The victim did not make a single motion.

"Listen," said the first who had conversed with him, "are you attached to life?"

"Yes, for the sake of my wife and my little daughter, who would have no support in the world, if I were wanting to them."

"Well then! choose; if this woman is not decapitated by your hand when the clock strikes the quarter, you will die from a pistol shot fired by my hand."

"Hah! why do you not kill her then, if you resign yourself thus to become an assassin?"

The judge trembled beneath his long robe. "It is for you to choose," he continued.

The executioner had resisted with all his might; he began to be afraid, brave man as he was, and the attitude of his persecutors seemed to him more alarming than before. He resolved however to put on as bold a countenance as he could. The pendulum swung on incessantly; every beat resounded in the heart of the unhappy man, placed between crime and death. A sullen silence reigned throughout this hall; all remained motionless, especially she who supplied the subject of the tragedy. The executioner began to pray inwardly; he invoked the virgin and the saints, for he was a catholic; the result of the prayers was that he cried out:

"Kill me if you please, I will not obey."

"You have ten minutes still to make up your mind," answered the judge coldly.

The same silence reigned, still broken by that inflexible pendulum, measuring the life of each, of the happy as well as of the miserable. It was a terrible scene. The woman did not stir; when the quarter struck, that stroke of eternity for her, she did not even raise her head, she was either very innocent or very hardened. At a sign from the chief personage, two subalterns advanced towards the executioner and offered him the sword. He shook his head and pushed it away with his hand, without having strength to speak. The president cocked his pistol; he saw it and became still paler.

"My God! he thought, is it thy will that I must leave a widow and an orphan on earth?"

Whether it was that this idea strengthened

his attachment to life, or that his powers of resistance were exhausted in presence of the weapon pointed at him, he yielded.

"I agree, I agree."

These words, spoken in a low and half-choked voice, were yet heard throughout all the hall. He took the sword and felt it with his thumb, to ascertain if it was well sharpened; he then advanced two steps. The condemned remained standing and did not kneel.

"Will you not allow her a priest?" he said suddenly stopping.

"Discharge your office, was the reply, and do not trouble yourself about the rest."

"I cannot discharge it thus, the lady must be bound."

"I bound?" she cried with unspeakable haughtiness.

"Fasten this woman's hands!" said the unimpassioned voice of the judge.

Two men advanced; she drew herself up to her full height.

"Do you dare?"

These words stopped the two domestics, or those, at least, who discharged the functions of such.

"Obey me," repeated the president.

In a few seconds the woman was fastened to a log of wood, which they had just brought; her veil being raised to the level of her neck, she ceased to resist as soon as she saw herself compelled and remained immovable.

"Strike, or—" repeated the judge, pointing to his pistol again.

A sort of vertigo seized the executioner, whether it was the love of life, or fear, or perhaps that intoxication which, they say, overpowers men in certain circumstances, he raised his sabre, and struck a blow, the violence of which separated the head from the body, without his having need to repeat it. He then let his arm fall, and he, that man of iron, accustomed to blood, having served for twenty years as the minister of human justice, fell flat, fainted beside the victim, whom he had sacrificed. When he came to himself he was again shut up in the carriage, the bandage over his eyes, wrapped in a cloak, which concealed his spotted clothes, and as soon as he recovered his senses—

"Here are your wages," said he to him, who had carried him off; "they have doubled it, because you are a worthy man."

The return passed in the same way; on the close of the fourth day he was at home. Only, they left him upon the banks of the Ill, on a meadow near his dwelling. He found his wife very uneasy, and the magistrate furious. What I have just written is copied almost exactly from his deposition. It was read to us at this time at Strasburg, at the house of the Lieutenant-General, and



I obtained permission to make a copy of it. The authorities of Colmar made the most active investigations, and discovered nothing. Nothing more was ever known about it.

## POPULAR SONGS OF SPAIN.

V.

### A SERENADE IN SARAGOSSA.

Farewell, noble Saragozza,  
Farewell, thy smiling suburbs,  
Farewell, women and children  
Farewell, holy Virgin of Pilar.

I enter the street where you live,  
Beauty, with the locks of an empress;  
If your gallants have any spirit,  
Tell them to show themselves.

My body laughs at lead,  
My heart at peniards,  
And the blood boils in my veins  
Because they dare not appear.

In your street there is some mud,  
To cross it a bridge is needed;  
I will build it with the bones of a gallant  
And the blood of a bully.

I take leave of you  
Because I must go and sleep;  
But I leave my heart  
Fastened to the nail of your door.

## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

### A SERIES OF LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

#### NUMBER IV.

M<sup>r</sup> Editor:—The contents of the following letter are a complete surprise to me, as I had purposed giving you matter entirely different. To explain what succeeds, I had best state *simple facts*.

Last Saturday morning (I am writing on Monday, May 29th) on returning from breakfast, I found in my room my pupil just finishing a page of writing with a "controlled" pen. What this was he knew not, but, on my arrival, we read it together. I transcribe a portion of it. As will be seen, it is a message of the "Spirits" to myself.

In regard to the present series of letters you are writing, we wish to say, that you have been *impressed* so to do, and that in their composition and arrangement you *will*

*be assisted by us both mentally and physically.*"

"In the course of these letters, if we can continue to control the editor (myself) for a short time, we will illustrate our teachings by *trance* visions through this medium, which shall be both beautiful and instructive."

About two-fifths of this communication are here transcribed. It would seem, that the "Spirits" found me sufficiently *controllable* for their purpose, for, a few minutes after, my pupil went into a trance, in which he continued nearly *three hours*, speaking the whole time! What follows is a part of what he uttered, transcribed from copious notes taken down while he was speaking. I had hoped I might bring the whole of that forenoon's utterance into a single letter, but I find it were impossible unless I occupied nearly double my usual space. The remainder, therefore, which was to me by far the most impressive portion, I must reserve for an after communication. I only wish the indifferent or the skeptical could have listened as I did. If they had not been, *noientes volentes*, persuaded, that a *Spirit-world* existed and that they were subjects of a communication therefrom, then they must have been modelled of other clay than myself.

Without further preliminaries, I take up my pupil's words.

#### VISION.

I see before me a majestic, roaring river, of perhaps two miles' breadth, with banks but little elevated above its surface. On the left side, looking down-stream, appear *rapids*, of perhaps one hundred yards' width, all white with foam and froth from the agitation of the water against rocks covering the bottom,—which rapids extend a mile and a half downward, producing a fall of twenty feet within that distance. Midway, in the breadth of these furious rapids, appears a channel so wide and deep, that, with a careful yet bold and firm steersman, a bark may be safely navigated through their whole extent of a mile and a half—thus saving much time both through the greater swiftness of this channel-current and its shorter distance.

For, to the right of these rapids, the river, though broad, is here and there shallow, and in mid-current a sandbar, nearly even with the surface, stretches a long way up and down stream—so that barks navigating this side, besides sailing on a sluggish current and moving cautiously to avoid *grounding* on the shallows, must needs go a longer distance, since they traverse the *arc*, of which the rapids-channel is the *chord*.

Below the rapids, the stream, now homogeneous, after flowing no long distance, penetrates and runs for two miles through a

mountain-gorge. It is a pass of dangerous navigation, for the current is swift and, through the entire gorge, walls of solid, craggy rock, on either side, tower sheer up from the water's level to a vast height.

On re-issuing from the mountain-pass, the stream expands to a breadth of five miles, becoming very shallow and obstructed with numerous sand bars, which render navigation a task of unsleeping vigilance, and it continues substantially of the same character for twenty miles onward.

The channel then narrows to one mile and retains this width for some distance, the current being free from rocks and sand bars the whole way, of equable depth from shore to shore, and smooth and beautifully majestic in its appearance.

Some miles onward, the stream expands into a broad bay, obstructed with numerous rocky reefs and ledges, some appearing above the water's surface and others lying in wait beneath it. The navigation here is difficult and laborious, requiring extreme watchfulness and care to find and keep the oft-times narrow channels winding among these apparent and sub-aqueous ridges.

This bay opens into the ocean between two headlands ten miles asunder, the right hand one jutting far out into the sea, and constituting what is called a "lee shore" in consequence of a stiff breeze almost incessantly blowing into this entrance-channel from without.

[Before proceeding to the exposition, given through the medium of the foregoing allegory, I should premise one or two things. To the best of my judgment, Swedenborg, and Dr. Doddridge were both concerned in the interpretation. The former had been present and communing with us some time before this vision began, and having often communed with us before, his *appearance* was not *now* described. But shortly after the commencement of the following interpretation, the medium exclaimed, "a broad-browed, noble-looking person is approaching—it is Dr. Doddridge." After this, as I apprehended, Doddridge spoke through the medium until the moment, which I shall specify.

One thing more. In the course of the following exposition the reader will note, that the life-career of *one individual* is traced from beginning to end. To this individual I have here given the name, "Frank," partly for its brevity and partly because *some name must* be used for designation. The *interpreter*, on first introducing this person, said that I was interested in him. On inquiry, I learned he was a young relative of mine, now just issuing from his teens, whom I had not seen for years. Of course I was rejoiced to hear so favourably concerning his

past, present and future, and under this monosyllabic name, Frank, I have put down literally what our interpreter said of him.

With these parenthetics, I take up the interpretation of the foregoing representatives.]

"The fountal springs of this river rise in the heart of God, and, flowing down successively through all the spheres to earth, finally reach, *as yet all unpolluted*, that vale of humility called human life. From the interior region on either bank, I see a myriad streamlets issuing forth to join this main stream. They wear all varieties of aspect, some foul and fetid beyond measure; others ranging through all gradations of muddiness; and some clear and translucent as the crystal's self. On each and all these streamlets I see floating tiny shapes, as diverse in their personal aspect and in the vehicles, whereon they float, as are the rills, that bear them along. Some of these vehicles are well-built, staunch, perfectly equipped boats; some even seem to be padded and satin-lined; others are coarsely constructed and rough-looking; and some, finally, appear to be mere planks barely capable of buoying up their pigmy occupants.

The aspect of the various occupants corresponds to that of the streamlets, that bear them to the main river. Muddy, dirty, offensive in all ways to the sight, or clean, wholesome, bright-looking—such, through all degrees and variations of these several appearances, are the tiny navigators before my eyes.

But now all, in their infinitely diverse aspects and borne by their several barks, are afloat on the great River of Life and moving towards their several goals." [You at once understand, that these are infants, born of all diversities of parentage from best to worst, setting forward on their life-career.]

"Now I behold a spectacle, to apprehend which perplexes me, and I therefore simply state what *seems*, without attempting the exposition of it.

From either bank I witness a throng of what appear to me to be *living beings*, under the names of Hope, Ideality, Cautionness, with all the others specified in the phrenologic nomenclature, put forth, carrying therefrom an *attenuated* line, which they fasten to the brain of each of these tiny navigators. Along every one of these fine threads is conveyed what *looks* like a species of living insect, which fastens to the brain at the point where its own thread joins it, and out of the *cerebral substance* begins instantly to weave for itself a cocoon-like home. These *insect-seeming* creatures, together with the habitations woven by them, constitute what men call the *organs of the brain*.

Here Dr. Doddridge declares, with strong emphasis, that to each of these infant navigators God gave literally and absolutely the *self-same capacity for good or for evil*, and the *cause why*, in after days, one differs from another in these moral elements, lies mainly in the *quality of the streamlet, within which life commenced*. For the so-called insects, causality and its kin, must draw their nourishment *solely from the brain*, wherein they are located, and the quality of that brain depends entirely on the source, from which it originated. To this cause must we look for an exposition of the various fates of those, whose course down the life-stream we are now to trace.

Note, then, the throng of young navigators covering the river's broad expanse, upborne by all the diversities of craft above described. But do *you*, Z. keep your eye fixed more especially on that young "Frank," for of right your interest in *him* should be deeper and closer, than in any beside.

I perceive one, with a full and harmonious development of the cerebral organs, who is spiritedly going ahead with the whole power of the paddles in addition to the impulse of the current. It is Frank! He takes the rapids-channel and clears it with perfect safety. This spot is named the Disciplinary Rapids. Being difficult and perilous, I behold many, very many, wrecked therein. It is the first or opening epoch of executive life. The ambitious, the talented, the extraordinarily energetic and aspiring, for the most part, take this channel, and the *having* taken it and *gone unharmed through* it afford one an admirable start in life, since the bravery, vigor and alertness, thus summoned into action, are qualities of measureless and perpetual utility. But oh! it is sad to behold the numbers here wrecked through their own carelessness in letting go the rudder or indolence in neglecting the use of the paddle! But Frank, I perceive, plies both with care and energy, as occasion demands, and he passes safely through.

But now, I see, this lad has reached the mountain-gorge. This is the *verge of manhood*, when the character is, for the most part, formed into the type it is to wear for the future. It is named, technically, the Intellectual and Moral Gorge, and alas! many are also wrecked *here* by being dashed against the crags towering high on either side. Here especially we note the *consequences* to the navigators of the quality of the streamlets, from which they entered upon the River of Life. For the crazy barks or the mere planks, whereon many set forth, are ill adapted to deal with this impetuous current and these craggy shores, and many, too many, become miserable, hopeless wrecks. Not all however. For I see not a few, who

at the outset were floating on what hardly kept them above water, now lodged in staunch, handsomely equipped barks. In many cases also I behold this fact reversed.

But Frank is going through the gorge with animation and a brisk energy, yet sufficiently on the alert to secure his craft from impinging against the rocky shores. I see him swinging his hat, and his boat appears to have gained before such *headway*, that he has no occasion to ply his oars, but finds sufficient impulse in the current itself.

But the mountain-gorge is passed, and the barks are now on the five-miles-broad bay so obstructed on every hand with shallows and sand-bars. This is called the Bay of Caprice, and alas! multitudes, especially of the ambitious, are wrecked here through a foolish desire of pushing their barks ahead of others! I see, too, however, that numbers, who commenced their voyage in crazy craft or on mere rough planks, have, by keen vigilance and intense labor, succeeded in accomplishing what others, with fullest, completest original appointments, have failed in doing.

But Frank, I see, is still ahead and at full speed. He says, he noticed, in the Intellectual Gorge, that the *deepest stream had the strongest current*, and has thence resolved to steer always for the deepest places. He says also, he has discovered a method of detecting the deepest spots—a discovery not easy on account of optical illusions playing upon the water. He states, further, his rule to be, that, when among sandbars, he thrusts his paddle down into the water behind his boat, sits quiet and permits the current's self to bear him onward. Frank gets his intellect from his father, but from his mother he derives a self-esteem, approbateness, ambition and practical judgment, wherein his father was comparatively defective, and from these maternal traits comes, in great measure, his uniform success in practical life.

But now, the boats have reached the bay, from which the river joins the sea. This is named the Bay of Presumption, and, as I said above, it is on all sides obstructed by shallows and sub-aqueous reefs. Many, very many, I notice, are wrecked here, some from timidity, and others from its opposite, rashness. And *all*, I perceive, are for a time made *sea-sick* by the heave and swell of the waters.

Multitudes, too, I perceive, are wrecked on the "lee shore," above described, and on the rocky strand just outside the right-hand headland, which bears the name of the Rock of Ignorance. All such, before setting forth on a safe and prosperous navigation of the ocean, must perforce repair and refit, and oftentimes well nigh re-construct their barks.

The ocean outside these headlands is called the Ocean of Eternity, and strange it is to witness the infinitely diverse modes, wherein different persons launch forth on this voyage. Some go timidly, with sails double-reefed, and therefore slowly, yet they do make some progress. Some, again in their impetuous eagerness raise too much sail, and thus are almost inevitably cap-sized. Others, finally, put forth with the mainsail of Love full set; the studding-sails of Peace well drawn; the jib of Religion paid well aft; the wheel of the mind fastened inseparably to the rudder of Hope; the pennant of Jesus of Nazareth flying at the mast-head; and the Love of God written on the forehead of the steersman. These barks, with all their canvass drawing well, bound buoyantly over the waters, and, speedily afloat on the wide ocean of Eternity, attain seasonably and safely the haven, which their commander desires. On one of these barks I see Frank standing; and with all sails set and his own hand on the helm, I see him boldly, blithely and with a cheerful firmness sail through the headlands and launch forth on the boundless-seeming deep.

But my vision stretches to the shores of this Ocean, and on these shores I behold numerous cities, among which I can discern the Cities of Love, of Hope, of Peace, of Contentment, of Wisdom, &c., &c.. I observe, that many of the navigators steer for the City of Wisdom, though this is more distant from the starting point than many of the others. Not a few, however, make for the point nearest their starting place.

Frank, however, I perceive, steered directly towards the City of Wisdom, and, as I see, has reached it safe and well.

Over the landing place here I observe, written in golden letters, "The glory of the Lord rests on the inhabitants of this place—His blessing evermore descends upon this favored City!" And how beautiful—how unspeakably beautiful—is all that meets my eyes! But see! there are long trains of bright Spirits, clothed in white robes and wearing crowns of gold on their heads! They are assembled for the purpose of receiving Messengers from the Celestial City, the abode of Angelic Beings."

Here, M<sup>r</sup> Editor, I must pause for the present, as I have already occupied the utmost allowable space. It is, however, with reluctance, for the vision continued for some time longer and comprised a message to the inhabitants of earth from Saint John, the Evangelist, of which I will now say nothing, save that it thrilled me through and through like a trumpet's blast. As I took notes of it at the moment, I will transcribe them for my next letter.

## THE GOOD OLD THINGS.

[The following lines were suggested by a remark of one of the kings of Arragon that the four best things in the world were old wood to burn, old books to read, old wine to drink, and old friends to love.]

The wintry wind sings loud without,  
The snow falls mixed with pattering hail,  
The creaking boughs of old oaks about  
Join solemn chorus with the gale.  
Abroad be winter's cheerless gloom,  
He cannot pass my well-barred gate,  
I'll seek my snug sequestered room,  
And summer for myself create.  
I heed not here the howling storm,  
Whilst to the cheerful hearth I turn,  
Casting thereon, to keep me warm,  
Old wood to burn, old wood to burn.

The sofa to the fire drawn nigh,  
My shelves display their precious store,  
Of ancient tomes a good supply,  
Such as our fathers loved of yore.  
The works in great Eliza's reign,  
Or later Anne's esteemed the best,  
New laurels destined still to gain,  
And stand of future times the test.  
"Pure wells of English undefiled,"  
(That leave for later pens small need);  
Give me upon my table piled,  
Old books to read, old books to read.

Perusing thus some rare old wit,  
How quick the pleasant moments pass!  
Can any say it were unfit  
To crown his memory with a glass?  
No! bring the eldest vintage forth,  
And draw the cork with cobwebs spread;  
The wine should be of rarest worth,  
To drink the worthiest of the dead.  
Some have declared no wine is bad,  
That none is good some others think;  
But give me whilst it may be had,  
Old wine to drink, old wine to drink.

Yet not alone would I enjoy  
The racy book, the sparkling wine;  
The hermit's pleasures quickly cloy,  
Divided be all joys of mine.  
Around my fireside gathered be  
The ancient tenants of my heart,  
Friends long beloved there let me see  
Tosake in wit and wine their part.  
With fire and books and social bowl,  
What greater blessing can I prove,  
If heaven but grants to crown the whole,  
Old friends to love, old friends to love.

# RELICS OF EARLY AMERICAN BALLAD POETRY.

## NUMBER V.

### A PRAYER FOR THE CONGRESS.

[Although, from the nature of our subject, we have not been able to arrange, in any regular order of time, the various pieces which fall under the heading of these papers, yet the reader may have noticed that all printed hitherto are of ante-revolutionary date. In this and the next number, at least, we purpose giving one or two specimens of the popular songs during the war of our independence. To-day we print two, both of a religious nature, but written on different sides of the question. The first is from a little pamphlet collection, entitled "Hymns for the Nation in 1782," published at London, and probably written by Rev. John Wesley. As the circulation and object of this work was almost entirely American, we have no hesitation in including the following verses in this series.]

#### A PRAYER FOR THE CONGRESS.

True is the Oracle divine,  
The sentence which thy lips hath past:  
Tho' hand in hand the wicked join,  
They shall not, Lord, escape at last;  
Who for a while triumphant seem,  
Curst with their own false hearts' desire,  
Their Empire is a fleeting dream,  
Their hopes shall all in smoke expire.

Surely thou wilt full vengeance take  
On rebels 'gainst their king and God;  
And strictest inquisition make  
For rivers spilt of guiltless blood,  
By men who take thy name in vain,  
By fiends in sanctity's disguise,  
As thou wert served with nations slain,  
Or pleased with human sacrifice.

Thou know'st thine own appointed time  
Th' ungodly homicides to quell,  
Chastise their complicated crime,  
And break their covenant with hell;  
Thy plagues shall then o'erwhelm them all,  
From proud Ambition's summit driven;  
And Faith foresees the Usurpers' fall  
As Lucifer cast down from heaven.

Yet, if they have not sinned the sin  
Which never can obtain thy grace,  
When Tophet yawns to take them in,  
And claims them as the proper place—  
The authors of our woes forgive  
And snatch their souls from endless woes,  
Who would'st that all mankind should live;  
Who did'st thyself to save thy foes.

## NUMBER VI.

### ADVICE TO AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

[The other political hymn to which we alluded, is taken from a little volume, entitled "Thirteen Hymns, suited to the Present Times; containing the past, present, and future state of America; with Advice to Soldiers and Christians. Dedicated to the Inhabitants of the United Colonies. By Elhanan Winchester. Baltimore. Printed by M. K. Goddard, 1776." Mr. Winchester was a dissenting clergyman of some repute both in this country and in England during and after our revolutionary war. We will now proceed to quote from his little work.]

#### ADVICE TO AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

Brave soldiers attend  
To what I shall say,  
Your succour now lend,  
And make no delay:  
Your foes are engaging  
Your blood soon to spill,  
And raving, and raging,  
And seeking your ill.

Come boldly unite,  
Americans all;  
Your foes you must fight,  
Or freedom must fall.  
Your cause is most glorious;  
Then trust in the Lord;  
He'll make you victorious  
And give you reward.

American bands,  
Come fight for your lives,  
Your houses and lands,  
Dear children and wives:  
Your rights, and your freedom,  
And friends are at stake;  
And as you will need them,  
Come fight for their sake.

You cannot deny  
That we are oppress:  
And shall we thus die  
And never seek rest?  
We'll use our endeavours  
To join from this hour,  
Nor be the receivers  
Of tyranny's power.

Come let us then fight;  
The cause it is good;  
For freedom's our right,  
And for it we've stood;  
Through God we shall conquer  
America's foes;  
Our captain is stronger  
Than all who oppose.

We'll fear not the rage  
Of Britain, nor Hell;  
For God doth engage  
In Zion to dwell.  
He'll save us from strangers,  
And keep us from harms,  
And shield us from dangers,  
And slavery's arms.

We'll trust in the name  
Of Jesus our King;  
He'll save us from shame  
And safety will bring.  
The Lord will deliver  
His people oppress'd,  
For he is the giver  
Of freedom and rest.

## ROBERT THE DEVIL.

Gloved, lorgnetted and with a bouquet for STEFFANONE, I sat in a friend's box at the Astor Place Opera House 'assisting' at the second representation of *Roberto il Diabolo*. The curtain had gone down at the end of the First Act, and I was "trotting" my glances around the boxes in search of pretty faces, when my eyes suddenly encountered in the next box to that in which I was sitting the lively, sparkling glances of as merry a face as I ever remember to have seen. Twice had the un-musical name, "Bob—Bob!" sounded in my ears before I thought that the call was meant for me: as I turned in answer to my curtailed Christian name, "Merry-face" gave me a look conveying the expression—"So—your name is Bob!"

In the Third Act I flung the bouquet at STEFFANONE, as she sang

*Nel lasciar la Normandia,*

and as it fell at her feet I heard a voice in the next box—which I felt came from "Merry-face"—say "beautifully thrown!" in a tone that riddled my susceptible heart of eighteen like a charge of mustard shot.

The Fourth Act brought in the Cavatina

*Roberto, o tu che adoro:*

as the line commenced and the words fell from BERTUCCA's lips, I again glanced at "Merry-face," and this time her eyes spoke plainly as eyes can speak that she 'endorsed' the sentiment—to any amount, and that I, ROBERT RATTLER, was the being she adored!

But who was she?

The Opera was over. The rattle of wheels told of a departing and departed audience. I lingered at the doors to catch if possible, one last, and if it might be—long and linger-

ing glance at my "adorer!"—she came, helping another young lady to "sandwich" a middle aged gentleman, whom I at once sat down as the 'governor.' They did not take a carriage so I argued they had not far to walk, and as it was one of the lovely moon-light nights of early spring, I too, filled with love, music and romance, determined to walk as far as University Place; acting as guard to "Merry-face," and protecting her from—I don't know what, probably though some of the fierce banditti composing the chorus of the Opera troupe!

Halt!—the old gentleman steps, mounts steps, takes out a dead-latch key, undoes the door, *presto* they have vanished. She too gone! Oh my prophetic soul!—I wandered on, a prey to the agony of *First Love*. Hark! what do I hear near Washington Park? an ignoble instrument, a hand-organ, but it is pouring forth on the still night air, sounds that I shall never forget. It is, yes! it is that Cavatina:

*Roberto, o tu che adoro.*

"It isn't what we do, but what circumstances do for us!"—Noble reflection. I have it! I'll charter that organ, I'll play that air beneath her window, and if there is a monkey 'attachment,' the light footed Mercury shall bear my card in at her window to her I love—if his chain is long enough. I reached the square; I found the 'organist': by dint of 'bad' French, worse Italian, and the display of three shillings, I moved his mercenary heart. He followed me. He *had* a monkey; also, he had four tunes to grind out before he could come 'round to the Cavatina: so great was my haste I made him grind them out as we walked along; it was very moving music.

Our trio were beneath her window, at least I hoped it was hers, the Cavatina would prove it. The organ was set in motion, the notes burst forth in all their beauty. I hastily drew out one of my cards, wrote under my name *Thine Forever*, and as a shadow of a female form was seen waving on the chamber ceiling through the open window of the second story room, I attached the card to the monkey; the 'organist' sent him up: he entered the window; more cord was paid out; several severe jerks were felt; a scream rent the stillness of the night air, when—out rushed the animal, chattering with fury and bearing in his paws some white material: as the monkey reached the organ I seized it, threw three shillings to the man and started for home as if destruction was behind me.

\* \* \* \* \*

It's made of muslin, has lace all 'round it, and two long strings: may be it's a pudding bag, or a mosquito net, were my thoughts as I

unfolded the white object I had grasped from the monkey. \* \* \* Later lights have shown me that it is a *bonnet de nuit*. I have also learnt that I did serenade under the windows of "Merry-face" on that eventful night: that the sudden appearance of a monkey at the window had scared her Irish maid terribly, and that after leaving his card, no coppers being given him, he seized the cap and made off with it in spite of the Irish girl's screams for the "perleace! to arrest the thief of the wur-ld!"

And "Merry-face" declares that she never again wants to "assist" twice in one evening at the performances of

"Robert"—the Devil!

### TO MARY.

Another year has passed away,  
Yet left thee still the same,  
Unchanged in former loveliness,  
And still unchanged in name.

Yet think not, Mary, that those eyes,  
Whose glances might inspire  
The coldest breast with dreams of bliss,  
With true poetic fire:

Those lips whose coral hue invites  
Affection's warm embrace,  
Yet spurn the kiss they seem to woo,  
With proud, yet modest grace:

Thy form of faultless symmetry,  
Thy high and noble brow,  
Thy clustering auburn ringlets  
That wave before me now:

Oh, think not that these many charms,  
So pleasing to the eye—  
Think not that they will always bloom—  
*The fairest flower must die.*

And though, thy laugh seems joyous,  
Thy song is gay and free,  
There is a sorrow in thy breast,  
That is not hid from me.

Then hope not in the festive scene,  
Nor 'mid the gay, who kneel  
In humble homage at thy shrine,  
True happiness to feel.

But rather choose a noble heart,  
That flatters not, to win;  
That cares not for the *cashed*'s worth,  
If all be pure within.

### CURRENT LITERATURE.

*This, That and the Other.* By Ellen Louise Chandler. Phillips, Sampson & Co.: Boston: 1854. Pp. 412. For sale in Philadelphia, by Messrs. Peck & Bliss.

A charming volume this, overbrimming with talent in all kinds; pervaded by a high, pure tone; rich in sensibility and imagination; exhibiting very considerable power of characterization; and conveyed in a lucid, vigorous, fluent style. It is made up chiefly of tales generally brief, interspersed with a few short essays and poems, most of which, we understand, had appeared previously in the magazines and elsewhere.

It is not every day we encounter, in our critical vocation, a volume so pleasing to us throughout as this. And better still, it seems to us to indicate a fund of power in the authoress yet to be developed. We shall look with interest to the fair writer's future course. And, meanwhile, we can cordially recommend to our readers to become forthwith the possessors of this volume.

*The Deserted Wife.* By Emma D. E. N. Southworth. T. B. Peterson: Philadelphia: 1854.

We have previously noticed in BIZARRE so many other books of Mrs. Southworth, and in so doing have spoken so much at large of her literary characteristics, that we could say little on the present occasion without self-reiteration.

The above named volume appears to combine in nearly the customary measure, her excellencies and her faults. Like every thing she writes, it fixes the attention from beginning to close. So also it contains several striking characters and not a few highly-wrought scenes and descriptions.

We cannot as yet see occasion to withdraw our former charge of extravagance, of superintenseness, and of "agony-piling." However, while "there is *life* there is *hope*." With so much of the "*vidua vis*" alike of thought and of expression; with an organization so wondrously sensitive and energetic; Mrs. Southworth will *never* write tamely, *never* write otherwise than attractively and interestingly. And time, perhaps, *may* so mellow and temper her powers, that while fascinating us, even as now, she may leave our *taste* unoffended. So be it!

*Kate Clarendon, or Necromancy in the Wilderness.* By Emerson Bennett. T. B. Peterson: Philadelphia: 1854. Pp. 249.

Though we cannot endorse the extravagant commendations we have seen heaped upon this *nouvelette*, still we acknowledge

having gone through it with considerable interest. Judged by a high standard of Art, many, many faults alike in matter and manner were easily pointed out. But judged by the author's intent, or the purpose, and the sole purpose it is likely to subserve, it will "pass muster" better than most productions of its class. It is a volume to be taken up and hurried through at a sitting, mainly for the story's sake, though partly also for the description of the scenes, persons and incidents of a wilderness-settlement.

Thus gone through with, we find not a little entertainment in the book, and feel no inclination to name the flaws of various kinds, which we cannot help noting.

We should think the author possessed talent, that, with further ripening and the employment of more time and care, might be adequate to the achievement of a work of high merit and enduring reputation.

*The Seventh Census of the United States, &c., &c.*, 1850. Robert Armstrong, Public Printer: Washington: 1853.

Here is a volume monstrous in its bulk, comprising 1,022 large quarto pages. Monstrous, too, it seems to the literary worker for the measureless labor its getting-up must have required. But it is valuable, valuable beyond expression, for the statistical facts here aggregated. All honor be to those who originated, planned and expounded the work!

So far as the examination, we have been able to bestow upon it, qualifies us to judge, we should pronounce the work as well done, as could possibly have been anticipated. Every one who loves his country, native or adoptive, and who feels an interest in her prospective destinies, should own this volume, if in any wise possible. He will find in it cause of just national pride, as well as of gratitude to the Arbitrer of Nations.

Of course this is not a book to quote or furnish specimens of. We therefore commend the reader to its proper pages.

We are indebted for it to the Hon. B. B. Thurston.

*Cat and Dog.* Evans & Dickerson: New York: 1854. Philadelphia: C. G. Henderson & Co..

One of the best books for youth recently published. Under a most amusing and interesting story an excellent moral insensibly keeps up its way.

*The American Law Register.* June, 1854: D. B. Canfield & Co.: Philadelphia.

This is an interesting number. It contains among other matters Chief Justice Shaw's opinion upon the important section—the 14th—of the Massachusetts "Maine Liquor

Law." It covers 25 pages, but the following is the gist of it.

This part of the act is unconstitutional, because—*First*, it warrants and requires unreasonable searches and seizures. *Second*, because it interferes with the regulation of foreign commerce. *Third*, because the precautions and safeguards for the security of persons and property are disregarded. *Fourth*, because the act contains no provision for the judicial trial of the party accused, such trial being the only mode provided in the Declaration of Rights, by which crime can be established against the citizen. *Fifth*, because the complaint setting out the offence is not required by the act to do it fully, substantially or formally, and makes no provision for indictment or information, on which issue can be joined and trial had.

*The Presbyterian Quarterly Review.* June, 1854: Willis P. Hazard: Philadelphia.

The following are the heads of the articles contained in the present number. I. The Problem of the Philosophy of History. II. Origin of Episcopacy. III. Plato. IV. Wordsworth. V. Old and New Theology. VI. The Spirit of American Presbyterianism. VII. Notices of New Books. Of these, those numbered III, IV, and VII, are the only ones we have found interesting.

In the last is contained a notice of "Theological Essays, by F. D. Maurice," and the following language is used:

M<sup>r</sup> Maurice, for this book of "Theological Essays," has been removed, very justly, as we think, from his professorship. He maintains, upon progressive and transcendental grounds, a form of Universalism, and denies the ordinary views of Inspiration and the Judgment. He is an able and very earnest man, and has much of the sympathies of the Westminster Review. One lays down such a book with a very deep sense of dissatisfaction. Can a man of powerful mind, fine cultivation and apparently deep anxiety to know the truth, produce nothing better than such *Fata Morgana* as this, when we need such minds to explain and urge the truth upon multitudes of worldly men? The same ingenuity, within orthodox limits, might do great good, but here like a river drawn off into swamps and marshes, it helps to spread pestilence, instead of fertilizing the soil. It is very harassing to all who are trying to do good.

"Men and Things as I saw them in Europe," is thus disposed of:

What one thing is there in Kirwan's book, that he might not have written in his study without going to Europe? Did he not know that Italy was priest-ridden, and that Bonaparte fought some great battles? Did he



not know that Fingal's Cave and Loch Inmond were worth looking at? A man has no right to put half a column into a newspaper, unless he has something worth saying; but two hundred and eighty-five pages of common-place are really too bad.

The Reviewer is not in an amiable mood with Messieurs les Voyageurs. He next takes up "Old Sights with New Eyes," as follows:

Why mix up the guide books and Childe Harold in equal proportions a dozen times a year, and call the hash a book of travels? The Author went to Liverpool, London, Paris, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Scotland. Five hundred Americans, at least, travel this identical route every year. One might as well describe the North River, and the Albany and Buffalo Rail Road to Niagara.

*Graham's American Monthly Magazine.* June, 1854: George R. Graham: Philadelphia.

This number concludes the 44th semi-annual volume, or 22nd year of its existence. Its contents both literary and artistical are numerous and of merit. The original comicities are very good.

*Godey's Lady's Book.* June, 1854: Louis A. Godey: Philadelphia.

This concludes the 48th volume, and when we run over the perfect museum of contents of a single number, we can readily understand how it has arisen to such popularity throughout the United States.

*Putnam's Monthly.* June, 1854: G. P. Putnam & Co.: New York.

Putnam's Magazine came to us this month from Getz, Buck & Co.. It is filled with capital reading: the resumé of Comte's "Positive Philosophy," especially, is an able article; that on "Manners," is amusing. "The Palankeen," a story of East Indian Palankeen travelling, is very pleasant reading; indeed, this Magazine, altogether, may be considered the best of our monthlies. This number concludes the third volume, and we are happy to see it have so well deserved prosperity.

*The Parlor Magazine.* June, 1854: Cincinnati.

This number concludes the first year of this publication, and is in every respect the best number that has yet appeared. It, and the "New American Magazine," published at Cleveland, will be united and published hereafter under the name of the "West American Monthly," in a very superior style, it is promised.

*Ladies' Keepsake and Home Library.* June, 1854: John S. Taylor: New York.

A neat moral-toned magazine, in monthly numbers, of 32 pp. each, published at a dollar per annum.

*The London Quarterly Review.* April, 1854: Leonard Scott & Co.: New York. Getz & Buck: Philadelphia.

This number contains some articles which display great ability and profound research. The first is a most amusing, and at the same time, to our minds, sad account, of him who combined the incongruous characters of wit, clergyman, and shall we say, debauchee and rake—the immortal author of *Tristram Shandy*, and never so many volumes of sermons. His character is drawn pretty nearly to the life, the stern doctors of this Quarterly having no mantle to cover the sins of whig parsons. This is followed by an article on Sacred Geography, readable indeed, but rather prolix and heavy. N'o 3 is another attack on Lord Holland's Memoirs of the Whig Party. But the Reviewer is hard put to it to defend his friends, and in spite of all his faults (and they are not few) Lord Holland's credit is unimpeached, and the glory of Holland House is undimmed. The next is on the Russian empire, in which there is much that is new to the generality of readers. The next is a splendid article after our own heart. It would have done credit to the Quarterly in its best days, when Gifford held the helm, and when Scott and Southey were leading spirits. It is on the *Treasures of Art in Great Britain*. No one would have imagined that there were so many masterpieces in England: we had supposed for instance, that the Dutch masters would have been in greater abundance on the Continent, than, as this article informs us is the case, in England. N'o 7, The Turks and Greeks, contains much information relating to the internal social life of the Turks and Greeks. We think the writer attempts to prove too much: undoubtedly there was much oppression exercised by the Turks until within latter years, but European civilization has nearly broken down the wall of Turkish exclusiveness and cruelty. The Western powers should rather bend their energies to the building up of a new and Christian civilization on the shores of the Black sea and Hellespont, instead of attempting to uphold the well-nigh effete, Turkish despotism. The concluding article is a grand attack on Reform in England, and Lord John Russell's new Reform Bill. It is an able article, though of but little interest on this side of the Atlantic. The cheapness of this Review, and the splendid talents and scholarship displayed in its articles, recommend it in the highest degree to the reading public.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

## NEW WAY OF RAISING THE WIND.

We find among the recent English Criminal Law Cases as reported in *The American Law Register*, that the London and Brighton Railway Company were in the habit of advancing small sums of money to persons sending goods to be carried by their railway on the faith of receiving such sums from the consignee on the delivery of the goods to him. One Partridge forwarded a case to Brighton, and received 11s. 9d., the amount he stated would be paid by the consignee. The case was sent to Brighton, but the address written upon it was found to be a fictitious one, and, on opening the case, it was found to contain nothing but brickbats and other rubbish. What is remarkable, it was held, that these facts did not support an allegation of a false pretence that the box contained valuable articles.

## NEWSPAPER MYSTERIES.

A travelling letter-writer to the *New York Times* says:

I consider it rather fortunate that Lake Champlain has been considerably "done," because as I passed through it by night I could give only an imaginative description of it. This, however, is not difficult. I may tell you in confidence that I once wrote an account of travels in Turkey for the *North American Review*, although my experience of Orientals was confined to the wooden Turks that stand opposite the doors of tobacconists' stores, and I am now the Eastern correspondent for an important but disreputable daily paper in New York. You may have seen in its columns the other day an elaborate statement of the vast expense about to be entered into for Eastern correspondence. It will, no doubt, astonish you, Sir, when I inform you that I am that expense. I have no doubt but that I shall be able from my attic in the Bowery to supply most important news from the seat of war.

## AN APPLE OR A CIGAR?

A book has been published in England by Dr. Stowell, in which he undertakes to prove that the "forbidden fruit" was the tobacco plant.

## WANTED TO KNOW.

How many stars and stripes, and how many yards of canvass bunting, calico and silk were expended on the late election of our civic functionaries?

## DIAL NOTIONS.

It was a former custom to engrave some motto or sentiment on public sun-dials. The sun-dial of London Bridge bears, "Time and Tide stay for no man." In the Temple where the London lawyers reside, there is one which has "Begone about your business." This motto has an amusing tradition as to the appropriateness of the adoption. The painter of the dial had been several times deferred for the words which were to be below the indications of the hours, and having lastly applied to the party in whom the direction was vested, just as he was about to dine in the Hall, he somewhat petulantly replied, "Begone about your business!" and abruptly passing to dinner, the painter took it, as his instructions, and painted it accordingly on the dial.

## GEORGE IV.

It appears, from the volume of Lord Holland's "Memoirs of the Whigs," published in London, that we just escaped having George the Fourth a fellow-citizen. At one time, the Prince was so passionately attached to Mrs. Fitzherbert, that he would go to Charles Fox's, and "rolling on the floor, striking his forehead, tearing his hair, falling into hysterics, swear that he would abandon the country, forego the crown, sell his jewels and plate, and scrape together a competence, to fly with the object of his affections to America." England, says a London paper, would have been spared some little scandal if he had.

## SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.

One of the Philadelphia morning papers favoured its readers a few days ago with thirty-two lines of blank verse, entitled a "Sonnet to Spring."

The publishers could never have heard of the famous "Sonnet on being asked to write a Sonnet," commencing,

"Capricious May a Sonnet needs would have;  
I ne'er was so put to it before; a Sonnet!  
Why fourteen verses must be spent upon it;  
'Tis good however to have conquered the first stave."

## DEATH OF A BEAUTY.

Among the recent noted deaths is that of Mrs. Camdith, at Edinburgh, formerly Miss Jean Smith, the last of the "six belles" of Manchemine, made famous by the never dying verse of Burns:

"Miss Miller is fine, Miss Marklands' divine,  
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw,  
There's beauty and fortune to get in Miss Morton,  
But Arnold's the jewel for me o' them a'."

## FRENCH ARBORISTS.

The following amusing paragraph we extract from the Paris Correspondence of the *National Era*:

A tree, in the eye of a Frenchman, is a thing to be cultivated, to be trained, to be dressed; and he goes about it in a perfect frenzy. First, he saws off all the limbs he can reach; then he scrapes the trunk, until it resembles a barber's pole. This done, he takes a survey, and considers whether the tree shall be of the Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, or Composite order of architecture; whether it shall be a Chinese pagoda—a dog kennel or a cathedral. This important point settled, he rushes at the devoted tree—he saws, he chops, he clips with shears, and cuts with knives; until the tree disappears, and the creation is finished; and then his expressive and satisfactory phrase is, "*tres gentil*." The trees in the grounds of the Tuileries look as if they had started from the ground at military command, and were prepared to march upon you in platoons.

## THE HERO OF CORINNE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Boston Atlas*, relates the following:

Interesting sketches of the "United States, Forty Years Since," have been published in the "*Revue Contemporain*," by Count de Caraman, who was attached to the French Legation under M. Serrurier. In the course of his last sketches, he mentions that Mr. Middleton, of South Carolina, was the original of Mme. de Stael's "Corinne." Mr. Middleton had been very intimate with Mme. de Stael while he was in Europe.

One of the most conspicuous placards posted during the late municipal election was thus headed off:

## STRIKE!

Strike till the last armed foe expires,  
Strike for our altars and our free,  
Strike for the green graves of our sires!

## SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

*Apròpos* of science, says the *London Leader*, Dr. Frederick Lees, of Leeds, in a private letter to us, writes: "I have just been making an experiment in relation to the mooted question of spontaneous combustion, which, as I am writing to you, I may as well mention. Having had a *atomach* for the last seven years preserved in alcohol, (not my own! for that I preserve without, as you know, but one taken at a *post-mortem* from a drunkard, who was drowned,) I thought that, as it had been well steeped in alcohol-

ics both *before* and *after* death, it ought, when fired, to show at least some combustible behavior akin to the case of poor *Krook*—if his happened to be a record of fact. I broke the head of the vessel and set fire, to the pint of alcohol in and around the organ. The spirit burnt away, and as it burnt it *singed* the upper part of the stomach, but when all the spirit was consumed the stomach was still there—stubbornly *incombustible*, as I expected."

## A BROTHER ACTRESS?

The following appeared in one of our Sunday papers: Neither Mr. D. P. Bowers, nor Mr. C. F. Adams, appear to know anything about the matter, or, if they do, they choose to trifle with the wishes of their brother actors and actresses.

## ANTIQUITY OF BUSTLES.

Ladies' bustles are of Persian origin. Nott, in his Notes on the Odes of Hafis, defines this "refaigt" as a kind of bolster, which the Persian ladies fix to the undergarment, to produce a certain roundness, thought by them to be highly becoming.

## ARCH STREET THEATRE.

At the ARCH, they have this week been playing the usual round of characters. On Monday "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," was played. Mr. Wheatley, as Hamlet; Mrs. Bowers, as Ophelia; with the farce of "A Day Well Spent." On Tuesday, "The Stranger;" Mr. Wheatley, as "The Stranger;" Mrs. D. P. Bowers as Mrs. Haller; with the after-piece of "The Honeymoon." On Wednesday, Mr. Dolman took his benefit, taking the character of Leon, in the comedy of "Bake a Wife, and Have a Wife;" Mr. Wheatley, as Michael Pereg, and Mrs. John Drew, as Estafania; with the after-piece of the "Ladies' Battle." On Thursday, was played the capital old comedy of "John Bull." Mr. Wheatley, as Tom Shuffleton; Mr. John Drew, as Dennis Bulgruddey; Mrs. John Drew, as Lady Caroline; with the farce of "Sketches in India."

## THE HIPPODROME.

At Franconi's Hippodrome, they have had good houses this week; the canal leaps, by the Amazons, are wonderful specimens of the leaping art, well worth the price charged, if there were nothing else. The feast of Whitsuntide, is a lovely spectacle; we are glad to see them drawing so well. All our friends who want to see the Hippodrome, will require to go soon as they notify next week as the last.

# BIZARRE.

AN ORIGINAL, LITERARY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PART II.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE SEVENTEENTH.

YEAR 1854.

## SONNET TO THE DYING GLADIATOR IN THE CAPITOL AT ROME.

Supported on his arm, his head low bowed,  
Behold the dying gladiator lean!  
Deep lines of anguish on his brow are ploughed,  
Pourtraying all the gall of sufferings keen;  
And, from the gash that sealed his bloody strife,  
Mark the big drops roll down his wounded side,  
And, in his eye, the ebbing of his life—  
In dark despair, yet with unconquered pride.  
Behold him with undaunted courage blind  
And curb the agony that shakes his mind!  
Yet, in his mouth comforted with despair—  
His wide spread nostrils—and his half closed eyes,  
Is stamped with force the conflict working there,  
And all the horrors that he would defy.

## THE LOVES OF LITTLE JOB AND THE BEAUTIFUL BLANDINE.

*From the French of Alfred de Musset.*

### I.

Once upon a time, in a certain city, there stood a beautiful church which every body admired. On top of this church there was a beautiful steeple, and in this beautiful steeple there was a beautiful silver-toned bell; this beautiful bell had a handsome ringer, whose name was little Job.

If you want to know why he was called little Job, I will tell you. On a cold February morning one of the good priests attached to the church, whilst on his way to say his morning mass, had found him lying in the middle of the churchyard on a scanty bundle of straw half naked and nearly dead with cold. The good priest picked the poor child up, warmed him in his cassock, and then gave him in charge to the sexton, who was a colder hearted fellow, until after mass.

Mass said, things were so arranged that little Job, whose only fortune half an hour before had been a miserable bundle of straw, now found himself rich in the possession of two protectors and a home. His protectors

were the priest and sexton, his home was the house of our Heavenly Father, a beautiful church, so, when he was baptized, he was named Job in commemoration of the straw on which he had been found.

### II.

Little Job lived with the sexton in a little house, at the foot of the tower which led to the clock.

When he had grown a little he was employed in the service of the church; he swept the sacristy, polished the candlesticks, filled the holy water vases as soon as they became empty, and even served at mass at a pinch.

But the work about the clock was that which he excelled in, and which he liked the best of all. So of course he was a favorite of the old bell-ringer.

I must tell you about the great beauty of this celebrated clock, and how people came to see it from a hundred miles around.

Like all clocks, it was full of complicated wheel-work, and told the hour in mean time and true time, with a regularity which would have done credit to the sun himself.

This masterpiece, shut up in its tower, might have ticked through ages, if the skillful workman, its author, had not embellished it with something to charm the eyes of the multitude.

I will not tell you about the twelve Apostles, or the whole history of the Passion, which were shown there to perfection. I will only tell you, how under the dial there was a niche cut in the stone, which was hermetically closed in by two richly carved and gilded shutters.

In this recess there was a beautiful little woman, only three or four cubits high, who had lived there ever since the clock had been built in the wall.

### III.

Her name was Blandine. She was called Blandine because she was fair, because she was gentle, and more than all, because she was obliging.

Half a minute after the hour, Blandine herself opened the two shutters of her little abode, walked boldly forward to the edge of

the little platform, which was just beneath her door, saluted the four parts of the world, then, holding with one hand a dulcimer, and with the other a delicate and brilliant little steel hammer, she looked up to heaven as if to take her orders from the sun, and began to strike, at measured intervals, the blows which marked the hour. Then, putting the dulcimer and hammer in her pocket, she took a viol d'amour which hung from her neck by a ribband of gold and silk, and drew from it such sweet and heavenly sounds, that you would have thought Saint Cecilia herself had come to life again.

I am told that this sweet little music, heard regularly from hour to hour, inspired the citizens with such good thoughts, that a crime was a thing unheard of there, and that all of them were celebrated for their honesty and humanity.

When Blandine had finished her serenade, she let her viol fall again, bowed anew with the best grace in the world, and went back into her little cell, carefully fastening the shutters after her. She was then invisible for an hour, which always seemed an age, for you never grew tired of listening to her pleasant and skilful music.

Those who loved the marvellous,—and why should it be wrong to love the marvellous—said she was not what she appeared to be, a simple wooden statue, and told how she had been the friend—the dearest—of the mechanician, whilst he worked at the clock—and how, one day, seeing his despair, at not being able to infuse life and motion into the little statue carved with so much art, and which was to sound the hours—sold her share of Paradise to the devil, in order that she might be permitted to animate with her soul the work of her friend.

But there are a great many things said, which would be as well for us not to believe. Nevertheless the fact that the name of the horologist's mistress was Blandine, throws a shade of probability upon this story, and, what is more, on certain days, the little wooden Blandine, really appeared to be an animated creature.

Then her countenance was more cheerful, her smile more winning, the tones of her viol more melodious. These days happened always to be the fête days of the country, and the bourgeois of the city walking in the church square, would say, we shall have fine weather now, Blandine is in a good humor to-day, her eyes are bluer and she plays more sweetly than usual. The oldest inhabitants had noticed that the coming of fine weather exercised a great influence over the rather fantastic disposition of Blandine, and that her humours like those of almost all beautiful women had a childish cause—I say a trifling cause—but they are trifles only

in appearance—for every thing is serious in this light world.

## CHAPTER IV.

But we have talked long enough about Blandine for the present, let us go back to little Job, who, as soon as he was old enough to love—for the unfortunate this age comes but too soon—loved her with so great a love, that he left his work and even his play, to go and look at her, when she appeared on her platform and one note of her viol was sufficient to calm his greatest childish anger and make him as mild and patient as a saint, not a mere flesh and blood saint but as one of the stone saints which adorned the porticoes of the cathedral.

It is not necessary to tell you that the love of Job for Blandine increased with his age and soon became a great and true passion—one of those which can have no end because they appear to have no beginning.

You think, perhaps, that Job sometimes despaired because his goddess was of wood, a mere statue. By no means!—are there any statues for lovers? Had Blandine been made of marble or iron, or if she had had no legs nor arms, had she been motionless, had she no joints, no eyes, if she could neither have walked nor smiled, had she in fact been destitute of all her attractions, Job would have loved her all the same and thought her as full of heart as any other idol. What matters it after all whom we love or how we love—the great thing is to love.

So Job earnestly resolved to pass his life near Blandine.

## V.

In the meanwhile the old bell ringer died—which was a great misfortune for Job, for it came into his head to ask the abbé for the place of the deceased, giving as a reason his attachment to his benefactors and his dear church, from which he did not wish to be separated—thinking of nothing all the while but Blandine. He hadn't said a word about her, which proves how much he was in love, for true love is in its nature discreet sometimes even to silence.

But you will say, the death of the ringer was his own misfortune—how could it be Job's? From the moment he began to love Blandine, his only aim was to get near her—should not this chance be considered a piece of good luck? Do you mean to say we must run away from those we love? As to that the sequel of this story will perhaps enlighten you. As regards myself, I'll prepare up the lesson well. Says somebody—how was it that Job loved Blandine well enough to devote his life to her? Love generally hopes for a return—love shared by another is always the most sincere. Did the little

viol player then feel any love for Job? This is certainly a question which ought to be asked, although for a long time it would have been impossible to answer it.

Nevertheless it must be said that love is very credulous. Job dared believe more than once—that the heart—the wooden heart of Blandine beat in unison with his, and that when she played her most touching melodies on the viol, she cast on him a long look of the most tender encouragement.

A hundred—nay—a thousand times he had been on the point of climbing to the platform to swear at her feet his unalterable love. But a hundred, a thousand times he stopped, thinking perhaps, she would guess it, and encourage him to speak—or, even, and why not?—she might speak first herself, or perhaps they might understand each other without speaking, which would be best of all, as talking spoils every thing.

#### VI.

The day of Job's installation soon came round and he was conducted with great pomp up the tortuous stairs, to the door of the belfry, where the keys were solemnly delivered to him. His new duties consisted in striking on the great bell, the hours which Blandine announced, and woe be to him if he should be negligent. Why, what would have been the consequence if the little city should be deceived in the time of day? Certainly the whole universe would have groaned.

Job promised and swore all that was expected of him and nobody doubted his zeal and punctuality. He was then left alone.

From the place where he was obliged to stand to strike the hour, and this place was exactly on the opposite side to Blandine, Job soon heard the crisp little noise which she made in opening the doors of her cell and soon after the silver tinkling of the dulcimer. It was noon.

It is not in the power of words to tell you his grief, when he first found out that the duties of his charge rendered it necessary for him to turn his back to his dear Blandine.

Nothing obliged him to keep his post but honour, which is still stronger than love, in a well regulated heart. He was chained to his bell—so he resigned himself to wait until the last blow was struck, to repeat in his turn the twelve strokes, which appeared to him like a hundred thousand. They were finished at last, however, and Job began to strike his bell with such desperation and violence, that you would have thought he wished to punish it for keeping him away from his dearly beloved.

#### VII.

At these unaccustomed sounds, which echoed through the old tower, shaking it to its very base, the birds of night that dwelt there, awoke and came flying around the new ringer, defiling his flaxen hair with their great black wings—passing, repassing, and hovering around him, as if to defy and insult his grief. But at last all noise was hushed—the great owls, the white owls, the brown owls and the horned owls fled, the twelve strokes were about being lost in the past, and time began to run on anew to the next hour.

#### VIII.

Will lovers always believe that love has foolishly been represented from the beginning as blindfolded? Will they never believe that it is always distance which lends enchantment? that nothing is improved by a close inspection? not even the object of their love? and that if they were wise—but—would they love, if they were wise?

Job free at last, half crazy with impatience, climbed to the edge of the platform at the risk of breaking his neck: he had but one thought, that of seeing Blandine again. But quick as he was, Blandine was quicker, and when he got there, she had already entered her cell; so he had to wait another hour. Does love know how to wait? Yet how many lovers do wait, who will always wait. Since it was necessary then, Job waited—not only one hour—but two, three, four—more still. In a word, he passed all that day between his love which called him to Blandine, and his duty which called him to his bell. Hope herself would have been sick at heart, for in spite of all his efforts hour succeeded hour without his being able to catch a glimpse of Blandine.

The poor child thought once of going to knock at the door of his dearly beloved:

But he durst not! He durst not in daytime, but let night only come—then!

After midnight Job bent his trembling, but resolute steps to the door of the little cell. Ah! how his heart beat, and then—

But this time he was able to do no more; and, almost ready to die before the door, that was so cruelly closed against him, he went back as he came, waiting until the next night, not for an increase of love, but for an increase of courage. You who laugh at Job and his timidity, would not have been any braver than he—or you never have had a chance of knocking for the first time at a door which might perhaps be ever closed against you. The next night, at the same time—I must sum up my courage to tell it—Job did no better than before—and it was not until the night after that Job summoned the resolution which until then had failed

him. To drown thought, he ran as fast as he could to the door, and trembling with love and fear, managed to cry out three times—"Blandine! Blandine! Blandine!"

## IX.

To tell the truth, Job's only answer was a plaintive sigh, but this sigh was so sweet, the expression so tender, that it would have satisfied and encouraged the most timid; so Job, was delighted and happy, a thousand times richer than he ever expected to be, and truly believed he had nothing more to ask from Heaven, or even from Blandine—that he never would want to ask any more.

He fell on his knees, and if you happen to be in love you know what passed through his mind—if you don't love, you would do well to, in order to know. It is well known that the next day, Blandine enchanted all the inhabitants of the city with her loudest and most charming pieces, on the viol; and as for Job, he struck his bell with so much skill and ear to harmony, that every body stopped in the street to listen, and it was acknowledged, that in one night he had left the old ringer far behind—and that he might now hold up his head among the most famous ringers of the world.

During six months or more, Job went back to the same place after striking midnight—all his happiness lay in this enviable happiness! For every night, a sigh answered him—and a sigh is a great deal, when it is all we look for.

## X.

Do you want to know where happiness lived for six months? and why it was not to be found any where else?

It had taken refuge in this clock-tower, where it was concealed from all eyes. Why it did not stay there longer is a mystery, but it is often fickle, often flies from itself, even when it is best off, without any body's knowing why.

## XI.

I have been content until now, like a faithful historian, to tell about Job and his life without even venturing to pass an opinion on what he did and what he did not; but now, allow me to blame him a little, and to say he was very unwise, not to be contented with the happiness, which he already enjoyed. As for me, if I were happy, which may be I am not, I would take very great care of my good luck, however little it might be, and would be very sure not to risk it, in order to gain more.

In the heart, desire alone is infinite—so we should learn that in all things, especially in love, it is better to stop half way, for no good can be fairly reached in this world. But every body knows there are a thousand

ways of reasoning on the same subject, and as Job reasoned like a lover, which is the worst way in the world to reason, he was very far from agreeing with me about these things; for every day the sigh of Blandine appeared to him to become more tender. One happy fatal day Blandine's sigh seemed to say so many things to him, that the poor child, carried away by the violence of his passion had the courage—in his madness—to knock at the little door and call out with all the strength of his soul, "Blandine, dost thou love me? Love me, Blandine!"

Then, I am told, a sight was seen, which was never seen before, for, directly in face of all the laws of science, the door opened, and Blandine appeared on the threshold. She loved Job.

But at the moment he was about to throw himself, in his delirium, into the cell, the bell—oh horror!—began to ring itself, and in the silence of the night its tone was so sepulchral, that, the inhabitants of the city started with affright from their sleep, thinking that the world was coming to an end at last. Nor was that all!—at the same time almost, a terrible noise, more terrible than thunder, was heard above the ringing of the old bell—the wonderful clock fell in, broken into a thousand pieces.

The next day at sunrise when the inhabitants, now recovered from their deep fear, had the courage to penetrate the interior of the church, they could not find the slightest vestige of the clock which had been the glory of their country—of Blandine they found still less—of Job not more. Of course the clock was most regretted throughout the country. Blandine was missed a little, or rather her viol—as for Job, some good souls pitied his sad fate, and talked about him for eight days, after which he was forgotten; he was known to be dead, so all the remembrances and regrets in the world would not have brought him to life. Job was happy in this—a great many persons are forgotten before they die.

## XII.

Now for the explanation of the catastrophe—there were of course several versions current in the city.

The most popular one among the good women, was this, that Blandine loved little Job desperately—that having received him into her cell, she had forgotten everything, even to strike the hour, which omission by the terms of her contract with the devil gave him full power over her, which he did not fail to exercise, carrying her with her lover home with him. As for me, I don't believe this and don't want to. All things considered, I would rather think that heaven in its infinite goodness, would not thus have



abandoned Job and Blandine at the last moment—for love is not such a terrible crime after all. I would rather think with the philosophers who explain everything—that the mechanician, jealous of his work, had, as certain chroniclers bear witness, constructed his marvellous clock in such a way, that by means of a secret spring which was fastened in the platform, the machine would infallibly fall to pieces, at the instant any one but himself should put his feet in Blandine's little cell. This would clearly explain the cause of the catastrophe I have narrated, but then again I might shrink with some others, that Job became furious, when he found he had thrown away his love on a wooden image destitute of heart, and that he had destroyed his idol, burying himself along with it in the ruins of the clock.

If this last is true, Job was wrong—he was certainly unreasonable—it would never do to destroy the images we have set up to worship, even if they prove to be wood. Are statues the only heartless things in this world. Gracious heavens! where would we be, if all deceived lovers revenged themselves on their fate after this fashion!

## THE VISION OF PAUL OF RUSSIA.

[In 1782, Paul of Russia, the son of Catherine II, and afterwards Czar, travelled through Europe under the title of the Count of the North. The Baroness D'Oberkirche, whose Memoirs were published last year at Paris, and who was an early friend of Paul's wife, accompanied the travellers in a part of their journey through France, Belgium and Holland. The scene of the following conversation was Ghent.]

The Princess did not take time to sup: I was dying of hunger and the Grand Duke likewise; we therefore supped, notwithstanding our fatigue. The Count of the North was very amiable at this supper. I do not know how we came to speak of pre-sentiments, dreams and presages; every one told his story and supported it with the best proofs possible. The Grand Duke did not say a word.

"And you, sir," said the Prince de Ligne, who had preceded us to Brussels, and whom we met again there, "have you nothing to tell us? Is Russia exempt from the marvellous? Have the sorcerers and the devils spared you in their witchcraft, as the ancients called it?"

The Grand Duke shook his head.

"Kourakin well knows," he replied, "what I might relate, if I pleased, like the rest. But I try to banish ideas of this sort, they have tormented me but too much formerly."

No one replied. The Prince looked at his friend and recommenced with an accent of sadness.

"Has not something strange happened to me, Kourakin?"

"So strange, my lord, that in spite of the respect which I owe to your word, I can only consider the fact as a freak of your imagination."

"It was true, very true; and if Madame d'Oberkirche will promise me never to speak of it to my wife, I will relate it to you. I beg you also, gentlemen, to keep this *diplomatic* secret for my sake," added he smiling, "for it would not please me to see a ghost-story told by myself and concerning myself, travelling over Europe."

Every one gave his word; for my part I have faithfully kept it and shall not fail to do so. These Memoirs, if they appear, will not see the light until a period in which posterity, which has already commenced, will not concern itself about so small an affair.

"I was one evening, or rather one night, in the streets of Saint Petersburg, with Kourakin and two valets. We had staid at my house a long time to converse and smoke, and the idea struck us to sally from the pal-

## POPULAR SONGS OF SPAIN.

## VI.

## SONG OF THE MANOLA OF MADRID.

The handkerchief of my maid  
Is not washed with soap;  
But with a little water  
And the blood of my heart.

I pray to Saint Anthony  
Three times a week;  
If any other Saint is displeased at it,  
I pray to whom I think proper.

Saint Peter being bald,  
The mosquitoes bit him;  
On which his mother said to him,  
Put on your cap then, little Peter.

The love of a militiaman  
Is like a loaf of sugar;  
The lady who once tastes it  
Sucks it down to her fingers.

A good holy woman  
Took a goat to her house,  
And said to her husband,  
Look, here is your Majesty.



ace, incognito, to see the city by moonlight. It was not cold, the days were lengthening; it was one of the mildest periods of our spring, so bleak in comparison with those of the south. We were lively; we were not thinking of any thing religious, or even of any thing serious, and Kourakin was uttering a thousand pleasantries respecting the very few passers-by, that we met. I was walking in front; one of our people, however, preceded me; Kourakin was a few paces behind, and the other domestic followed us a little farther off. The moon was bright; you could have read a letter; so the shadows, from contrast, were long and thick. At the opening of a street, in a doorway, I perceived a tall, thin man, wrapped in a cloak, like a Spaniard, with a military hat pulled down very far over his eyes. He seemed to be waiting and as soon as we passed before him, he came out of his retreat and placed himself on my right hand without saying a word, without making a gesture. It was impossible to distinguish his features, only his steps in striking the slabs, returned a strange sound, like to that of one stone striking another. I was at first astonished at this meeting; then it seemed to me that the whole side which he almost touched, by degrees grew cold. I felt an icy shudder penetrate my limbs, and, turning towards Kourakin, I said to him:

'This is a singular companion that we have here!'

'What companion?' he asked me.

'Why, the one that is walking on my left hand and making noise enough, it seems to me.'

Kourakin opened his eyes with astonishment and assured me that he saw no one on my left hand.

'How! you do not see on my left hand a man in a cloak, who is there between the wall and me?'

'Your Highness touches the wall itself and there is no room for anyone between the wall and you.'

I stretched out my arm a little; in fact, I felt the stone. However the man was there, still treading with that same hammer-like step which he regulated by mine. I then examined him attentively, and I saw shining beneath that singularly-shaped hat, as I have called it, the most withering eye that I ever met with. That eye looked at me, and fascinated me; I could not escape from its sight.

'Ah!' said I to Kourakin, 'I do not know what I experience, but it is strange!'

I trembled not with fear but with cold. I felt it gradually reaching my heart by an impress that nothing could give back. My blood froze in my veins. All at once, a thick and melancholy voice issued from this cloak

which concealed his mouth and called me by my name:

'Paul!'

I answered mechanically, impelled by I know not what power.

'What do you wish?'

'Paul,' he repeated.

And this time the accent was still kinder and sadder. I made no reply, I waited, he called me again and stopped short. I was compelled to do the same.

'Paul, poor Paul, poor Prince!'

I turned towards Kourakin who had also stopped.

'Do you hear?' said I to him.

'Absolutely nothing, my lord, and you?'

For my part I listened; the lamentation still resounded in my ear. I made an immense effort and asked this mysterious being who he was and what he wished with me.

'Poor Paul! who art thou! I am he who is addressing you. What do I wish? I wish you not to attach yourself too much to this world, for you will not remain long in it. Live justly, if you desire to die in peace, and do not despise remorse, it is the severest punishment of great souls.'

He resumed his route, still looking at me with that eye which seemed to start from his head, and, as I had been compelled to stop with him, I was compelled to walk with him. He spoke to me no more, and I felt no more any desire to address him. I followed him, for it was he who led the way, and this travel lasted again more than an hour, in silence, without my being able to say where I went. Kourakin and the two lackeys could not remember it. Look at him smiling, he still thinks that I have dreamed all that.

At length, we approached the Grande-Place, between the bridge of the Neva and the palace of the senators.

The man went straight towards a spot in this square, whither I followed him, you may be sure, and there he again stopped.

'Paul, farewell, you will see me again here and elsewhere.'

Then, as if he had touched it, his hat gently rose by itself; I then very easily distinguished his countenance. I recoiled in spite of myself: it was the eagle eye, the swarthy forehead, the severe smile of my grandfather Peter the Great. Before I had recovered from my surprise and terror, he had disappeared.

It is on this same spot that the Empress is erecting the celebrated monument which is soon to become the admiration of Europe, and which represents the czar Peter on horseback. An immense block of granite, a rock, is the base of this statue. It is not I that pointed out to my mother this spot chosen, or rather devined in anticipation by

the phantom, and I confess that on finding this statue there, I do not know what feeling took possession of me. *I am afraid of being afraid.* In spite of the Prince Kourakin who wishes to persuade me that I have dreamt all that, whilst walking the streets, I remember the smallest detail of this vision, for it was one, I persist in maintaining. It seems to me that I am still there. I returned to the palace, worn out as if I had taken a long journey and literally with my left side frozen. It took many hours to warm me in a heated bed and under coverings.

I hope that my history is complete, and that you will not accuse me of having made you wait for it without its possessing any merit."

"Do you know what it proves, my lord?" added the Prince de Ligne.

"It proves that I shall die young, sir."

"Excuse me for not being of that opinion. It proves two things beyond dispute; first that one ought not to walk alone by night when one desires to sleep; and secondly that one ought not to rub oneself against walls barely thawed, in a climate like yours, my lord. I know no other moral to deduce from it but this; for, as to your illustrious ancestor, he existed, excuse me for telling you so, no where but in your imagination. I bet that your dress was all soiled with the dust of the walls on your left hand. Is not that true, Prince?" And he turned toward the Prince Kourakin.

This history made a very lively impression upon us, notwithstanding. Few persons knew it; the Grand Duke did not like to relate it. The Grand Duchess had never learnt it and does not know it yet; her mind would have been struck by it. I wrote the account of it this evening, as I am accustomed to do respecting interesting things; otherwise I often only take notes.

[The Baroness afterwards mentions that Paul endeavoured several times to convince her that this story was invented by him to entertain the company, but that she was not deceived in this way.

Paul, as the reader knows, was the father of the Emperor Nicholas and the late Emperor Alexander. He was strangled, which is a kind of natural death for Russian sovereigns.]

### LINES.

[The following lines were addressed to two young ladies, in December, 1822, by one of the *only two* passengers in the American packet ship James M'broe, bound from Liverpool to New York, which had been driven into Milford Haven, Wales, by stress

of weather, and detained there two weeks. They have never till now been in print.]

In the hour of danger, fair Milford, to thee  
For safety and succor we fled not in vain,  
But the time has now come when thy calm we must see,  
And resume our rough march o'er the billows again.

From thy region of quiet we're called to depart,  
The gay spreading sail\* bids us linger no more,  
Ah! that sail, with its joy, strikes a pain to the heart,  
And we leave with regret thy benevolent shore!

Of our country the summons speaks rapturous news,  
And of friends whom long absence has rendered more  
dear,

Yet of sorrow and thanks can the bosom refuse  
Its tribute to friends whom we now must leave here?

Let the rude Western Muse then awaken her strain,  
She, tho' wilderness-nurtured, to feeling still true;  
Nor, fair dames of famed Britain, receive with disdain  
Her poor sayings of gratitude proffered to you.

Farewell then! and long may your happiness last;  
The breeze is impatient, its call we obey;  
And may rovers sea-beaten where'er they be cast,  
Find as friendly reception and pleasing delay!

## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

### A SERIES OF LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

#### NUMBER V.

[M'r Editor:—At the close of my last letter (as the reader may perhaps remember) the "medium," having just reached the "City of Wisdom," one of the several cities located on the margin of the ocean, witnessed the arrival of two messengers, in a certain vehicle, from the "Celestial City," the abode of "Angelic Spirits." The purpose of their visit was to convey a message to the inhabitants of this ocean-bordering city, though of this message the "medium" was not made cognizant. I now proceed with the "medium's" further disclosures, he still continuing in a trancic state,]

#### VISION.

"The vehicle, which conveyed these messengers, is of a very singular yet exceedingly elegant shape and general aspect. It seems composed of a peculiar white substance, having perforations all round it, which give it somewhat of a *basket-like* appearance. At

\*The loosening of the foretop-sail is the signal for a ship's departure.

a distance it looks as if fashioned of woven glass. On closer inspection, I find its component parts to be *hollow tubes*, furnished with an apparatus for admitting or letting out a certain substance, which constitutes the buoying and motive power of this vehicle, as gas does that of a balloon. This power, I am told, is "sublimated, etherial, active electricity," which is abstracted from the universally surrounding ether. On setting forth upon an excursion, I am informed, the navigators open the apparatus, let in the motive element, and then *exercising an act of volition*, they find themselves, *well nigh instantaneously*, at the place they elect.

But now the messengers are preparing for their return. They admit the electric element into the tubes and close the aperture of entrance. Strange! I am myself in the vehicle, and stranger still! I am now just outside one of the broad, lofty portals of the Celestial City! What a magnificent spectacle it opens to my vision! Can I describe it?"

[Here I begged the "medium" to omit such description for the time, and proceed with what other disclosures were to be made, as I was getting tired with the hurrying labor of taking notes so long without intermission. He consented, and proceeded as below.]

"I see a noble and beautiful Spirit issuing from the gate. He comes nigh me, and says, he has a message to be delivered to the inhabitants of earth. Why, this Spirit is no other than Saint John, the Evangelist, the "beloved disciple" of Jesus of Nazareth! How solemn, yet ineffably sweet-toned is his voice! His words are as follows:

"Tell earth's inhabitants, the fulfilment of the prophecy of the opening of the *Sixth Seal*, in my Apocalypse, is on the eve of occurring,—is even now in its initiatory stages! Tell them, you bring the commandment, that men should everywhere repent and be converted, for that the Lord will come, like a mighty, rushing wind, and cause His mandates to be universally respected! Tell them, that the wars and rumors of wars, now agitating and troubling the world, are the opening doors of a blessed and glorious future! Tell them, that the cannon's mouth is proclaiming to all the nations the downfall of false religions and the eventual upbuilding of a Spiritual Power alike true and mighty! Tell them, that the fierce flames of War are about licking up the last reliques of Mohammed's Power, which shall ere long wear the aspect of a charred and blackened mass! Tell them, that an upheaving earthquake of sympathy for peoples, long outraged and trampled on, shall speedily ingulf all the now-existing misplaced, mistaking loves entertained by

freemen for a false Religious Power; that this system will be overthrown and the debasing materialism of Islam die out; while true Christianity will unfurl its spiritual banner over the dome of Saint Sophia! Tell them, that a heaving commotion will soon pervade the political atmosphere of the universal globe; that the metes and bounds of the existing States of Europe will be materially altered; and that its present small governments and provinces will be swallowed up and incorporated into larger kingdoms! Tell them, that England will lose her ancient, long-enduring *prestige*, and America, like a colossal giant, shall stretch dictating arms over the total globe! Tell them, that Slavery will everywhere be abolished; that men will learn war no more; and that peace, brotherly love, and unity shall pervade and brighten the entire earth! Tell them, that *then* true Spiritual communion and interchange shall be established between the inhabitants of the Spiritual and Material kingdoms! *Here*, let them be assured, the Sixth Seal of the Apocalypse is opened to the public apprehension, and *this* is its rightful interpretation."

[The passage relating to the Sixth Seal is in Revelation, Chap. VI—v. 12—17.]

"The opening of the *Seventh Seal* of the Apocalypse will not take place until a considerably more advanced stage of the earth's history, in contravention of the idea commonly entertained heretofore on the subject. At the opening of that Seal, the *present* light derived from the Sun will at once cease to shine upon the earth, but the latter will receive its illumination from the "Light of Heaven"—the same, that now illumines the Spiritual Spheres. The *planetary body*, which we now call the Sun, will thenceforward *receive and reflect* the "Light of Heaven," as the moon now receives and reflects the Sun's present beams!

The light now coming from the Sun has the following origin and formation. Its *generative source* is a *phosphorescent action* of magnetism in the atmosphere surrounding the Solar Planet. For this phosphorated magnetism the earth's circumambient atmosphere has a strong affinity, or rather a *certain element* in this atmosphere. This element is that aerial electrical principle, which operates to raise and sustain moisture; to aggregate vapors into clouds; and from clouds to let drop refreshing and fructifying rains on the earth. This Sun-originated magnetism combines with this terrestrial electricity and constitutes electro-magnetism; and this electro-magnetism is the *completed compound*, light, which illuminates and vivifies our earth, and to which men have heretofore been used to give the name of "*Solar light*."

Now all, that is required to effect the change above mentioned, is that the air-permeating electricity of the earth should be imbued with a different and a superior affinity to its present. Then it would be qualified and prepared to absorb the "Light of Heaven," precisely as it now absorbs the phosphorated magnetism of the Solar ether, and the former would supplant the latter, as the illuminator of this our globe.

Such a condition of things will actually occur at a certain coming stage of man's Spiritual elevation.

This so-named "Light of Heaven" originates in the Sphere, which surrounds the Great Central Intelligence of the universe. This Sphere is the spring of all Life and movement,—the one source, from which all worlds, all beings and all things, whether material or Spiritual, draw their existence and the various qualities and powers, wherewith they are endowed. Here, too, as I said, is the primal fount of Light, and the immeasurable tracts of the Spirit-Realm are illumined and vivified by its direct beams. In passing from this august Centre to the utmost ultimates of Creation, this element bears many names. In the lowest material Sphere it is called Electricity."

[For the Seventh Seal, here spoken of, the reader is referred to Revelation, Chap. XII, *passim*.]

I have thus recorded, with the most literal accuracy I could compass, the words uttered by the "medium" during this protracted and marvellous trance.

Some things, however, I cannot transfer to paper, such as the tones, the manner and the general aspect of the medium at the time. For the sake both of the skeptic and of the candid investigator, I could wish this were in my power. For, I really think, the strongest evidence to my own mind, that the *professed* origin of these phenomena is the true one, has been precisely that, which eludes all registration, and appeals to the eye and ear-witness alone.

Hour after hour, on scores of afternoons or evenings, my pupil and I have sat in free, frank, familiar interchange with numbers of (supposed) Spirits then and there present with us, and so interested would we become in putting questions and receiving responses, and so vivid was the *sense of reality* enveloping the whole matter, that no shadow of doubt would cross us, the while, that we were conferring with certain *self-named* denizens of the invisible world.

Not that we have *escaped* doubts, or even, at times, utter skepticism, for, through almost an entire year, we have been subject to accessions of *incredulity*, which were occasionally so over powering, as to swallow up in complete darkness all we had seen and

heard. But these were only in the *intervals* of our meetings. A few moments' session sufficed to transform this midnight into noonday. We could no more doubt, that Spirit-friends were present and communing with us, than that we were together and conversing with each other.

First and last, through this year's meetings, we have had *temporarily* with us numerous other Spirits, in addition to our *permanent* companions, the several superintending Spirits of us two. From these *occasional* visitants we have received, sometimes brief communications, and other times those of considerable length and moment.

Among these visitants have been Swedenborg, Newton, Abernethy, Pope, Dante, D's Morton and Parrish, formerly of this city, D'r Farraday, of England, D'r Vesey, of Prussia, Cahagnet, of Paris, &c., &c. Scientific, physiologic, and pathologic communications have been received from one or other of these, some of which have been exhibited to distinguished Savans of this City and pronounced by them of the highest truth and value. Possibly, I may, hereafter transcribe some of these.

At present I will merely note down a few familiar utterances either from our occasional visitants or our habitual attendants.

Thus one day, when my pupil arrived, I chanced to have in my hand "Willis's Rural Letters," open at the following passage; "Talking with my neighbor, the miller, about sawing lumber, &c., I discovered, incidentally, that the mill will do more work between sunset and dawn, than in the same number of hours by day light. Without reasoning upon it, the miller knows practically, that streams run faster at night."

I read this to my pupil and it happened, that neither he nor I had ever before heard of the fact. Before either of us had had time to think of what might be the cause of this phenomenon, his "controlled" hand seized the pen and wrote the following:

"The cause of this fact is, that by night the *evaporations*, which go on during the day and retard the progress of the stream, mostly cease, and the current is left unimpeded."

This solution was from one of our "directing Spirits," and seems rational.

On another occasion, to my great surprise, "Ossoli" was written down by my pupil, as the name of one of the Spirits present. I asked if this was Margaret Fuller, and the answer was, yes. As, many years ago, I had been quite intimately acquainted with her, and had been confidentially consulted by her concerning her earliest literary projects, I now put many questions, which were variously answered. Finally I appealed to her touching her course towards me, at a certain

period, which I thought by no means befitting the magnanimity of soul, which I had supposed she possessed.

Her reply was the following :

"The *pride of earth* has kept me back from rendering *justice* many, many times."

I then asked, *why* she judged me *now* so differently, as it appeared she did?

She replied,

"Because Spirit judges Spirit by its *intrinsic worth*, and not through the medium of the *perverted senses*. Thus I judge *you*."

I then questioned, whether, while in the body, she was "*impressed*" by Spirits, and, if so, by whom?

Answer:

"Yes, by the Spirits of Cervantes and Byron."

On propounding certain other inquiries, not now recollected, the following reply was written :

"The time for answering *such* inquiries has not yet been announced in the audience-chamber."

Other responses, of a more personal cast I omit.

On another occasion *Pope* was our visitant and made several utterances. Some of these are the following :

"There is this difference between Byron and myself. Byron wrote as the bird sings. I wrote, as the lapidary works with his tools to shape and polish the diamond before him."

"I was a fully impressed and harmonious medium. My success in poetry was owing to the attention I paid to the slightest impression made upon me."

"You will observe a striking analogy between the Psalms of David and the poems written by myself. This analogy pervades all my poetical productions. They partake of the *inspiration of Nature* and the *finish of Art*. Paul wrote in the same style, but prose in place of poetry."

"Shelley, too, possessed this characteristic in part, but mingled therewith were the strange, weird symphonies of the winds and the crashing notes of the waterfall and the full, creaking sounds of the forest."

*Pope* compares one of our living poets, whom I shall initialize X. with Byron, as follows :

"You may observe, that the poems of X. resemble the thrumming, or quick, energetic tapping of the fingers on the piano, instead of the bold, spirit-stirring, harmonious action of its full chords, struck simultaneously."

"Now Byron combined both characteristics, and in his poems the fiery vehemence of Strauss was often blended with the majestic and beautiful harmony of Beethoven."

But my space, for the present, is filled and I must close. I will only add, that no words

I could employ would be adequate to express the full value, of which these communications have been and are to me. I find in them instruction, solace, inspiration and impulse, which I might seek in vain from any earthly source. I feel, that I have ever nigh me companions of a pure and high and exalted cast. And what a restraint from wrongdoing, or even wrong thinking or illicit wishing, is felt in the perpetual presence and observation of Beings like these!

No more precious boon could Providence have bestowed on our Race, than the opening of this intercourse between the "prisoners of mortality" and those, who, having put off material bonds, now inhabit a realm, where Death enters not and the "light of God's countenance" has supplanted the beams of our Solar Orb!

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#### LINES SENT WITH A BOUQUET OF WILD FLOWERS TO A LADY CONVALESCENT.

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They were culled by an innocent Country Maid,  
On her own bright hills and meadows;  
They were washed in the dews of the rosy morn,  
And they slept in the moon's soft shadows.

They come to thy chamber, the harbingers bright  
Of beauty and health returning,  
To tell thee, the flower, that weeps in the night,  
Soon smiles in the blushes of morning.

When the delicate hue of thy cheek is seen  
With their own carnation blended,  
They may wither and fade like a thing of the past,  
For their mission then is ended.

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#### SORROW.

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[Translated from the last number of the  
*Fliegende Blätter*.]

Within, the light steps of the waltzers  
Float round in the wildering light;  
Here, lonely I stand by the window  
And mournfully look on the night.

My heart with emotion is throbbing,  
My head is distracted with pain,  
He swore he devotedly loved me,  
And I don't know the gentleman's name.

## RELICUES OF EARLY AMERICAN BALLAD POETRY.

## NUMBER VII.

## A SONG OF THE REVOLUTION ON THE EVENT OF A VICTORY.

[The following ballad has been preserved in the memory of an aged citizen of this State; a gentleman considerably older than the Union, and who well recollects the surrender of Cornwallis. Its poetical worth is scanty enough; but it has a value considered in connection with our present purpose, as being illustrative of the popular feeling in the most important crisis of our national existence. It was probably composed during the year 1777: its *local* was the interior of Pennsylvania.]

## A SONG OF THE REVOLUTION ON THE EVENT OF A VICTORY.

Hark! Hark! the joyful news that's come!  
Sound, sound the trumpet; beat the drum;  
Let manly joys abound!  
Let Freedom's sacred ensigns wave,  
Supported by the virtuous brave;  
Our victory is crowed.

From East to West, from South to North,  
Our brave American sons stood forth,  
All terrible in arms.  
Their rights, their freedom to maintain,  
Undaunted tread the bloody plain,  
And smile at war's alarms.

MONTGOMERY claims our just applause;  
He, to assert fair freedom's cause,  
Domestic peace forsook;  
The sword he grasped and boldly on,  
Till ebbing life was fairly gone  
His valour never shook.

Kind Providence our troops inspires  
With more than Greek and Roman fires;  
Therefore our cause prevails.  
Preserved by Heaven, a virtuous few  
Tyrannic legions shall subdue;  
For Justice never fails.

Let brimful bumpers flow around,  
And songs to their just praise resound,  
Who have their valour shown.  
To MARCKEN and Montgomery,  
To MIFFLIN, GATES, and GREEN so free,  
And GLORIOUS WASHINGTON!

## THE FAIR UNKNOWN.

## A STREET ADVENTURE.

We met—'t was in the street:  
I gazed but to adore,  
As two bewitching little feet  
Were tripping on before.

I looked again—a form  
Of faultless symmetry,  
Unguarded from the raging storm,  
Seemed asking aid of me.

I quickened my slow pace,  
And, gliding to her side,  
The fair unknown, with winning grace,  
Received me as her guide.

A face of loveliness  
One moment met my gaze,  
And long its memory will bless  
Life's future stormy days.

A few short steps—too few!  
Her home was safely won:  
Another glance!—I only knew  
That my heart's peace was gone.

And yet I can but feel,  
Despite cold reason's sway,  
That Time will once again reveal  
That glance of yesterday.

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

*A Year after Marriage.* By T. S. Arthur.  
T. B. Peterson: Philadelphia. 8vo. Pp. 95.

It is much too late in the day to go into a formal criticism on a writer, who has been so long before the public, has written so largely, and has been so uniformly and extensively popular as M<sup>r</sup> Arthur. His popularity is a sufficient attestation to his possession of *some* qualities of a sterling and durable character. And these qualities so lie upon the surface, that even a superficial glance may detect them.

Invariable good common sense; a shrewd and minute observation of *life as it is* in its ordinary spheres, with the faults, misapprehensions and blunders too apt to *disfigure* the same, coupled with a fair perception of what such life *should* be, and the means and methods contributing thereto; a spirit uniformly excellent and pointing in the true direction; and a style, which, though neither classic, particularly elegant, polished and recherché, or even very correct, is yet fluent, easy and intelligible—such, we suppose, are our author's principal characteristics.

We always read his writings with plea-

sure, and, unless the fault is our own, with profit. The two tales composing the present volume are a very fair sample of the author. We can heartily commend them to our readers.

*The Curse of Clifton; a Tale of Expiation and Redemption.* By Emma D. E. N. Southworth. T. B. Peterson: Philadelphia. 2 vols. 12mo. Pp. 482.

Whoever has read previous works of this authoress is well prepared to imagine, from the above title, what an entertainment of a certain kind they have in prospect here. Always breathing oxygen, instead of the vulgar compound of oxygen and nitrogen, she would seem here to have respired *nitrous oxide*, or the so-named "exhilarating gas." Always *intense*, or rather, *intenser*, she is here *intensest*.

Nobody can *ever* complain, that her personages are not living. *Here*, most assuredly, they are informed with a *two-fold life*. Her incidents are *always critical*. *Here* they are *preeminently* such. And so we might proceed in our description from first to last.

If any of our readers should chance to feel dull, jaded, languid, vacant of all thought or feeling, we most earnestly counsel them to lay hold on these volumes. They would do for the mind what a shower or douche bath does for the body. The dulness would flit away, as though by magic.

Well, where a writer has such a prodigality of life and vigor, we welcome her appearance however often, and will drop out of sight whatever artistic faults a rigorous criticism might possibly detect. Our authoress has her own sphere and she fills it well.

*Wensley: A Story without a Moral.* Ticknor & Fields: 1854. 12mo. Pp. 302. For sale by T. B. Peterson: Philadelphia.

We have here, it would seem, a hitherto *unknown* author. We have valid occasion to wonder at the fact, nor can we believe, that he will be *unknown henceforward*. We are told, that this volume first appeared, in a series of papers, in "Putnam's Monthly," which, by urgent request, have now been brought together.

Not often can we speak of a book with so unqualified approval, as of this. It is admirable alike in manner, in substance and form. Rev. M. T. Bulkley is a *bona fide* creation—as veritable as nature's self—and yet of that peculiar construction, whereof, within the last generation and a half, rural New England could, perhaps, alone have furnished the materials and conditions.

The other personages of the book are well sketched, as are also the members of the

time selected and the scenery of the chosen localities. In fact with an easy, careless seeming pen the writer has managed to weave, out of the fortunes of certain Massachusetts villagers, with two or three foreign aids, a story sufficiently true to actual life, and yet spiced with a romance, which satisfies the imagination.

In concluding, we must express our belief, that the writer of *Wensley* would be guilty of a literary sin, if he permitted *such* a pen to lie unemployed.

*First Annual Report of the Washington City Young Men's Christian Association; Presented January 16th, 1854, &c., &c.* Washington, D. C.: 1854. 8vo. Pp. 76.

We have looked over this pamphlet with considerable interest, and we can cordially recommend the same examination to our readers. It gives an account of an association, instituted by the young men of our National Metropolis, for the promotion of Religion and sound morals. This association would seem to comprize members from various religious denominations, united for the advancement of certain general objects, which all sects have, or *should* have at heart. Besides sundry special exercises, they provide a reading room well supplied with the principal periodicals and newspapers, both religious and secular, of the day, as also with a library of considerable extent.

The importance and value of the latter feature of their plan must be universally admitted, whatever may, by some, be thought of the rest. A place of retreat, of solace and recreation after the day's fatigue is thus opened to multitudes of youths far away from home and all its comforts and its restraining and purifying influences. It is a most excellent move!

We learn, too, from this pamphlet, that kindred associations exist extensively both in this and foreign countries. We can say most heartily, success and prosperity attend them!

*Martin Merrivale, his mark.* By Paul Cretton. Illustrated. N<sup>o</sup> 1. Price, 12½ cents. Phillips, Sampson & Co.: Boston.

This is the first number of a new serial novel, to be published in semi-monthly 12mo numbers, of 36 pages each, and to be completed in about 15 numbers. The one before us is illustrated with two graphic full-page wood cuts. The romance, as far as the development in the first number allows us to judge, will be one of deep interest, and fraught with a valuable moral lesson. The style of the author is humorous, and graphic, and perfectly natural.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

## "PERSONALITIES."

This is a favourite heading for a certain class of paragraphs that are very much in vogue with editors. We must be in the fashion and give below a batch made up from Parisian papers.

Mlle Rose, a raiser of ants, earns thirty francs a day. She has correspondents in all the departments, and never receives less than ten bags a day. She makes them lay when she likes, and can get from them, as she says, ten times what they would produce in a state of nature. She sells the eggs to the Garden of Plants, as food for certain species of birds; to the pheasant raisers of the environs; and to apothecaries for sundry medicinal purposes. Mlle Rose lives and sleeps in the midst of her insects, and the skin of her whole body has grown insensible to their bites. She is as callous all over as though she were an universal corn. The police lately made her remove from Paris to an isolated house beyond the barriers.

M<sup>r</sup> Matagotos kills cats at night, and sells the fur to muff-makers, who persuade grissettes that it is a cheap kind of Siberian sable.

M<sup>r</sup> Lecog has made artificial cock's-combs for ragouts, for thirty-nine years. A neighboring machinist furnishes him with steam power, and he manufactures the article from ox and sheep tongues. He produces about ten thousand a day, and sells them at the rate of three cents a dozen. M. Lecog could live upon his income, but he continues the trade, nevertheless.

M<sup>r</sup> Deshaies hunts a species of harmless snake in the hedges, which he sells for eels. There are five hundred sellers of eels in Paris, and M. Deshaies is somewhat of a rival with his snakes. These furnish a very good fry at the barrier eating houses, and M. Deshaies lives a happy, careless, roaming existence in the woods, dressed like Leather Stocking and earning fifty dollars a month.

M<sup>r</sup> Demerville, ex-under officer in the French army, commenced, in 1846, the manufacture of coffee, at two sous a cup. He has made a fortune since, and now owns a central distillery and some forty branch establishments. He makes 3,000 quarts of coffee a day, and sells it at retail at two sous a cup, and at wholesale, to the lessees of the lesser establishments, at four sous a quart. On Sunday, if the weather is fine, he disposes of 6,000 cups, himself alone.

## HAYDON'S DIARY.

The following is an extract from Vol. III, p. 143, of the Life of B. R. Haydon, Painter. It is a portion of the diary he was in the

habit of keeping, in which he spoke freely of persons visiting him professionally. He refers here to the arrangement of portraits, he was painting, of delegates to an abolition convention in London.

29th. Lucretia Mott, the leader of the delegate women from America, sat. I found her out to have infidel notions and resolved at once, narrow minded or not, not to give her the prominent place I had at first intended. I will reserve that for a beautiful believer in the Divinity of Christ.

30th. Scobell, called. I said 'I shall place you, Thompson, and the negro together.' Now an abolitionist on thorough principle would have gloried in being so placed. This was the touchstone. He sophisticated immediately, on the propriety of placing the negro in the distance, as it would have much greater effect.

Now I who have never troubled myself in this cause, gloried in the imagination of placing the negro close by his emancipator. The emancipator shrank. I'll do it though. If I don't, d— me.

## A CHINESE NEWSPAPER.

We received by the last mail from California, says the *National Intelligencer*, the first number of a newspaper published at San Francisco, and printed in Chinese characters. Its title, we understand, rendered into English, is the *Gold Hill News*. We literally cannot tell its head from its tail, its top from its bottom, or whether it be in verse or prose, although to our obscure vision it looks a good deal like the former. The friend who sends us this strange-looking piece of typography says, waggishly: "On perusing it you will find a vast deal of matter entirely original (no doubt), besides the latest news from the Celestial Empire. It is published, as you will perceive, weekly, and I think you will find it to be a very valuable exchange paper, as you may depend it has nothing copied from other journals." It is very certain that no other journal will copy from it.

## AFFLICTIVE DISPENSATION.

We regret to learn that the Shakers at Enfield, Conn., have lately been called to deplore an afflictive dispensation, which has deprived them of two of their most effective members. A few mornings since the two members in question were suddenly missing, and after a long and anxious search it was found that they had "gone and got married." Both parties have our liveliest sympathy.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican*.



## GRAYDON'S MEMOIRS.

At the last meeting of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, a paper was read pointing out some mistakes into which the editor of the last edition of Graydon's Memoirs (1846) has fallen.

On pages 307 and 308 is a rigmareole story, given upon the authority of a Rev. S. S. Templeton, about the Declaration of Independence. It is to be hoped that M'r Templeton knows more about theology than he does about history. He says that the committee appointed to draft the Declaration of Independence reported it on the Fourth of July; that Congress hesitated to adopt it, but upon the Rev. John Witherspoon's making them an animating speech, they all signed it!

The Declaration of Independence was reported several days before the Fourth of July, as a vote was taken upon it on the first day of the month.

It was not signed until the second of August, having in the mean time been engrossed upon parchment by order of Congress.

At page 356, the editor confounds William Finley, of Westmoreland County, with a much younger man, William Findlay, of Franklin County. The former was the author of the History of the Whiskey Insurrection; the latter was Governor of Pennsylvania, from 1817 to 1820; afterwards United States Senator, and he subsequently, held a high office in the mint in this city. It has not been many years since he died.

## JOHN CRANE AND JEROME BUONAPARTE.

The *Prairie Telegraph* contains an editorial embracing reminiscences of Jerome Buonaparte's sojourn in this country, from which we obtain the following:

John Crane, a Virginian, son of a millionaire, but the most reckless bully of his day, once spoke very abruptly to Jerome, not knowing him. "Do you know whom you are addressing, sir," said he. Crane swore he neither knew nor cared. "Perhaps you will care," said Jerome, "when you know that I am brother to the Emperor of France." "Then there," said Crane, suiting the action to the word, "go tell your brother that John Crane spit tobacco juice in your face."

## THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

D'r Benjamin Rush, in one of his medical works, says: "The time must and will come when the general use of calomel, jalap and the lancet shall be considered amongst the most essential articles of the knowledge and rights of man."

## "THOSE JEWS."

Should you like to know the reason why Rossini has not visited Paris for ten years? Some one asked him his motive for so prolonged an absence. He replied that "he was waiting till those Jews had finished their uproar." "Those Jews," are Meyerbeer and Halevy.

## THE HIPPODROME.

The attractions offered at this place of amusement during the past week have drawn good "tents," and it was with regret we read the announcement that it was positively the last week. Situated in a more central location, and with an increased expenditure for illumination, &c., the managers of the Hippodrome would have met with greater success than they have; the Circus has been and always will be popular, and though the old cry of "Bread and the Circus" is now unheard, yet a thorough-bred in the Circus put to his speed will still raise a loud cry of applause; witness the Steeple Chase, wherein those bold riders, M'les Leontine, Caroline, Loissette, Sylvestre, Augustine, contend for a wreath of artificial leaves, with such huge energy, that we tremble to think of the way they would go, were something more ambitious held out to them, as an inducement to extra exertion. Though all of them are superb riders, it is only due to M'lle Leontine that we should acknowledge her the most graceful Amazon and the boldest we have ever beheld. She is certainly in these exhibitions the *point de mire* of every gaze.

The Stag Hunt, Feast of Whitsuntide, Chariot Races, and the "Festival of Flora," introducing the Car of Flowers, form an attractive array of inducements to draw admiring spectators.

## ARCH STREET THEATRE.

At the ARCH this week, there has been good attendance. On Monday the play was the comedy of "Wives as They Were and Maids as They Are," with the after piece of "Black-eyed Susan." On Tuesday, "Plot and Passion" and the "Ladies Battle," were the bill of fare. On Wednesday evening the efficient, and popular Treasurer, M'r J. I. Matthias took his benefit. We were glad to see his merits appreciated by the attention of so many of his friends. The play was the drama of "Secrets Worth Knowing." M'r Wheatley as Rostrum; M'r John Drew as Plithora; and M'rs John Drew as Sally Downright; with the comedy of "Black-eyed Susan."

# BIZARRE.

AN ORIGINAL, LITERARY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PART 13.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH.

YEAR 1854.

## SUMMER EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

The sun has sunk beneath the western hills,  
And evening's dews are softly falling round;  
The moon's pale beams are sparkling on the rills,  
And new-mown crops lie heaped upon the ground.

All Nature sleeps—while o'er her tranquil brow,  
Unruffled by the noise and strife of day,  
The beauteous eyes of Heaven are smiling now,  
In each bright star, that sheds its trembling ray.

No sound is heard—for e'en the gentle breeze  
In harmony has lulled itself to rest;  
The flocking birds have sought within the trees  
Their peaceful slumber, and a sheltering nest.

And now the wearied farmer seeks repose,  
With joy he sees his hour of rest now come;  
His trusty scythe upon his shoulder throws,  
And onward plods to reach his humble home.

And mark his honest look, and sturdy pace,  
As through the plenteous fields he wends his way;  
And see the smile that lights his happy face—  
His mind reflecting on a well spent day.

There is a quiet calm within that breast,  
To envy which the proudest heart might deign;  
A jewel by that humble man possessed,  
Emperors might covet, but could ne'er obtain.

## THE DEAD BIRD.

AN APOLOGUE.

From the great universe of living things,  
One little life has ceased. By the wayside,  
Just ere the light of morning woke the whole  
grove to singing, my bird fell from its accus-  
tomed perch upon the lofty tree, and, with  
a gentle fluttering of its wing, and a gush  
that thrilled all its frame, closed its weary  
eyes and moved not again. And the shock  
that passed through it I felt also in myself,  
for it was very dear to me.

I stood by the dusty wayside silent, that I  
might find a consolation in the world.

And many passed by us, the dead bird and  
its silent watcher, as the light of morning  
broke, but they saw it not, nor aught, it  
seemed to me, that I must ever see.

Suddenly one stood by us, other than the  
rest, his eyes were great blue eyes swim-  
ming in light—over his pale forehead  
masses of brown hair hung waving—his  
cheek flushed as he looked upon it, and I  
listened as utterance came to his lips—I  
heard only musical endings and blendings,  
words without consolation; when he ceased  
speaking, he went on with the others, yet a  
little aloof.

Then came, I saw not whence, a little  
child, like him in its blue eyes, like him  
in their delicate expressings—the sunlight lay  
upon its forehead like a glory, golden hair fell  
adown its snowy arms like wings; the child  
took up the tiny bird and looked on it but a  
moment, its hands trembled, great tears  
stood in its eyes, it was lost in grief. But  
then, even when its grief was deepest—  
a grief that seemed kindred with my  
own—a purple and golden-winged but-  
terfly flitted over us: the bird dropped sudden-  
ly from the child's hand, and, with a wild cry  
of delight and long prolonged very echoings  
of joy, pursuer and pursued were gone amid  
the flowery meads, I saw not whither.

Then with slow steps and eyes reverently  
looking toward the morning heaven, a grave  
meek man came near, and gazed on the bird  
—I heard words measured and slow—  
“the sparrow falleth not without His no-  
tice,”—blessed be God,”—then holding alway  
a cruciform symbol, he stood looking upward  
through the passing clouds.

Came again from out the multitude one  
having in his hand cunningly devised in-  
struments and stood beside the former,  
taking up the bird, while I looked mourn-  
fully upon it, but might say no word; he cut  
about its eyes, dissevered its wings and laid  
bare each vein and muscle; then looking in  
saw to his seeing every font of life, and  
scornfully unto the former uttered his words  
—“so moveth this, and that—and so the  
creature lives—thus, this and that decays,  
it ceases to exist—cease then thy dreams of  
God thou superstitious man;” then to him the

other made reply, and they wrangling passed away together and were lost to sight—but their wrangling words I did not cease to hear.

Others filled their places, some wild and crazed, some cold and careless—laughter and weeping, aimless and measureless.

Then another came, unlike all the rest, distorted with excess of human glory—a forehead loomed out over all the face—the eyes were introverted—passing by he stooped and grasped the bird as it had been stone or bird or any other thing, and solemnly said words—"This is God,"—then letting fall the bird as carelessly as he had raised it, went his way. Then I would hear no more, wearied with hearing only—I threw myself upon the ground and laid there long—centuries long.

And the great crowd passed on, and the bright wings of the bird were soiled in the dust, and its form was destroyed altogether and lost to sight under the feet of the ever gathering multitude. Then I listened, seeing it was no more that some sweet song of the bird might come to my ear from afar. I heard nought but wailing and wild laughter, harshly intermingled with the ever fading sounds of joy—voices of the living and dying without end—till I grew wearied even unto death, shrieking into the cold earth, "what I have loved is lost to me forever," and again, lost to myself, in sorrow crying ever into the echoless earth, "the glory of a living thing has ceased to be."

### KIND WORDS.

Kind words! they are as grateful to the ear,  
As are the dews of morn unto the flower,  
Parched by the withering air of Summer's heat;  
And as the spring upon the mountain's top,  
Whose waters trickle down the rocky sides,  
To give denotement its pure source is near—  
Spurs on the weary traveller's trembling pace,  
And once more fills his downcast soul with hope:  
So kind and tender words cheer up the heart,  
Shed sunshine through the dark and gloomy breast,  
Inspire the timid, and sustain the weak,  
Disarm the hardened, reckless and the bold,  
And soothe away the smart of Sorrow's wounds.  
For oh! one soft and gently whispered word,  
Has greater power to move the stubborn will  
Than all the fierce and perilous decrees,  
That Kings could thunder forth.  
And where is he who has not felt its power?  
The very infant, ere bright Reason's dawn,  
Smiles as it listens to the words of love;  
Youth feels its sweet and soothing influence;  
And manhood cherishes its feeblest sound;  
While sterner age itself, with all its cares,  
Unbends its wrinkled brow, and drops a tear  
In memory of the days of early love.

### THE DEAF MUTE.

*Translated from the Memoirs of the Baroness D'Oberkirche.*

June 25. (1786.) I paid a most interesting visit to the magnificent establishment of the Abbé de l'Eppée. This benefactor of humanity was born in 1712. I remained in this house more than three hours. I saw many of those unfortunate little deaf-mutes of the most interesting appearance. Their intelligent and sad eyes were fixed upon us with an *avidity* that seemed to wish to divine our thoughts.

They showed us a young man about eighteen years old, of a beautiful shape and a distinguished physiognomy: his history is a complete romance. He was carried off when eight years old by a troop of gypsies. He was walking with his governor upon the highway; this troop had stopped some distance off and the governor committed the unheard-of imprudence of entering their camp alone with his pupil. These wretches tied the pedagogue to a tree, gagged him tightly, and mounting their carts, carried off the child, whose pretty figure had struck them, and whose infirmity was unknown to them. They concealed him so well and passed so quickly into Spain, that the reclamations of the police and those of his family were useless. This took place in the south. This child, an only son, had lost his father by a frightful accident before he was born. Whilst his mother bore him in her bosom, her husband, whom she loved to adoration, was killed before her eyes by a fall from his horse; she was so affected by it that she was delivered in the night of a deaf and dumb child. This child stood alone between some maternal relations and an immense fortune. It was alleged in the country that they were not strangers to the carrying off of the heir, but proofs of it could never be procured. The poor mother died of chagrin.

Two years afterwards the cousins produced a mortuary certificate in regular form, signed by the curate, the notary, and some notables of a provincial borough, attesting the death of the poor little one, exactly giving his description and his age, and leaving no doubt as to his identity. To this mortuary certificate was added the declaration of the gypsies who had carried him off. Two of them had just been hung, whilst attesting the truth before going to give an account to the Judge of all things. The papers, respecting which the necessary inquiries were had, were pronounced authentic; the family took possession of the estate.

One single being was not convinced by these proofs, the good preceptor. Driven to

despair by the fault which he had committed, he devoted his life to repair it, and with pilgrim's staff in hand, he ran over the south of France, Spain, and Italy; stopping with all the nomadic bands that he met, questioning the old men, examining everything, and yet discovering nothing.

One day in the environs of Rome he met a chimney sweep conducting two little boys, one of whom was weeping bitterly and was receiving many kicks and blows without uttering either reply or murmur, and to whom his master cried at every stroke:

"Cursed deaf one! cursed dumb one! I will leave thee on the high road and thou wilt die of hunger there."

At the words *deaf* and *dumb* the preceptor was affected. He advanced very quickly towards the man and commenced questioning him in a trembling voice. He replied that he was a Piedmontese who was going about the country to exercise his calling, with his two pupils, who were foundlings. One had been found upon the steps of a church, where he had been abandoned, and the other bought from some gypsies who knew not what use to make of him, and to whom, on the contrary, he was a burden: it was the afflicted one. The governor trembled with joy, he asked to take this little unfortunate and offered to reimburse the man with what he had cost him and to give him a present besides.

"I am very willing," answered the chimney sweep, "he is of no use to me, and costs me to keep him; this will be the first gain I shall get out of him."

The faithful friend of the orphan then approached, took the vagabond by the arm and tried to discover beneath the coat of soot with which they were covered, the interesting features of his young pupil, formerly so white, so rosy, and so fresh. Alas! Excepting his large, melancholy and soft eyes, there was nothing of his happy days left. Hollow cheeks, discoloured lips, and a frightful leanness, were all that presented themselves to his view. It was impossible to make himself heard or to obtain any information. In vain the good man repeated—

"My dear child, my dear pupil, Count, do you recognize me?"

The child looked earnestly, he raised his beautiful eyelids full of tears, but gave no sign of intelligent recollection. Then the preceptor tried one of the familiar signs with which he formerly made himself understood. The little boy uttered an inarticulate cry, struck his forehead and answered in his own way, yet after a little hesitation.

"Ah!" cried the brave man, "it is he! God be praised!"

And without thinking of anything else, weeping with joy and gratitude, he took the

child in his arms and covered him with kisses; and leaving the chimney-sweep stupefied, he commenced running towards the nearest town, where he washed his pupil, had him dressed, and began to recognise him completely, in spite of the change which bad usage and sickness had occasioned in him.

His declaration was soon made before the magistrates and our ambassador. He then took a public conveyance and brought back the orphan to France, whom he undertook to restore to his fortune and his name. This was not a trifling enterprise; the family was rich and powerful and the preceptor was alone. He was not discouraged, possessing a little fortune left him by a brother and some savings, he consecrated the whole to the good work. No pains or efforts were spared, but all was useless. The child not being able to explain himself, could not be heard or give any information—besides there was the mortuary certificate.

Whilst on the point of losing courage, an idea struck his defender; he thought of the Abbé de l'Épée and his system; he led his pupil to, and placed him as a full boarder at the establishment, depriving himself of the sight of him, that it might not be supposed that he influenced his recollections. The masters, assisted by a higher intelligence, in a very short time taught him all that he could learn; he exceeded all their expectations and soon became capable of being a teacher himself. When the governor saw that he had reached the desired point, he asked that he should be given up to him for two months, and that he should be accompanied by a professor who could comprehend him and translate what he understood. All three set out for the south, for the chateau where the child was born, and there they left the deaf-mute to himself. The proof was decisive; he recognized every thing and explained every thing. He went to open all the doors, went straight into his mother's room, got into her bed, sought his own room and that of his preceptor; pointed out many old domestics, paintings, furniture, even secret passages, the village, the church and the curate's servant maid, who spoilt him greatly. There was no longer a doubt in the country. An uproar was raised and a law-suit commenced. When we saw this young man the suit was in litigation.

I learnt afterwards that the family, convicted of carrying off the heir, had quietly given up every thing, in order to avoid scandal and merited punishment. The young man is now in possession of his fortune, he lives on his estate with his old governor, and he is married. A very rich young girl was captivated by his misfortune and has married him. May the gratitude of this unfortunate, secure her happiness!

## WE MET—T WAS IN THE BRINY DEEP.

We met, 't was in the briny sea;  
I thought that she would shun me,  
Because she wore a bathing dress,  
And looked so very funny.

She put her little hand in mine  
With faltering emotion,  
And let me take her farther in  
That merciless old ocean.

That there was not the slightest risk  
I was assured,  
When a drowning breaker came,  
And we were both inverted.

She screamed as only woman can,  
As safe to shore I brought her,  
And gasping, said, "I've swallowed, sir,  
A quart of briny water."

I tried to dissipate her fears,  
And, when she looked so doleful,  
Assured her brine was thought to be  
Superlatively wholesome.

She gazed upon me silently,  
(She couldn't speak for choking.)  
But looked as if she thought the theme  
Too serious for joking.

She left me by the briny sea,  
And through the sand she waded,  
Then in a little bathing-house  
The dripping angel faded.

Thinks I,—the only girl that rose  
In beauty from the ocean,  
Was Venus—and she certainly  
Excited great emotion.

But, cogitating further still,  
I drew this moral lesson,  
That Venus only looked so well,  
Because—she had no dress on.

## POPULAR SONGS OF SPAIN.

### VII.

#### SONG OF THE CARLIST VOLUNTEERS.

We are volunteers,  
We are not thieves;  
We are the defenders  
Of religion.

Turn out the National Guard,  
Long live the nation!  
And death forever  
To the Constitution!

## SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

### No. III.—SWEDEN.

Stockholm, April 20th,  
evening, 1814.

Behold me in the Swedish capital soon to wend my way further north the wonders of Trolhatta and other interesting spots unseen. What notes can a traveller make worth preservation, who begrudges every moment he lingers on the road? Yet I feel as if I must make some record even of the small matters that I see.

The distance between Gottenburg and this place is about 350 miles English, and the road the finest I have ever seen. The horses and vehicles are such as I have already described, and although I travelled night and day and with every facility, I was sixty-four hours on the road.

The country cannot be called mountainous, but is rocky, and apparently sterile. The peasants are poor and dirty, but honest and good natured; their hats are kept extremely warm, and as the whole family lives together, and generally sleep in one room, they engender in it "a most foul and pestilent congregation of vapors," nearly sufficient to knock down any rash intruder of moderately delicate olfactorys.

There are several handsome towns between Gottenburg and Stockholm, the finest of which are Oerebro and Marienstadt; there are lakes too in great numbers, though at this season they wear a wintry aspect. The forests are almost exclusively composed of scrubby pines, cedars, and birch trees. Of the latter there are vast numbers, and many of the peasants' hats are covered with their bark, which is secured from being blown off by soda and moss (of which latter their rocks afford them an abundant supply), and occasionally by logs.

The number of windmills I passed upon the road is almost incredible. From one point of view, by no means extensive, I counted sixteen. They are generally, however, very small, and their arms (or rather wings) are formed of light boards instead of sails, which answer the same purpose, and are without cost, except a little labor. These mills being made by the peasants themselves are, of course, very rude, but grind the grain well enough, and save their owners the toll they would otherwise have to pay out of it for the operation.

The expense of travelling in Sweden is very trifling. To be sure, but few comforts are to be had, yet you can always find something to eat, and generally, at Post houses,

have a bed too, if you wish it, but my rapid transit has thus far denied me that luxury.

You see nothing of Stockholm till close to its gates. I bribed my way through all the other towns, for some eight skillings banco, (about seven or eight cents our money) per gate, but here, as I suppose I did not bid high enough, I was obliged to submit to the annoyance of having my trunk rummaged by an officer of the customs, to see if there were aught in it seizable. This ceremony gone through, and nothing found to compromise me, I was allowed to enter the city.

Stockholm is a beautiful and romantic place. In it are many rocky eminences on which windmills are erected, which may well be supposed to give it a singular and semi-rural air. The eye, on whichever side it be turned, is still attracted less by spacious squares, and splendid buildings, than by this industrious serial engine.

Stockholm is regularly built, and its houses all plastered outside and white-washed. It is much more of a city than Gottenburg, and superior to it in every respect;—its buildings are loftier and more elegant, and the court end of the town, in particular, has quite a majestic appearance. The Royal Palace is very extensive, but bears on its exterior some marks of age, or at least of inattention to its appearance, the plaster having scaled off in many places. The ascent to its entrance is by two immense flights of stone steps, one on each side of the principal door. At the foot of each of these flights is a lion in bronze, with one paw uplifted, finely executed. The Palace and its appurtenances constitute an entire square. On leaving it the visitor passes over a large arched bridge, of stone, into an extensive open area, in the middle of which stands a finely executed colossal statue, in bronze, of Gustavus III, the sides of the square being composed of extensive public buildings.

On entering the city, at a late hour, my driver, having a vague idea of my being a public messenger, for some reason best known to himself took me to the house of the Spanish ambassador, and, being announced as a *courier*, just arrived, his Excellency not being within, I was honored with an audience by his lady. Innocent of all guile, as also of my driver's mistake, and supposing myself in a public house, I enquired of her Excellency, quite unconscious that she was not a bona fide landlady who would be happy to entertain me, whether or not I could have lodgings there. She very kindly excused my error, and ordered a servant to conduct me to the residence of the American chargé (M'r Speyer), and, should he not be at home, to a house of public entertainment.

I was scarcely an hour in this house, before a Police Officer appeared, and handed me a paper, of which the following is a copy, the blanks of which I was required to fill up.

"Name—charge and profession—age—birth-place—Religion—subject, or citizen, of—residence—in the service of—left home in what year and month—where to—from thence to—at what place first arrived in Sweden—by land or sea—where going—business there—how long to continue in Stockholm—how long to remain in Sweden—acquaintances or addresses—"

As this is the first time I have had any thing to do with the police, although knowing that in the present state of Europe its surveillance is all-pervading, I felt it rather awkward to forego my Republican ideas of free locomotion; yet yielded gracefully to the necessities of my position, and filled up the blanks!

The women of Stockholm, of whose beauty I had read so much in the tours of Northern travellers, hardly came up to my expectation in that respect, although their complexions are exquisitely fine, and, in the soft intonations of their voice and the striking resemblance,—almost identity, in many phrases—of the Swedish language to ours, I felt sometimes almost as though I were in the presence of my own country-women.

The last twenty-four hours have been quite a day of adventures to me. I have brought with me the first official intelligence of the capture of Paris by the allies, and the Queen, understanding that an American courier had arrived with this news, has sent to our chargé to request him to procure for her the English paper containing it. M'r Speyer and the court messenger, have this moment been at my lodgings, and I have sent the paper to her Majesty.

April 21st, 11, A. M..

Having procured a new courier pass, engaged a servant to accompany me, to whom, on arrival at Saint Petersburg, I am to give two hundred rix dollars, and got a little sleep, I am just about setting out afresh. I have been advised to take my own provisions with me, as they tell me that, in crossing the islands of Alland, at the mouth of the Gulf of Bothnia, I shall otherwise fare very poorly. Accordingly I have had enough put up to last me until I get to Abo, unless I should be very unlucky in my transit.

GRISLEHAMN, April 22nd.

This is a miserable little hamlet on the borders of the Gulf of Bothnia, about seventy miles English from Stockholm. I arrived

here this morning, and attempted to cross over to Eckero, a distance of about forty miles, in a row boat about the size of a Philadelphia wherry, though broader in proportion to its length, and managed by four men, whom I hired at a large price to brave the dangers of the passage. The quantity of ice now floating and driven about by the wind rendered idle all idea of undertaking to cross this strait in a larger vessel. And, as it was, after two hours effort, the boatmen declared the feat of crossing at all impossible, and I was reluctantly obliged to return.

April 23rd.

There is a gale ahead, and blowing a gale, so I must stay till it abates. I am at a station on a great post road between Russia and Sweden, living at the house of an old woman who gives me excellent pancakes, and as thin and nicely baked as the thinnest and nicest of the most expert American cook—cakes, which, by the bye, may be had at most of the Swedish post houses. These, with bacon and eggs, fresh fish and coffee, I have in abundance, and, though this is my only fare, surely as long as it lasts I shall have no reason to complain of my food, nor any occasion to trench on my Stockholm store.

The greatest amusement I find in the old lady's house is that of reading the various complaints of travellers who had undergone similar detention, among whom I recognized several of my countrymen and even acquaintances. The walls of one of her tiny apartments, (in none of which could a well grown Kentuckian stand upright,) are literally covered with execrations, in pencil, of the wind and of Fortune. There seem to have been no laughing philosophers here, and indeed I do not much wonder at a person's patience being exhausted by a delay of several days in so wretched a spot. This is the second day of my probation with not a creature about me to whom I can make my wishes intelligible except my servant, and his skill in English is so small that I have difficulty in making him understand even my most trivial orders;—of French he knows nothing. To increase my *ennui*, I have, unluckily, and to my shame, (a reproach to which I shall never again subject myself,) not a single book with me! I therefore "have no delight to pass away the time unless to" loiter about the rocks, and examine the construction of the windmills, interspersing these intellectual pursuits with the occasional recreation of sailing shingle boats, with paper sails, as the companion and Mentor of the little tow-headed grandson of my hostess, in a large pond before the cottage door, from which the ice has entirely disappeared.

## ON SEEING A LADY PUT A WATCH IN HER BOSOM.

Old Time is fairly caught at last  
On Beauty's breast reposing;  
His sceptre thrown by,  
With half closed eye,  
The Houry Sinner's dosing.

No more shall Age creep over us;  
Our Youth shall be enduring;  
For Time, the rake,  
Will ne'er forsake  
A pleasure so alluring.

But, lingering on the downy bed,  
Forgetting every duty,  
He'll let man be,  
So long as he  
Can dream on Love and Beauty.

## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

A SERIES OF LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NUMBER VI.

Mr Editor:—As I have before intimated, my strongest convictions concerning the *reality* and the *super-mundane* origin of these phenomena were derived from just that species of evidences, which cannot be transferred to paper. They must be *experienced* to be appreciated or even fully understood. They came from those protracted afternoon and evening sessions, wherein familiar conferences were held with *some beings*—(who were they?)—on a vast variety of topics, some scientific, some literary, some historic, some concerning the incidents in the lives of persons now deceased, some respecting events now occurring in the world, &c., &c.—and answers, *wise* and *sensible* answers, instantly returned to our questions upon these topics, which answers had no more relation to the knowledge or the consciousness of my pupil and myself, than to the very chairs we sat upon! Who, I repeat, or what were the beings thus communing with us and responding to us so promptly and sensibly?

I can only reply, that we twain thus sitting for hours in free, frank interchange with *certain somewhats*, who bore a part, and this part far more than a *moiety*, in such interchange, were as thoroughly impressed, for the time being, that these *somewhats* were the *disembodied Spirits they named themselves*, as that we two were the persons we appeared to each other to be!

Byron was one of our most constant visitors, he having declared himself one of my "directors." I put a world of questions to him touching his life, feelings and experiences in all their diversities; and his responses *seemed* at least to be sincere and truthful, as they certainly were frank, full and prompt. I will transcribe some of his utterances, premising simply that the explanation of certain items therein is to be found in the fact of *his experiences and my own having, in several respects, corresponded* as nearly as could easily happen in the case of persons so much unlike and planted in spheres so wide apart and so different in conditions.

The following are taken from a large mass without attempt at arrangement.

"Ah! Z—— I can fully sympathize with you, for the bars of both our souls were filled up by the sands of our corroded hearts."

"The brides, that drove us through the woes of our own hearts, had fastened to them the same *hard, excoriating bits*. Can you wonder, then, that I, who have been released from the galling pressure of the bit, should endeavor to *soothe the mouth*, that now wears it and champs it between the teeth in its flight through the caverns of earth?"

"I will impress you with the facts, which were the leading incentives urging me forward through life."

"Alas! a pool of blasted hopes ever opened at my feet to curse me with the folly of my ways!"

"On earth my mind was like a briar-bush. A rude pressure upon it pierced and wounded the hand, that attempted it. Whereas the hand, that sought its flowers, received freely of them in their beauty."

"Between your disposition and mine exists this difference. On awaking from sleep, I would be filled with *bitterness* towards the destroyers of my happiness. Your mood is that of *sorrow*."

"Ada" (his daughter) "was a jewel from the spirit of her father. Her mind was garbed in a clear, serene beauty."

[I would here parenthesize, that some things in the foregoing and in what follows bear reference to an essay I was, at the time, writing upon Byron.]

"The poems before you contain the living epitome of the heart of Byron."

"Their tragic muse reveals the bitter strugglings of a disappointed and outraged love."

"Their comic effusions symbolize the bacchanal orgies of a perverted nature."

"Their pensive musings represent those moments, when passion was lulled into slumber."

"Their proudly defiant strains are the re-echoings of a spirit uprising in its native grandeur and striving to cast off its accumulated load of anguish."

"Their victorious bursts of metrical thunder are the tokens of defiance from a caged, but, yet stoutly beating heart."

"I wish you to elaborate another most important feature of my poetical effusions. viz: the *condensive*, the *climatic*, the *infusive*, and the *parabolic* principles, wherein they abound."

[Here was a "fix," to be sure. I thought I could make out "*condensive*" to signify the *concentration* and *energy* so characteristic of this bard's productions. But that other three adjectives meant, in connection, I had not the faintest notion. My pupil aid me, even though his criticisms couched in intelligible words, having been mostly "heathen Greek" to him. I was, therefore, obliged to ask the poet to define his anomalous terms. He did so, as follows:]

"By *climatic*, I mean *ending in the proper place*,—by *parabolic*, smoothly rounded,—by *infusive*, the power of making others feel, as the poet writes. I say, as the poet *writes*,—not as he *feels*,—for the poet may *write joyously*, while he *feels sorrowfully*."

[Here I would beg of D'r Dods to tell me whence came these *strange words*, with their *expositions*? Was it from my pupil's mind, or my own, neither of us having ever heard them before, or knowing what they were designed to express, when they were used?

I subjoin a few miscellaneous utterances, without being able to say from *which* of my superintending Spirits in especial they came, all being present as a general rule. Some are addressed directly to myself, while others have other relations.]

"Yes, Z——, the tide is rising, or, as you prefer our expressing it, the work, which you are destined to perform, is going steadily forward."

"Hark! the Bell of Victory rings out clearly and sonorously over the hills of Hope, and the path of distinction is being hewed for you to pass along its grade."

"Z——, you have the light within, strike boldly out for the unknown shore! You have imagination, which is a closer approximation to the conception of a disembodied Spirit, than any thing else we can compare it with."

"Let your mind dwell habitually on such things only, as will beautify and embellish it. Let your path be planted with flowers and you will not stop to pluck thorns."

[This last sentence was uttered in the way of *rebuks* to us for our inquiring touching *evil Spirits* and some kindred topics. Our Spirit-companions appear ever unwilling to speak on these matters, or to have us ask



about them,—intimating, that it is harmful to let our minds be familiarized therewith.]

"So long as we teach you, Z—, to love God and do good to your fellow men, so long and no longer give heed to our teachings and reduce them to practice. They will make you happy. They will be to you mother, wife, children and other relationships, which so many possess, but which you traverse the world without."

[I have before remarked, that, besides our superintending Spirits, we have, at various times, had many other Spirit-visitors. Among these were D<sup>rs</sup> Morton and Parrish, formerly of this city. The utterances immediately following purported to come from them. Some of the sign physicians, then in the city, in answer to our question, whether the pain was as painful, as is commonly supposed or as it often seems to be.]

"No, it is not. And the reason is, that the nervous system becomes *less susceptible*, as dissolution approaches. Hence the pains, that seem to shock the body, are only the efforts of nature to liberate the soul therefrom. In other words, they are simply the *normal throes of the Spirit-birth*. The nervous energies are mostly destroyed. Hence the apparent sufferings therefrom are not *felt*, although the nerves may still have the power of expanding and contracting the muscles and thus distorting the features."

[The next utterance refers to a dangerous crisis, which I had passed through a short time before, without being fully aware that it was such.]

"Death seems gloomy and dreadful. But what in reality is it? A mere putting-off of the cloak of material nature and a stepping out into the etherial essence of eternity."

In your recent case that cloak was indeed *unclasped*, but the arms of a Spirit-guide encircled your neck, while the fingers of your guardian *rehooked the clasp*. The spasms, with which your stomach was, for some hours, heaving, are what are commonly called the *death-throes*. Your brain, moreover, was affected in such a way, that, unless relief had come, paralysis would, in no long time, have supervened."

[I hope I may not have strung out these selections so far as to outweary the reader. At all events, I will now close the present letter by transcribing another of my pupil's trance visions. It is the first, that was given us, though I have deferred sending it till now. It is quite brief, so as to be not very likely to fatigue the reader.]

I did intend to add to this, in the present missive, Byron's own description of his passage through the portal of death; of his entrance into the Spirit-world; of his reception there; and of the persons receiving him, &c., &c.. But as my allotted space is

now occupied, I must defer this to an after occasion.]

#### VISION.

"How bright it looks! In all directions I see a brilliant light, but this is still more intense around and above yourself. Direct over your head I behold a beautiful female figure, crowned with a circlet of glittering stars. It is the figure of Hope!"

At your side and grasping your right hand I see another female, clad in flowing white robes and with her head uncovered save for her own dark locks. At the first glance she wears a stern and repellent aspect. On more careful examination, however, I perceive, that her face has a *benevolent, kindly* expression, and that what seemed to me *repulsiveness* is a *look of anxiety* superadded to the appearance of firmness and energy usually manifested thereby. This is the Spirit of your Mother!

But what *causes* this her anxiety? She is looking towards a certain quarter. I follow the direction of her eyes, and note a streamlet meandering through a wondrously diversified region. Meadows broad and narrow; hills, some forest-crowned, others covered with crags or scattered rocks fringed with bushes, and yet others green with abundant grass to their very summits; and mountains of all varieties of shape and aspect on either bank, drawing sometimes so near together, as to leave but a scant passage for the waters; such is the scene, towards which the Spirit's gaze is pointed.

But hark! I can distinctly hear *sounds* in that direction, though at present seeming very far off. These sounds grow louder and distincter, and I can now make them out to be the baying of hounds, the shouts of men, and the various other noises of an excited hunt. Nigher and nigher approaches the uproar, and now, turning the shoulder of a rocky, wooded hill, rush upon the view dogs, horses and men in full career. What huge, black, ferocious-looking creatures are those dogs! They must be *blood-hounds*, and with their red, projecting tongues, hair bristling erect, and the foam flying from their wide-expanded jaws, they wear a fierce, cruel and most dangerous aspect.

Much of the *same* aspect, too, have the horses and their riders. So furious are the former, that it is only by the utmost and the incessant exertions of their masters they can be restrained within any bounds. And those riders,—how hard, cruel and fierce is their expression of countenance,—especially that of the tall, dark, sombre leader, who seems savagely impatient to overtake the object of their chase!

On—on, I see them coming at headlong

speed, and louder and fiercer grows the uproar. But I can discern no object, of which they seem to be in pursuit! Is it *animal* or *man* they are in quest of? And *where* can this animal or man be?

Nigher and nigher approaches this formidable train,—nearer and yet nearer,—and now the stream only divides them from ourselves! It is very strange—what can it mean? They pause for a moment. Their leader is pointing this way, and men and beasts all look hither. What ruthless faces have those men, and what a cruel joy blazes from their eyes! With what a horrible din, too, the monster-hounds break forth again! They leap and bound to and fro, their looks turned ever in this direction, as if waiting but the word to rush upon us and rend us in pieces! Can either of *us* be the object of their chase?

But look! they are moving—they are seeking a *fording* place—and for *some* reason they are hurrying towards *us*. What a hideous clamor! What ferocious looks, gestures and motions alike of beasts and of men!"

[Here the medium ceased speaking in *his own person*, which he had hitherto done from the outset of the vision, and his organs were taken possession of by some one, who presently appeared to be my mother's Spirit. In a paroxysm of grief and terror the Spirit broke forth into the most fervent entreaties to God to shield some one from imminent and horrible danger. "Save him—save him—save him this once more!" was repeated again and again in tones of anguished fervor, which I have rarely, if ever, heard equalled.

At last a triumphant joy flashed over the medium's face, and with clasped hands raised towards Heaven, he several times exclaimed, "he's saved—he's saved!"—and then immediately came out of the trance into his normal state.

It was told me, at the time, that this allegoric representation bore a reference to myself, and not very long after events occurred, which, with sufficient exactness, verified its meanings, both the dark and the bright.]

## SPANISH PROVERB.

From Dembowski's "Two Years in Spain."

Man is tow,  
Woman is fire;  
The devil comes and blows.

## SNIFE SHOOTING.

DICK:—Snipe were seen yesterday on the Bald-Meadow.

Yours,

THE PRINCE.

March, 1854.

"If brevity is the soul of wit, go ahead, Prince! some day your claims to it will be proved good;" thought I, as having read the note I lit a segar and reflected over its contents. "The stage starts to-morrow morning about break of day for Bald-Meadow: seventy miles of stageing and I'm there about eight o'clock at night. I've been over the road before, it's very monotonous, surface of the country flat; inhabitants scattered; productions confined to *clover* and 'apple-jack,' the latter of which articles of commerce I don't 'affection,' consequently in addition to a double barrel gun, must take a 'pocket pistol' to guard against the natural dryness attendant on all sandy soils." These reflections over I packed a small valise, and waited for the next morning with 'the still, calm courage'—once displayed by a Dutchman.

The morning came and I went. We 'did' the seventy miles without a break-down, and were received by the hospitable Prince with all honors.

"Come! turn out, Dick," *bassoed* the voice of my host next morning at day-break—"Country life, country habits. Breakfast's ready!" In the brave song of "The fine Arkansas Gentleman," we are told that "though dead and spread out," when he heard the checks in the game of faro, he sung out "Prindle, don't turn! hold on! I go twenty on the King and copper on the Ace!"—so I, though wrapt in slumber, at the word "Breakfast" jumped into life and animation: to be knocked down cold and flat by one look out of the window. It was snowing, hailing, freezing! The Germans swear *by* the weather, being an American I swore *at* it. To think, I had left town on a bright sun-shining day, with every prospect of its being mild spring weather for some time, and here it was back into winter. I began to think it was not only *enough* to kill a horse—but that it was *too much* and that before night he would be dead for a truth. Well! breakfast over, I proposed a segar to the Prince and picked up the paper mentally 'blue' at the outside prospect of affairs. "Come, Dick, get ready, we'd better start at once!" "Start," said I, jumping up—"start for where?"

"For the snipe ground. We'll straighten them out to-day, they'll lie close; have n't been gunned after, and we'll get the first crack at them." As he finished speaking the Prince slung a huge, old fashioned cow's

horn filled with powder, across his big chest and taking down his shot-bag commenced filling it. "You ain't going out in this storm!" said I. "Ain't *we*," replied he "try us!" I would n't be backed down. In ten minutes I was ready, in five more the horse and wagon were at the door, guns and dog inside and off we started.

A few miles toolled off in short time brought us to a tavern near the ground; having seen the horse unharnessed and put under cover; we started for the meadows, over which the water having flowed, a thin cake of ice, breaking at each step, had formed. The snow came down in light flakes half blinding you whenever you raised your head, so that the broad brim felt hat-rim did not prevent its striking your face and eyes.

"You take the East side" said the Prince, "and I'll go round; we'll meet at Morris's." As he spoke up rose two snipe. Bang! went his right barrel, one bird dropped, the other settled. "Good! I've marked him,"—said he and off he started.

Reader! Imagine about five hundred mud holes filled with dirt and water, say two feet deep and three feet wide, freeze them slightly over, place them at intervals about a yard apart, fill up the gaps with soft mud and short stumpy stubble; (the fields having been burnt in the autumn, to make the spring crop of grass richer) throw in a gloomy sky, hail and snow falling, snipe rising right and left, necessitating a continual loading of your gun, add a thick headed setter not worth a load of shot, as a retriever, and you've a faint idea of the road I had to travel before I reached Morris's where I was to meet the Prince. Covered with mud and water up to the waist, my corduroy breeches which were stuffed into the tops of my boots frozen in tight, I worked along loading and firing; hearing the Prince's gun 'talking' all the time and firmly believing that he had come across some original settlement of the long-bills and was making a final settlement of their affairs. In two hours time we met at Morris's. Our enmity against "Apple-jack" was revived, renewed, we went at it with vigor, unanimously resolving to put it out of the way of hurting any one else—which we did! Having thawed out and warmed up, we again started after the snipe. I won't bore you with an account of the rest of the day's work. But will give you the result in figures.

The Prince shot and pocketed	74
Dick " ditto	23
Total,	97 snipe.

I don't know how many birds I lost, or at least were lost for me by that—setter. The Prince had a dog of the Red breed, worth

his weight in "ounces"—never losing a bird. On our return at night my dog was missing. "Shot out of sight,—suddenly?" asked the Prince. "I think so!" was the answer. And so ended a day's snipe shooting. Reader! If you like the sport, from the account,—go and try it!

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

*A History of England, from the first invasion by the Romans to the Accession of William and Mary in 1688.* By John Lingard, D. D.. Phillips, Sampson & Co.: Boston: 1854. Vol. V. 12mo. Pp. 361. For sale in Philadelphia by H. C. Baird.

Lingard's history, though it has not the brilliancy of Hume's, and neither possesses nor is likely to attain the distinguished reputation of the latter, nevertheless sustains a very fair character. It exhibits tokens of faithful investigation and of the comparing of authorities, and the style of the narrative, though very plain, is yet lucid and easy. It is, probably, as impartial a view of the chronicles of England, as could have been had or is likely ever to be had from a Catholic. Perhaps we ought to say, as impartial as we are likely to get from any religionist of any particular profession, since each, whether Protestant or Catholic, or belonging to any sect of the former, will almost inevitably see some things through his own prepossessions. Hume, being a Deist, should have written impartially on contested religious topics, but somehow he, too, is, by some, taxed with gross impartiality.

On the whole, then, if one would get the highest possible to the exact truth touching the "dead past," he must read authors of all shades of opinion, and strike his own balance. Even then some doubts must remain. This volume covers a very stirring period of English History.

*The Poets and the Poetry of the Ancient Greeks, with an Historical Introduction, and a brief view of Grecian Philosophers, Orators and Historians.* By Abraham Mills, A. M. Phillips, Sampson & Co.: Boston: 1854. 8vo. Pp. 485. For sale in Philadelphia by Parry & M'Millan.

We have here an octavo of the very rarest and choicest quality. To all readers of intelligence and taste it must be both delightful and instructive, while to the classical scholar it must be specially attractive, as carrying him back to the golden hours of his early youth, and bidding live anew the scenes, the thoughts and associations pertaining to that romantic season.

It was a comprehensive work, which our author undertook—to give, in fact, an adequate compend of one of the most magnificent of human literatures; a history of the authors thereof; and a critical view of their general characters together with their particular excellencies and faults. Even to have *escaped failure* in such an enterprize is no slight praise. To have incontestably and fairly *succeeded* therein; to have done *excellently well* what it was exceeding difficult to *do at all*; is a merit of the rarest kind. And this merit, we feel completely assured, belongs to the author of the present volume.

What adds immensely to the value of the work is the introduction of copious extracts from the best poems of the successive writers treated of. This, together with the myriad interesting items concerning themselves and the times they lived in, makes it a volume to keep by us for frequent valuable and refreshing consultation.

*The Turkish Empire, &c., &c., with a Biographical Sketch of the Sultan, Omar Pasha, the Viceroy of Egypt and the Members of the Turkish Cabinet.* By Edward Joy Morris. Lindsay & Blakiston: Philadelphia: 1854. 12mo. Pp. 216.

This is an admirable compend of well selected and arranged facts on a variety of topics, now clothed with peculiar interest by the perplexing complication of affairs at present existing in the East. We have a summary history of the origin, rise and progress of the Turkish Power; of the manners and customs of the Turkish people, with their present condition political and religious; and added hereto the geography of the various regions beneath the Ottoman sway. To these items, constituting the bulk of the work, are prefixed biographic sketches of the reigning Sultan and of the chief leading men, in whose hands the destinies of the Empire seem at present to be placed.

Among the numerous books, which the Oriental crisis has called forth, we have met with none, which, in a single volume, comprises so large a variety of interesting matters, as this, small though it be.

We can, therefore, most cordially recommend to all our readers to procure it, not merely for the sake of a single perusal, but as a book for reference and consultation on numerous topics, which must long continue to interest the world.

*The Money-Maker and other Tales.* By Jane C. Campbell. J. C. Derby: New York: 1854. 12mo. Pp. 353. For sale in Philadelphia by Lindsay & Blakiston.

Some of these tales we are sure of having met with before, and, we presume, most, if

not all of them, made their first appearance in Magazines. We regard them, as very favorable specimens of their class. Plenty of love, romance and sentiment they are spiced with of course, but they are none the worse for that. So materialistic and matter of fact is our age, and so engrossed are the huge majority of men by the pursuit of things visible and tangible, that there is not the slightest danger of their being overmuch affected by the romantic and the imaginative.

In fact, there may be something *Providential* in the present multiplication of female writers of Fiction. By their very organization of mind and heart these writers stand in absolute antagonism to the *material, mammonish* spirit, which prevails so extensively in our day, and threatens to overwhelm and extinguish all the finer human qualities and aspirations.

We can, therefore, cordially welcome all writers, be they never so many, who can exhibit the claims to consideration possessed by the present writer.

*Atherton and other Tales.* By Mary Russell Mitford. Ticknor & Fields: Boston: 1854. 12mo. Pp. 437. For sale in Philadelphia by H. C. Baird.

So long has Miss Mitford been known to the reading world and so often have her characteristics been set forth and commented upon, that it were the silliest of superfluities to go into an elaborate criticism of her writings now. It is enough to say, that the twenty-six tales composing this volume, seem to us to exhibit no declension of the writer's powers. And yet she must be some threescore and ten, and, superadded to this, she was in a most crippled, debilitated state, when *Atherton*, at least, the longest of the tales, was penned. She says, in the preface, that she was so injured by a fall, that she could neither stand nor turn over in bed, and that, while writing, she "was frequently obliged to have the inkstand held for her, because she could not raise her hand to dip the pen in the ink."

Surely it was a wondrous triumph of the mind over the body, that, under these conditions, she could write with her wonted *sunshininess* as well as ability and vigor. But a nature so pure and so rich in all excellent qualities, which, through a long life, have been kept in active, genial exercise for the weal of others, becomes at last well nigh inaccessible to all external, merely material shocks.

Renovated health and strength and many additional years be the lot of this admirable old lady!

*The Mother in Law.* By Emma D. E. N. Southworth. T. B. Peterson: Philadelphia. 8 vo. Pp. 187.

Having had, within a short time, several volumes of this lady to notice, our critical terminology has been so completely "used up," that to signalize the characteristics of the present tale would be literally repeating ourselves from first to last.

We can only, therefore, say in general terms, that this volume exhibits, in full array, all the traits of the authoress. Her excellencies are certainly here, and perhaps in super-average measure. It is an exciting, thrilling story; full of stirring scenes and incidents; and prodigal of strong, vivid, eccentric characters. We do admire and envy the intense, over-brimming vitality of the fair writer.

Probably a calm criticism might detect and censure not a few instances of exaggeration and sultriness of sentiment. But we are not in the mood for this task.

Rather would we close by saying, we doubt not, that the reader will be as deeply interested in the perusal of this book, as we were ourselves.

*The Southern Quarterly Review.* July, 1854: C. Mortimer: Charleston. New York: C. B. Norton.

This Review is the leading organ of South Carolinian political philosophy and economy. In this number there are articles of much merit and ability, and some whose tone is to us very exceptionable. The first article is, "Napoleon III, and Augustus Cæsar," in which the characters of both are sketched with much fidelity, and a comparison instituted between them. One whose attention has not been drawn to the subject, would be surprised at the many points of character and life in which they agree. Article second is the "Political Philosophy of South Carolina," which would suit nicely some "divine right of kings" tory of colonial times. It is rather late in the day to attempt making Algernon Sidney the advocate of tyranny. Article third is in its ethics, the most exceptionable in the book. It is the "Africans at Home," in which, with not a little felicity of language, and precision of description, the condition of the Africans, as they are in their homes, is described, for the purpose, we infer, of showing that because they are thus barbarous and savage, they ought to be tyrannized over, carried by thousands to the sugar plantations of Cuba, decimated by the horrors of the middle passage, and by inordinate labour on that

"Soll full many a wringing despot saw,  
Who worked his wantonness in form of law."

Now we are not abolitionists, we regard slavery as an evil, yet, in present circumstances, a necessary evil, but we protest against any and all such doctrines, as a natural antecedent inferiority of any portion of the human family. Our own ancestors the painted savages who roamed over forests of Gaul and Britain, whose priests were guilty of the most "damned rites" were deemed as inferior a race by the polished Greeks and luxurious Romans, as are Africans, by our Reviewer. If such philosophy is true, Christianity has come in vain to this earth, for it has no other ground to stand upon but the universal brotherhood of man. We object, in toto, to the doctrine that what is, is right—right and justice independent of all circumstances. Article fourth is "Napoleon Bonaparte and Hudson Lowe," it is an able article, takes sides with the great soldier against the keeper: we suppose they were both at right; Napoleon had broken faith with his conquerors once, and he ought not to have expected the same leniency formerly granted him. The Reviewer errs in several of his statements; he alludes to Lord Bathurst, as head of the English government; now Lord Bathurst was never in that position. The next article is, "What is our government?" the next, a fine one on the "Necessity of the classics." The next two articles are poetical criticisms. The following is "South Carolina Military Academies." The tenth is a good criticism on "Butler's Analogy." The eleventh is "Banks and Banking," upon the doctrines of which we heartily agree with the writer.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

MADAME JULIE DE MARGUERITES IN OPERA.

This celebrated Prima Donna made her first appearance in Philadelphia last week, before one of the largest and most indulgent audiences of the season. Knowing that the musical world was wound up to the highest state of musical expectation, we resolved to go early and secure for ourselves a comfortable place,—that is, as far as one may be said to take comfort in those cramped seats at the Chestnut Street Theatre. There we realized the new theory of polarity in all its bearings,—for we had unconsciously placed ourselves between a piece of negative and positive humanity. The positive was delightful, consisting as it did, in all the feminine requirements of a Mahometan's bliss—and we were attracted. Our negative was a dark piece of creation, who fed his voracious nose during the entire evening, with an excitable compound that

nade him wheeze and snort, with a degree of animation peculiar to himself—and we were repelled, and drew nearer the positive, which was more attractive. Meanwhile the house speedily filled, and the dark dingy boxes looked intelligent with their anxious and expectant occupants. Fans were every where pressing the dead air of the play house into requisition, and wan cheeks flushed up with an unnatural hectic, and sighs and half formed expressions escaped the lips of many—sharp criticisms, and brilliant sallies, those of some—and impatience those of all. As if aware of this, the orchestra crept up through their subterranean passage, and took their places amid the flickering lights that played hide and seek about their musical heads. Anon a few piteous groans and expressive squeaks are heard from the tortured instruments, which the tyrannical orchestra try to drown with a unanimous but discordant growl. A Julien-like flourish from the leader's bow, a crash of instruments, a blaze of light, and the Opera commenced.

A peculiarly Dutch chorus, sang the English version with an odd and novel effect. No one in good society ever so far forgets himself as to listen to a chorus, so we employed that time in making ourselves miserable, and in getting our eyes used to the glare of light, and sparkling eyes. After the Dutch had finished their distressed and full-mouthed cries, we turned with relief to the stage. The Opera progressed, and the Prima Donna at last made her entree. As she appeared, the audience gazed upon her so intently, that they forgot the perquisites that every one, at his or her debut, is entitled to receive at their hands, whether they deserve it or not—applause. But they did not all long remain in that passive state, for some admirer, indignant at the neglect or oversight, endeavoured to recall them to a sense of their duty, by a most energetic use of his hands and feet. Still passive,—save in solitary instances—they sat and gazed as if spell-bound—wrapped, intent. With a short, measured tread, she had rolled herself before their bewildered senses, a being of another sphere, oblong, rotund, and, unlike the geometrical definition of a line, she possessed breadth and thickness, without length. To have gazed and to have continued gazing, would have been an elysian feast—and we, for one, would have gone home well satisfied. But our good fortune ruled it otherwise, and for our ears was reserved a greater astonishment than that manifested by our eyes. Rolling down to the foot-lights the Prima Donna saluted the audience with a Switzer-like simplicity—the audience was dumb with gratitude, and moved not. And as they gazed in

wonder upon her person, her oblong proportions seemed to fill the eye so completely, that all else was forgotten and unseen. Gazing in admiration, we leaned forward to catch the first sound of her voice, and, as the music rose and fell, we heard her warbling to herself. As a bird upon its perch sits motionless, so she upon the stage assumed her guard, and, motionless, passionless, without exertion, warbled and trilled for her own satisfaction. Unlike other Prime Donne, she did not display their vulgar industry and activity by running up and down the gamut, but, springing astride of its very centre, she sat there securely, determined not to be sawed up and down the scale. Then gleamed across her breast, her white, well-fed arms, which she pressed upon her bosom as if to keep her struggling, gushing song, all down—but all in vain, we heard her singing within herself, like an organ. When she ceased we caught our breath, and the house resounded with one prolonged sigh. As the Opera continued, we were more and more lost in wonder, and gazed vacantly about from our position upon the spell-bound and paralyzed audience.

When the curtain dropped, it was curious to see the relief expressed by all—to be released from those tiresome seats, and we never remember to have seen the house emptied in so short a time, as upon that eventful evening.

#### EDUCATIONAL.

It is said that several of the Reporters for the Philadelphia papers are about forming themselves into a night school for the study of English grammar. This is good news, and if the scheme be carried out, we shall not be annoyed every day with such sentences as this:

"He arrested the man *whom* he supposed was the rioter."

It would be correct to say, "*who* he supposed was," or "*whom* he supposed to be."

If they combine the study of spelling with that of grammar, we shall no longer hear them discoursing of the *height* of a house.

#### "SWEET MAY HAS COME."

This is the title of a new piece of music for the piano forte. It is a duett for two soprano voices, written by M'r Philip F. Snyder, the music arranged from a nocturno by Concone. Both the song and the music are exceedingly charming, the latter being of a very joyous, melodious character, and withal, perfectly easy of execution. Published by J. W. Porter, of this city.

## GENERAL GUYON.

It has been truthfully said that we view all things through the spectacles of our own prejudices. The first of the following paragraphs is an extract from a letter published in a late number of the *North American*, of this city—the latter is from a letter that appeared in a recent number of the *Morning Chronicle*, of London.

*Kars, Asia, April 16, 1854.*

Much was hoped from the present Chief of the Staff, the Anglo-Hungarian Guyon (Korched Pacha); but with the best intentions in the world, he is at once incapable and hampered by the brutal Turks, who are his superiors. Guyon, it was thought, would arrange everything; his being here was the cause of my abandoning my first intentions of joining the army of the Danube. I arrive, and find a man who does not know the difference between a *square redoubt* and a *bastion*; a man originally of energy and, perhaps, a good cavalry officer, but certainly, as regards scientific acquirements, behind a *sergeant of sappers* and *miners*. He occupies his time in constructing advanced works which are perfectly untenable from position and construction. He has lived four years in Turkey, and with a smattering of the language has contracted a great deal of the *insouciance* and slowness of the nation. *Soi disant* Christian, he shows all his favour to the Musselmen, and whenever it is possible, slurs and insults those whom the Turks call *Ghiaours*. His staff are treated by him like dogs. It is composed of some thirty officers, mostly refugees from Italy, Hungary and Poland, and, with few exceptions, the most worthless set of blackguards whom I have ever met.

*Kars, Asia, March 28, 1854.*

General Guyon (Churshid Pasha) is literally adored by the troops, and well merits their devotion. A more perfect specimen of a soldier cannot be imagined, and England may be proud of her son. In person Guyon is of the middle height, strong but gracefully built. His features are finely chiselled, and set off by a nutty brown beard. But what strikes universal attention is the immense power concentrated in his blue eyes. I have never before seen eyes so brilliant and so piercingly searching. They read through a man's heart and soul. The general's personal activity is astounding, and proves his frame to be made of steel. He rises at six, works until 11 or 12, and then sets out on horseback either to visit the fortification works or to review the troops. He thus remains mounted some 6 or 7 hours, which, in the present season of the year, with its ach-

ing cold, is no small feat. When he returns to work, sees everybody and everything. All business passes through his hands, and most of the plans now in operation are the children of his brain. Snatching time for a hasty meal, the general resumes his hard labor until 2 in the morning, when he retires to bed only to get up at 6. The activity is catching, and even the sluggish native officers have not escaped the infection.

## THE VERY LAST ABSURDITY!

Bayard Taylor, in a letter from China to the *New York Tribune*, speaks of *paven* squares and *paven* courts!

This is about a match for the practice of some of the country papers in Pennsylvania, which call proved, *proven*, preferring a Scotch law-jargon to an English word. There are enough irregular verbs in the English language without adding to their number.

Let us try our hand at improving the English tongue.

"It is evident from Bayard Taylor's letters that the Chinese are not *loven* by him, and their mode of life not *approven*. After he has *returnen* to the United States it is *believen* that his letters will be *collecten* and *printen* in a volume, and *publishen illustraten* with wood cuts, *executen* by the best artists. When *compilen* they will be as much *liken* as in their separate shape."

M'r Bayard Taylor, M'r Bayard Taylor, "this is affectations, look you!"

## ARCH STREET THEATRE.

At the Arch Street Theatre, they have this week had remarkably good houses for the season. On Monday the play was "Rule a Wife, and Have a Wife," as heretofore noticed by us, with the after-piece of "Gilderoy." On Tuesday, M'r Bowers took his benefit. The play was "Lucretia Borgia;" M'rs Bowers as Lucretia Borgia; M'r Dolman as Duke Alphonso; M'r Wheatley as Gennaro; the beneficiary as Gabetta—with the after-piece, "Paul Pry." Notwithstanding the heat of the night the house was crowded; and the excellence of the acting of M'rs Bowers, M'r Wheatley, and M'r Bowers, was worth even the martyrdom of sitting in a crowded house, with the atmosphere 90 degrees out doors. On Wednesday the play of the "Comedy of Errors," was performed for the 50th time this season, and the "Serious Family" for the 42nd time. Thursday evening was for the benefit of the box keepers. The bill was Comedy of "The Wonder" and the drama of "Madeleine."

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, what say you, madcap?"—*Farguhar.*

# BIZARRE.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PART 13.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY FIRST.

YEAR 1854.

## HOFFNUNG.

*Von Friedrich Heyne.*

Ueber allem Fleisch auf Erden  
Herrscht ein hoher, weiser Wille.  
Unsers Geistes morsche Hülle  
Muss zu Staub und Asche werden,  
Und die Band müssen brechen  
Die Natur ums Herz uns wand.  
Gläubig, auch an Grabe's Rand  
Muss Ergebung Amon sprechen.

Doch es ist des Herzens Recht  
Ewig ungekränkt geblieben.  
Schwer reiset sich von seinen Lieben  
Los das menschliche Geschlecht.  
Und der Schmerz ringt wild die Hände  
Und die helle Thräne sinkt.  
Ach, des Lebens Freuden winkt  
Viel zu früh des Lebens Ende!

Aber will der Muth dir sinken,  
Blicke zu der Wolke Saum;  
Lass dein Herz, wie süßen Traum  
Morgenroth der Hoffnung trinken.  
Droben dort am Himmelszelt  
Strahlt der Hoffnung goldne Pforte  
Mit der Inschrift Trostesworte:  
"Wiedersehn in bess'rer Welt!"

## HOPE.

*From the German of Frederick Heyne.*

Over all flesh that dwells upon the earth,  
There rules a Power, who is supreme and wise.  
The fragile shell in which the spirit lies,  
Must soon return to dust, from whence its birth;  
And those sweet bands which Nature gently wound  
Around the heart, will break and flutter then.  
But firm in faith, e'en at the open ground  
Where Love's interr'd, resign'd we say Amen!

Yet still remain unalter'd, unimpair'd,  
The rights its Author gave to every heart.  
Man finds it difficult and sad to part  
With those who have his heart's affection shared.  
O'ercome with grief, he wildly wrings his hands;  
The shining tears gush from his glaring eyes;  
He finds, alas! with mute, intense surprise,  
Too soon Death tears all joys from Life's frail bands!

But if thy courage sinks, Man, turn thine eyes,  
And see the light that skirts the sombre cloud;  
Let thy heart quaff the beams of Hope that crowd,  
Like dreams the happy mind, the dawning skies!  
For on the canopy of heaven above,  
Beams from the golden gate of Hope, a scroll,  
With promise, bearing comfort to the soul,  
"We'll meet again in better world of Love!"

## ROBERTSON'S HISTORY OF CHARLES V.

There are few persons who have perused Robertson's narrative of the Emperor Charles V's abdication, and his subsequent retirement into monastic life, without deep emotion, simply, because fears were created that the once all powerful monarch was, at the close of his life, neglected by his son, Philip II, the husband of the English Mary the First; and unpleasant suspicions engendered, that he had been destroyed by the policy of his son. But all these highly wrought particulars, these speculative enrichments which have so often "pointed a moral or adorned a tale," are all fiction; and in the words of the legend on the coins of

Mary—*Veritas Temporis filia*; the truth by the lapse of time has been elicited, and documentary evidence is extant to negative the assertions hitherto current in reference to Charles V.

The following is the subject of a letter by Henry Wheaton, Esq., formerly Minister from the United States, at Berlin, in 1843.

You will doubtless recollect the remarkable incidents related by Robertson in his History of Charles V, respecting the retirement of the Emperor into the Convent of St Justus in Estramadura, after his abdication, and to which narrative the historian has lent the strong colouring of his graphic pencil. We are told that Charles renounced, not only the substantial power he had inherited or acquired, but the pride, pomp, and



circumstance of imperial sovereignty, for the quietude and solitude of a monastic life, devoting himself for the residue of his days to religious exercises and practices of self-mortification, until he fell into a state of melancholy dejection that nearly deprived him of the use of his mental faculties. This gloomy scene is dramatically closed by his resolving to anticipate the celebration of his own obsequies, and, according to the historian, the ex-Emperor, wrapped in a sable shroud, and surrounded by his attendants, laid himself in a sarcophagus placed in the middle of the convent chapel. A funeral requiem was then performed, and Charles mingled his own with the voices of the clergy, who prayed for the repose of his soul. After the close of the ceremony the spectators withdrew, and the church doors were shut; Charles remained some time in the coffin, then rose, and retired to his cell, where he spent the night in solitary meditation. This sad ceremony is supposed to have hastened his dissolution, as he is stated to have been immediately attacked by a fever, of which he died on the 21st of September, 1588.

According to authentic information just received from a German traveller, now engaged in making historical researches in Spain, all this turns out to be a fabulous legend. Don Tomas Gonzales, well known as the learned author of an *Essay on the relations subsisting between Philip II of Spain, and Mary of England*, printed in the seventh volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Academy of History*, at Madrid, was keeper of the royal archives at Simancas, and occupied himself to the latter years of his life with a history of Charles V., from his abdication till his death, compiled from original documents, in that rich collection. The manuscript of this work, in the possession of the late author's nephew, is entitled, *Vida y Muerte del Emperador Carlos Quinto en Juste*. The first part of the work, giving an account of the Emperor's abdication at Brussels, and his voyage to Spain, follows the ordinary authorities, and does not differ materially from Robertson's narrative of the same events. Its peculiar interest begins with the landing of Charles in the peninsula—from which period the author had the exclusive use of documents of unquestionable authority, but which were unknown to the Scottish historian.

It seems the Emperor's daughter, Donna Juana, widow of Prince John of Portugal and Regent of Spain, during the absence of Philip II in Flanders, had instructed Don Luis Quijada, major-domo, and Don Juan Vasquez de Molina, the Emperor's private secretary, to send her a daily journal respecting the state of the Emperor's health,

his actions, his conversations, and in short, particulars of every thing that passed at St Justus. These despatches are all carefully preserved in the archives of Simancas, and Don Tomas Gonzales, has made copious extracts from them. He has also made use of the correspondence between Charles and his son Philip, the other members of his family, and different distinguished personages of the time. Among these papers are several letters from the infant Don Carlos, son of Philip II, unfortunately celebrated in poetry and in history, addressed to Charles V; and from the latter to the infant's tutor, Ray Gomez de Silva, in which he bewails the errors of his grandson, and advises how he might be reclaimed.

These trustworthy documents demonstrate beyond all question, that the ex-Emperor, far from having lived a monastic life in the cloister of St Justus, or associated as a lay brother on an equal footing with the monks of that convent, very seldom participated even in their religious exercises. Their total silence respecting the extraordinary scene of his funeral obsequies—related by Robertson, on I know not what authority—affords of itself a strong negative proof against the reality of this act “as wild and uncommon as any that superstition ever suggested to a weak and disordered fancy.” It can hardly be supposed, that the responsible personages whose official duty it was to report daily and confidentially to the Queen Regent every act of Charles's life, and who have in fact, recorded the minutest circumstances preceding and attending his death, should have dared to omit an incident so striking in itself, and the most important of all, since it is supposed to have hastened his dissolution. From the reports of Quijada and Vasquez, it also appears, that Charles was for several months before his decease confined to his room with the gout, so as to have been physically incapable of assisting as the principal actor in such a trying scene.

Robertson dwells upon the small number of attendants whom Charles took with him into his modest retirement as an additional proof of his having withdrawn altogether from worldly concerns; those documents, on the contrary, contain positive evidence of his being constantly attended by more than five hundred persons of various ranks and degrees, principally Flemings and Germans.

In short, it appears that Charles remained Emperor *de facto* up to the time of his death, still directing by his advice and general superintendence the complicated affairs of the vast dominions, he had nominally conferred on his son, Philip, so far from thwarting his father's intentions, as in this respect he has been accused of so doing, frequently in his correspondence laments his inade-

quacy from want of experience for the task of government, and entreats his father to leave his cloister, and resume the sceptre.

Charles continued to busy himself especially with ecclesiastical affairs. Robertson, on the contrary, tells us how the Emperor amused himself in his retirement in studying the principles of mechanical science, and in constructing curious works of mechanism, of which he had ever been remarkably fond. "He was," says the historian, "particularly curious with regard to the construction of clocks and watches; and having found, after repeated trials, that he could not bring any two of them to go exactly alike, he reflected, it is said, with a mixture of surprise, as well as regret, on his own folly, in having bestowed so much time and labour on the more vain attempt of bringing mankind to a precise uniformity of sentiment concerning the profound and mysterious doctrines of religion." This account of his sentiments is so far from being correct, that the truth is—he was never more zealously engaged in stimulating the work of persecuting the Protestants by the civil power, than during this period of his life. It is well known that the principles of the Reformation had at this time made considerable secret progress in Spain. The Grand Inquisitor informed the Emperor of the alarming fact, and accused D'r Cazalla, Charles's own confessor, of being infected with heresy. He did not hesitate to instantly surrender the accused to the holy office, and in his answer to the Grand Inquisitor, exclaimed, "Have I then spent my whole life in endeavouring to root out heresy, in order to discover at last that the director of my own conscience is an apostate?"

Charles, doubtless, considered the Protestants as the enemies not only of heaven, but of the State—and feared the destruction of the vast possessions he had left to his son, from their machinations. He had early crushed the civil liberties of Spain, in the plains of Vilalar, and in all his letters from St Justus he advises Philip to pursue the heretics with fire and sword, as more dangerous enemies than the political partizans of Padilla. He thus infused into the soul of Philip his own deadly hate of the Reformers, and his counsels were subsequently followed by that monarch with the spirit and activity of a demon. The work of Don Tomas Gonzales contains many highly important letters on this subject from the Emperor to the Archbishop of Seville, then Grand Inquisitor, which throw new light upon the religious and political history of Spain, and show how the natural character of her noble people was corrupted and degraded by their bigoted and despotic rulers of the Austrian line.

## POPULAR SONGS OF SPAIN.

## VIII.

## A VALENTIAN SONG.

A monk asked me for a kiss  
One Monday early in the morning;  
My father, I answered him,  
You are beginning the week well.

A monk, a nun  
And a devotee  
Are three distinct persons;  
Not one of them is holy.

A student to dinner  
Was invited by a wigmaker.  
He ate up the counter,  
Wig-blocks, wigs and moustaches,  
And for dessert his wife.

Of the wings of a mosquito  
A lady made a cloak,  
And a little piece of them was left,  
Which served her on Holy Thursday  
For a very pretty stomacher.

The Queen's huzzars  
Say that they do not drink wine,  
And with the wine that they drink  
One might make seven mills go.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN  
THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

## No. IV.—GULF OF BOTHNIA.

ALLAND, (4 miles from Wargata,) }  
April 25, 1814.

Being again at a stand, and forced to undergo another detention of twelve or twenty-four hours, I proceed "to write up my Log."

Yesterday morning at about 3 o'clock, the boatmen awakened me with the agreeable intelligence that the wind was, at length, fair. I lost no time in starting, and at about noon was safely landed at Eckero. At the present late season the ice is in some places, for miles in extent, quite solid, and in the smaller passes (as the intervals between the petty islands are called) the men often drag myself and baggage over it. In coming to Eckero I passed in sight of the rocky hamlet, "Single Share," of which poor Porter complains so bitterly. Judging from its appearance, I should say it is quite as comfortable a place of sojourn as Grislehamn.

I lodged last night at a *ställe*, or post house, called Mongstedka, and have come

to-day about seventeen miles English over land, ice, and water. The next pass is all ice except about a hundred yards on this side. It is on that account that I am now detained as there is no boat here to enable me to gain access to it. I have, however, dispatched five peasants in search of one, which they hope to obtain at some miles distance, and which, incited thereto by the promise of large pay, they go prepared to carry hither on their shoulders.

The regular winter Post road, (which is over the ice,) from Wargata to Humlinge, is now quite impassable. Having been, therefore, told of the necessity I should be under of taking a circuitous route, I am now at the house of a peasant, which is the nearest one to the place, at which alone I can venture to attempt reaching the ice when my boat comes. Whilst in it I will describe this house as well as I can. It is one of the best I have seen, yet may serve to give an idea of them all. It is built of pine logs, between which is stuffed moss to keep out the weather: its covering is of birch bark, over which logs are placed, and well secured, to hold it on. Previously to reaching Gristehamn, as perhaps I have already noted, the peasants' houses were mostly covered with sods. There is one principal room in which all the domestic duties are performed. A very large fire place, with the hearth considerably elevated above the floor, stands in one corner (this arrangement is universal), in another corner, raised above the head, is a net, and near to the ceiling are hung a number of long poles on which are suspended, through a hole in their centre, round cakes of "black bread" (very dark rye) as hard, almost, as a board, and in sufficient quantity to last the family two or three months. These cakes are very nutritious, and by no means so bad in their taste as they have been represented by some travellers. The beds of the whole family are placed along one side of the room, like berths in a ship, in two tiers one above the other. To these beds or berths are curtains which are found in the poorest huts I have yet seen. A piece of sheet iron is put across the throat of the chimney at night, so as to retain all the heat of the embers in the room.

My host has three spinning wheels, and a loom, at which latter a brawny girl is now weaving very good sheeting,—all in the aforesaid room. On an adjoining rock he has also a windmill. He received me with the greatest hospitality; told me I was welcome to partake of whatever he had, and has cleared out and prepared the only other room in his house for my accommodation for the night. There, I doubt not, a comfortable bed stuffed with moss and straw, and covered with clean sheets, awaits me.

Such was my luck last night at Mongstedka. I shall soon be in it and oblivious of its components.

Alland abounds with fish, which is here a principal article of food. The peasants make a singular dish of them and potatoes, but it looks so disgusting, the fish being mashed up bones and all, that I have not been able to taste it, though the household of my kind entertainer have made their supper on it with great zest.

ABO, April 28th.

Having crossed the final pass and reached terra firma last evening, I arrived here late in the night, and, after driving about the streets for at least two hours in a very cold and disagreeable air, I had at length the good luck to find a house, where we were able to rouse up the people, who, it would appear, are blest with quiet consciences in this town, for we had knocked at the doors of several other inns, loudly, and for a quarter of an hour at a time, without succeeding in bringing a single creature from his bed! I say we knocked, for we could find no bell knobs to pull.

During my last two days' journey I found several of the passes, in crossing the Gulf, very dangerous on account of the weak state of the ice, which is growing weaker daily, although in the night it still continues to freeze a little. After being put upon the ice between Wargata and Humlinge, I had no further occasion for a boat except once, where the ice was broken at the edge a still more inconsiderable distance than in the case I have already noticed. The ice being no longer strong enough to bear horses, I was obliged to hire men, and at one place (no men being at hand) women, to drag me over it. I had sometimes four, and sometimes five men, and two small sledges, or sleds as we Americans call them, one for my servant and baggage, and another for myself, each drawn by two men. Each of the men carried in his hand a long pole with a spike in one end and an iron ring around the other. When the ice was safe and strong, they helped themselves along by sticking the spike into it, but when, on the contrary, it had the appearance of being dangerous, one man went ahead of the rest and tried its strength by striking it with the end of the pole on which was the iron ring. The ice was so far wasted by the approach of spring, that they could generally, by giving a hard blow, drive this little pole through it; indeed, between Wargata and Humlinge, where it was weaker than on any part of my route, I was at one time obliged to stop for half an hour, and the men all to separate and search in different directions before they could find a way strong enough to pass over

with the sledges. In the mean time much water collected on the surface of the ice where I stood waiting the result of these explorations, an incident not very agreeable at such a distance, perhaps a mile or two, from land or rock. I generally walked after the men because I considered it safer than to ride, and I could keep myself warm by so doing. I was unable to cross any of the passes by the regular winter Post road, which had been travelled till it was unsafe to use it any longer. This road from island to island, which vary in distance apart from ten miles or more, to one or less, (and a glance at the chart will show how numerous is the Archipelago) is marked by small birch trees sunk in the ice, in regular lines, so as to prevent the bewilderment of the traveller. This route forming the direct winter communication between Saint Petersburg and Stockholm, is of course much travelled, and the ice on the Post road the first to give way. I was, therefore, obliged to go around the edges of the rocks, as far as practicable, where, the water being shoaler, it still continues strong, and to make many circuitous windings in order to proceed with safety. At Humlinge, the peasants who conducted me thither told me that if it did not freeze during the night they would not attempt to go back, but must wait there till the ice broke up entirely. I was very anxious to get upon fast land, for in case of rain, of which I at times felt very apprehensive, I should have been obliged to remain upon one of those miserable islands till the Gulf became passable by water, which might have been two or three weeks.

The future reader of this record, should there be any such but myself, will naturally enquire why I attempted a journey of one hundred and fifty miles over water, rocks, and ice, fraught with so much uncertainty and peril? I will answer honestly. It was because I dreaded still more a journey of fifteen hundred miles around Torneo; and I "guessed" I could get over safely, as I have done, after a journey of four days instead of forty, which the other route might have required.

The islands of Alland are all excessively sterile, being, in fact, little else than bare rocks. Between Eckero and Wargata there is some soil; and a few scrubby trees are visible, but it can scarcely be said of the other islands that they possess either.

It is better for travellers to get some Rubles at Stockholm, than to depend upon their Swedish money till they reach Abo. Some of these little islands being garrisoned by Russian troops, they look for Russian money there, and if a person should happen to have none, he must pass his Swedish money at a great discount.

My passage across the Gulf was made entirely by day, as none of the peasants would attempt to conduct me over the ice by night. And, in fact, my daylight difficulties were quite sufficient to make me readily believe their reasons for declining, and to induce me to take my nights' rest quietly.

Abo appears to be a fine town, but, I am told, contains few curiosities. There is a church here, originally Roman Catholic, but now Lutheran, said to be seven hundred years old. Its steeple is not very high, but of great size, and the whole building very massive. There is also in course of construction an extensive Academy founded by the Emperor of Russia. Its principal hall is of most exquisite workmanship, and its dome supported by pillars of granite of large dimensions, and most elegantly polished. These are the only architectural structures said to merit special notice.

My travelling equipages have, thus far, since I left Stockholm, been most execrable. I have sometimes been able to get them on four wheels, though very seldom, and they have all been without springs; generally little carts, much worse than those which annoyed me between Gottenburg and Stockholm, and the horses still more contemptible scrubs than those I had on that part of my journey. But my travelling troubles will, I hope, soon cease, and in a few days more be matters of pleasantry in the city of the Tsars.

## A RIDDLE.

[A friend has desired to see in print, what has often been called Lord Byron's celebrated riddle. Here it is. It was however really written by Miss Catherine Fanshawe.]

'Twas in heaven pronounced, and 'twas muttered in hell,  
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;  
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,  
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed;  
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder.  
Be seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder.  
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,  
Attends him at birth, and awaits him in death,  
Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health,  
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.  
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,  
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.  
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,  
With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crown'd.  
Without it the soldier, the seamen may roam,  
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!  
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,  
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drown'd.  
'Twill not soften the heart; but though deaf be the ear,  
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.  
Yet in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower,  
Ah! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

A SERIES OF LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NUMBER VII.

M'r Editor:—In regard to the vision comprised in my two foregoing letters, I may, perhaps, have occasion to speak somewhat *in extenso* on an after occasion. And not on that alone, but on sundry other matters embraced by these communications. Hitherto I have been more solicitous to present the *facts*, which have come under my own observation, than to occupy my reader's attention with my own comments and reasonings.

By and by, however, I shall wish to ask the skeptic to account for the *origin of these communications*—to explain the *nature of these trances* and the *utterances* coming through them. For myself, though I have doubted and discredited again and again what my own senses had just before witnessed, I find these moods to be now all but impossible. Almost as well may I doubt my own *existence* and *identity*, as that the *professed* origin of these phenomena is the *true one*. But more of this hereafter.

The present letter is composed mainly of Byron's account of his experiences immediately after death. The medium, being in the trance-state one evening and speaking, as Byron, I asked if he were willing to relate those experiences. He replied yes, and forthwith began to speak as follows:

## BYRON'S NARRATIVE.

"There was a temporary suspension of consciousness between the point of time, when I knew myself to be expiring, and that, of which I next became cognizant. How long precisely this suspension lasted, I cannot tell. My impression, however, is that it was exceeding brief.

My next sensations were akin to those of awaking from a profound sleep. At first I seemed to be but *half-awake*, and therefore partially confused and bewildered and only semi-conscious of who I was, where I was, or what was my present condition. My mind growing somewhat clear, I became aware of my identity and remembered my having lain, as it seemed to me shortly before, in the death-struggle. I now, for the first time, became cognizant of my present position and was induced to bring the faculty of vision into exercise. I found myself floating, in some as yet incomprehensible mode, a few feet above a human form prostrate upon a bed, and in that form I recognized my own. I surveyed the features, the head and the general aspect of this per-

son, precisely as I had, time out of mind, been wont to look at my reflection in a mirror. The spectacle was curious and somewhat confusing, for, so far as I could judge, my *present self* was, in general shape and in several limbs and functions, the precise *double* of that outstretched, motionless being beneath me. As yet I could discern nothing else, than my existing self and the material shell I had just emerged from. The *reason* of this *limitation* of vision appears to have been, that the requisite process of separation between the soul and the body was not yet wholly completed.

How long this state continued, I cannot say. It, however, *seemed* not long, before I noticed what appeared like a white, semi-luminous cloud drawing nigh me. As I gazed steadily at it, it very gradually resolved itself into a human shape, noble and beautiful in its proportions and general aspect and exquisitely graceful in its every motion, surmounted by a head and face, whose dignity, brilliancy and loveliness, words were too feeble to portray. The figure was garbed in flowing white draperies; resembling those fleecy clouds sometimes floating in a sunset sky and sufficiently illumined by the declining sun to impart just the faintest of roseate tinges to their snowy whiteness."

[To a question afterwards put, what was the *composition* of this Spirit-costume, which would seem to be universal, and *whence* it was derived, Byron answered, that it was a species of *magnetism*, or *magnetic light*, and was drawn from the atmosphere of the Spirit-realm. He remarked further, that magnetism, in various degrees, was an element of literally universal prevalence.]

"The head of the approaching figure was uncovered, save by its own curling locks. On its drawing so nigh me, that I could clearly peruse the features, what was my rapturous astonishment to find, that this being was my own best and dearest and recently lost friend, Shelley! Yes, it was Shelley to the very life in features and form, and yet Shelley immeasurably *glorified*.

I cannot describe my glad thankfulness at thus meeting, in the new, unknown, untried state I was just entering, one, whose long and deeply tried fidelity, kindness and nobleness were an adequate pledge, that I might now rely on him for all the information and aid I so much needed and which it was in his power to render.

So soon as I could command utterance, I broke out with: 'why, Shelley, is this *you*—really yourself?'

'Yes,' Byron, was the reply, 'it is really myself, your old associate and friend. I have long been nigh you and watched over you, and now it is my office to initiate you

into the conditions of your new existence, to conduct you to the sphere you are to occupy, and to introduce you to the companions, for whom your affinities prepare you.'

At this time, I found, by making the experiment, that my first limitation of vision no longer existed. This, I suppose, was owing to the fact, that the severance of the soul from its material integument, was now completed. I found, that towards every quarter the view was free and open, and I could see to what appeared a measureless distance. The prospect was singular, but beautiful, and one feature of it was, that everywhere the light was so intensely bright and brilliant, yet delightfully genial to the senses, that one might almost think it constituted the *vital element* itself.

After my companion and myself had moved a short distance, he pointed obliquely upward to what wore the appearance of a bright cloud, lying at what seemed to me a vast distance, and said, 'there is our present abode, and there we shall find your destined associates.'

We had not advanced far before we were joined by four noble-looking Beings, whom my companion made known to me, as Homer, Virgil, Dante and David, the royal minstrel of Israel. They all greeted and welcomed me with the most affectionate cordiality, and I ascertained, that they were a portion of the Lyric Society, in whose fellowship I was to live.

You would not have imagined, Z—, should you, that *David*, the special favorite of Heaven, would have come to salute *Byron* and welcome him to his habitual companionship? Nor would you have supposed *Byron's* course would be *upward*, in light and towards light, but, on the contrary, *downward*, in darkness towards the very blackness of darkness. But, let me assure you, there were in the soul of *Byron* religious aspirations, sincere, genuine and profound, which the World dreamed not of. I was never—no, not for a single moment—the perverted, utterly degraded creature, the foul monster, which that World pretended, in its million times repeated, lying calumnies. Faults and vices indeed I had—too many of them, I regret to confess. But my religious aspirations, which the Omniscient One saw, though men did not, were true and strong enough to give my Spirit an *upward* direction and bear me into the Sphere and Society of Spirits, who were both willing and able to aid me in casting aside every moral weight and in making rapid progress in Spiritual purity and elevation."

*Byron's continuous* narrative ceased, on his reaching, with his companions, the abiding place, towards which they were moving, and

being there joined by numerous other poetic Spirits, its wonted inhabitants. Some of the names of these others, I *think*, were mentioned, though I am not sure, nor can I now recall what they were. The residue of the duration of the medium's trance was occupied by my asking and receiving answers to sundry miscellaneous questions.

My recollection of these questions and responses is not very complete or distinct, and I shall therefore occupy but a small space in the registry of it.

I asked *Byron*, if he had ever actually seen Jesus Christ, and if he could give me any idea of *who* he was, and *what* were his true character and office?

The reply was, 'yes, I *have* seen him, and he fills the *same office of intermediation* between God and the human race, which the *brain does between the soul and the body of man*.'

An idea, and an important one, is certainly conveyed here, though to some *speci- alities* of my inquiry no answer is given.

Again I asked, if it ever occurred, or if it were a possibility, that the denizens of the Spirit-world should *actually behold the Supreme Being*?

The answer was, 'that *this did sometimes occur*,—that, at such times, the Deity appeared in a form, which, though *analogous* to the human figure, was so far sublimated and glorified above the latter, that the differences between the two could not by words be made clear to me.' He added, that 'since all created beings possess some species of form, it was necessary that the Creator should sometimes appear before them under a form, as otherwise, from their very organization, they could hold no thorough, practical belief in his existence.'

Whether from this we are to infer it to be *Byron's* opinion, that the Deity *per se* is without form, human or other, but that, for the benefit of His creatures, He occasionally manifests Himself under a form familiar to them, or whether we are to infer otherwise, I know not. I have given the Spirit's words.

It will be remembered, that *Byron*, in a foregoing paragraph, alludes to the ill repute, in which the World held him, and the perpetual abuse, to which he was subjected. Many and many a time, during our conferences, he has referred to these topics in various ways, and sometimes in a manner which would seem to intimate, that indignation towards his assailants is not wholly extinguished even yet. Thus, of certain of his critics he spoke as follows:

"They are the ever keen scenters after human reputation and blood. They swallow *camels whole*, and yet strain their gullets in gulping the *gnats* of public opinion."

"In their existence they typify the kennel-pack in full blast; each hunter pressing on to secure the bushy tail, in order to ride into the village of general notoriety and blazon himself, as the greatest ass of them all,—as one, who outrode his fellows at the risk of his neck. This is sober truth, and the veriest slave of them all was drowned in his own saliva."

The following is in a different strain.

"The patriarch Job was sorely afflicted. Nevertheless he fulfilled his mission; and though tormented in every way, he with manifold reverence held fast and bore aloft the Banner, placed by his Maker in his hands for exhibition on the battle-fields of the world."

"So, too, did Byron in his own sphere and after his own manner."

"Sometimes, however, his natural feelings were stung into semi-madness, and then it is not strange, that he broke forth into the furious cries of the semi-lunatic."

"Job himself could not help *feeling* his afflictions and he even cursed the day of his birth. His excitement and impatience, however, exhausted themselves in *words merely*. His *conduct* was firm throughout."

"But Byron gave way too much both in *word and deed*. The faith and sentiment of a God were distinct and full in his mind. But it was his error or his weakness to look too little into the future. He lived in and for the time present and not for a period including the present and the *to come*."

[It will be perceived, that Byron here speaks of himself in the *third person*. He usually did so.

I will now conclude this letter with some miscellaneous utterances, partly from our superintending Spirits, and partly from casual *visitants*.]

"Look at the satirical effusions of Poe. Their very peculiarities gave them a force, which the author would never have acquired, had he not addressed his readers throughout in those strong, and, to many, incomprehensible phrases."

"Not that *your* phrases are *outrés*. But yet, if you will scrutinize them carefully, as a critic, you will notice the original thoughts which they contain, and the intelligible, easy style by which they are conveyed."

"These are not the only merits of these pieces. You may also notice, that their style, without being strictly *flowery*, is full of beautiful nosegays—not a flower-bed of blooming beauties, but a series of bouquets most charmingly arranged from the various colored products of such bed."

[The above remarks were made on certain pieces, which had been written with great rapidity under (professed) "impression" by

the Spirits. They abounded in many unusual terms and phrases and were plentifully interspersed with figures. I questioned the *correct taste* of the general style. The Spirits replied as above.]

## THE MASKED BALL.

*Translated from the French of Alexander Dumas.*

Notwithstanding I had given strict orders to my servant to admit no one, a friend forced himself upon me.

My domestic announced M. Antony R—. I perceived behind the livery of Joseph the corner of a riding coat. And in all possibility the wearer of the riding coat had, in turn, seen the tail of my dressing gown: it was impossible for me to conceal myself. "Well then, let him enter," I said aloud. "Let him go to the devil," I said to myself.

When one is engaged, he can only with impunity be interrupted by the woman he loves—for in some way she is always at the bottom of every thing we do.

I rose to greet my visitor, my face expressing anything but pleasure, but when I saw his countenance so pale and haggard, I accosted him with:

"Why what has happened to you? What is the matter?"

"Give me time to breathe," said he, "I will then tell you all; unless indeed I have been dreaming, or am crazy."

He threw himself upon a sofa, and held his head upon his hands. I looked at him with astonishment; his hair was in disorder and saturated with the morning dew, his boots, knees, and the lower parts of his pantaloons were covered with mud. I went to the window; I saw at the door his servant and cabriolet. I knew not what to make of it. He saw my surprize.

"I have been to the cemetery of Père-Lachaise," said he.

"What! at ten o'clock in the morning?"

"I was there at seven. Oh that damned masked ball!"

I could not imagine what possible connection could exist between Père-Lachaise and a masked ball. I turned my back to the chimney, at the same time rolling a cigarette between my fingers with the gravity of a Spaniard.

After waiting for some minutes, I offered a cigarette to Antony, an attention I knew he was duly sensible of.

He thanked me by an inclination of the head, but gently repelled my hand.

I was stooping down to the fire to light my own, when Antony suddenly interrupted me:

"Alexander," said he, "listen to me, I pray you."

"But you have been here a quarter of an hour without saying a word."

"Oh! that was indeed a strange adventure!"

I rose up, placed my cigar upon the chimney-piece, and folded my arms with an air of resignation, fearing my friend was bereft of his senses.

"Can you call to mind the ball of the Opera where I met you?" he said after a few moments of silence—"The last one—when there were but a few hundred persons present?" "Yes. Well, I left you with the intention of going to the ball at the Variétés, which some one had told me was a curiosity even in this curious epoch. You endeavored to dissuade me from going—a fatality urged me on. Oh! why did you not see that ball, you who have the ability to describe it? Why was not Hoffman or Callot there that they might have painted the fantastic and burlesque scene which was unrolled before my eyes. I had just left the Opera, sad and dispirited—but here I found a saloon full of joyous people; corridors, boxes, pit—all were crowded. I walked through all, twenty masks called me by name—at the same time telling me who they were. There were aristocrats and bankers under the ignoble disguise of postilions, pierrots, or fishwomen. They were all young men of reputation—of feeling—of merit: and there, forgetting family, the arts, and politics, they revived an evening of the Regency, in the middle of our severe, grave epoch. I mounted several steps and leaned, half concealed by it, against a column and watched the sea of human beings beneath me. Dominoes of all colours—costumes of the most fanciful character—the most grotesque disguises formed a spectacle that could be looked upon as something superhuman.

The music commenced. And then those strange creatures became excited and maddened at the sound of the orchestra, which scarcely reached me through the many discordant sounds of shouting, laughing, and calling upon each other. They caught each other by the heads, arms, and neck. A large circle was formed and commenced moving rapidly around; the dancers, men and women, stamping with their feet, raised a dust, the particles of which played in the gleam of the thousand gas lights. They moved about as drunken men, howling with more delirium than joy, with more rage than pleasure. All this passed under my eyes, beneath my feet. I felt the current of air caused by their rapid movements. All with whom I was acquainted shouted at me as they passed—making me

blush to think that any friend of mine should so far forget himself: and this noise and this buzzing—all this music was in my head as much as I was in the theatre! I was lost in wonder for some moments. I thought I must be dreaming—that such a scene could not be reality. I asked myself if these beings before me were madmen. I was strongly urged to throw myself into this pandemonium like Faust when he visited the meeting of the witches. I was overcome, I acknowledge, with fear. I hastily left the hall and made the best of my way to the exit door—the noises still lingering in my ears.

I stopped for a moment under the portico to collect myself, fearing to trust myself in the street in such an excited state of mind. I might have lost my way, I might have been run over by the wheels of some carriage. I was precisely in the state of a drunken man, who begins to find sufficient reason struggling in his clouded brain to comprehend the state he is in.

At this moment a carriage stopped before the theatre: a woman descended, or rather precipitated herself from the door. She entered the peristyle, turning her head from right to left in a frightened manner. She was habited in a black domino—with a velvet mask. She presented herself at the door.

"Your ticket?" asked the door-keeper.

"My ticket?" replied she. "I have not any."

"Go then and procure one from the office."

The domino returned under the peristyle, earnestly searching all her pockets.

"Without money!" she exclaimed. "Ah! this ring. A ticket of admission for this ring," she said, presenting herself again at the office.

"Impossible, madam," said the woman who sold the tickets; "we do not make such bargains," at the same time pushing away the ring, which fell to the ground, and rolled to my feet.

The domino stood apparently lost in thought, entirely forgetting the ring.

I picked it up and presented it to her. I saw that her eyes were steadily fixed upon mine from behind her mask. She looked at me for a moment with some uncertainty, but all of a sudden putting her arm through mine:

"You must gain me an admittance here," she said; "do so for Heaven's sake—take pity upon me."

"I was just going out," I said to her.

"Then give me six francs for this ring, and you will be rendering me a service for which I will bless you the remainder of my life."

I placed the ring upon her finger, went to



the office and procured two tickets. We entered together.

As we entered the corridor, I perceived that she was tottering: she seized my arm with both of her hands.

"Are you suffering?" I inquired.

"No, no, it is nothing," she replied, "merely a little dizziness."

She drew me into the saloon—we walked through it several times, forcing a way through the throng of masks: she shuddering at each word of profanity and infamy that she heard—I blushing to be seen having on my arm a woman who would dare listen to such words: we had now arrived at the extreme end of the saloon. She dropt upon a chair, I remained standing before her, my hand resting on the back of the seat.

"That sight appears to you very strange," said she, "but I swear to you, not more so, than to me. I had never an idea of that"—(looking at the ball)—"I have been denied the privilege of seeing such things, even in my dreams. But I received a letter saying *he* would be at the ball accompanied by a woman; and what sort of woman must she be, who would come to such a place as this!"

I looked surprised: she understood me.

"You would ask me why I am here then? Oh, but with me it is another thing. I am here to seek him; I am his wife. Those people are led here by folly and debauchery, and I by infernal jealousy! I should have gone to the end of the world to seek him. I should have gone at night to the cemetery, to the galleys on the day of an execution. And yet I swear to you, that when a girl, I never ventured in the street except accompanied by my mother, or, when a woman, followed by a servant. Yet you see me here, as all the other women who know the way. You find me giving my arm to a man with whom I am totally unacquainted, to one I never saw before, and I blush beneath my mask, at the opinion I must have inspired him with! Have you, Sir, never felt the pangs of jealousy?"

"Frightfully," I replied.

"Then you can forgive me, then you appreciate my feelings. You know that voice that continually cries to you! you have felt an arm that urges you forward to shame and crime, as if it were your fatality. You know that we will not stop at any thing for the sake of revenging ourselves."

I was going to reply; she suddenly rose and steadily fixed her eyes upon two dominoes that passed before us.

"Hush," said she, at the same time rapidly drawing me by the arm after them. I was entangling myself in an intrigue of which I knew nothing: but this poor woman, apparently so agitated, deeply interested me. I obeyed as a child—so imperious is always

a true passion—and we followed in the wake of the two masks, one of whom was a woman, the other a man. They spoke in an under-tone, the sound of their voices scarcely reached our ears.

"It is he," she murmured.

"Yes, yes, that is his voice, his figure."

The larger of the two dominoes laughed.

"That is his laugh—yes, it is he. The letter told the truth. Oh! my God!"

The masks still advanced and we continued to follow them: they left the saloon and we went after them: they took their way up the stair-case to the boxes, and we went up also, as if we were their very shadows: they took their course towards the range of private boxes—halted in front of one, unlocked it, and entered. The door was closed after them.

The poor creature who hung on my arm alarmed me by her agitation. I could not see her face, but, pressed close to me, as she was, I could feel the beating of her heart, and the agitation of her whole body.

When she became conscious that the two masks had entered the box, and that the door of it was closed upon her, she was transfixed for a moment, as if by a thunder stroke. Then she pressed against the door to listen; in that position the least motion would have betrayed her; I pulled her away forcibly, by the arm, and, retreating against the door of the adjoining box, it gave way: my backward impetus threw me into the box, drawing her after me. I drew the curtain in front and pulled to the door.

"If you wish to listen," said I, "at least do it here."

She fell upon one knee, and pressed her ear to the partition; and I stood up opposite to her, with folded arms, and pensive, reclining head.

All that I had seen of the woman led me to suppose that she was extremely beautiful. The lower part of her face, which was not concealed by her mask, was that of a young person: her lips were full and red; her teeth, which appeared still whiter by the contrast of her black velvet mask, were small and regular, her hand was diminutive and beautifully formed; the silken hair, that escaped from the hood of her domino, was jet black; and a child's foot, that peeped from beneath her dress, seemed scarcely large enough to support even her slight, but graceful body. Oh! she must indeed be a splendid creature, and he who has held her in his arms, who has seen all the faculties of that soul employed in loving, who has felt upon his heart those beatings and palpitations, those nervous spasms—and who could say: all this—all this is love—yes, love for me—for me alone, of all mankind—oh! that man! that man!

Such were my thoughts, when she suddenly rose, and with a voice full of sorrow and anger said:

"Sir, I swear to you I am beautiful and young. To the present moment I have been as pure as an angel of heaven"—I started—"well!"—she threw her arms around my neck—"well! I am yours! take me!"

At the same moment her lips were glued to mine, and I felt her kiss through all my frame—a cloud of flame passed before my eyes.

Soon after, she hung sobbing, half dead upon my breast. She slowly returned to herself; I could see her eyes haggard, and red with weeping—the lower part of her face, which was not concealed by her mask, was deadly pale. I heard the chattering of her teeth, as in the chill of a fever. I see it is distinctly now as if the scene were again passing before me.

When she recalled to her mind all that had passed, she threw herself at my feet.

"If you have any compassion," she said sobbing, "any pity turn your eyes from me, do not, I beseech you, attempt to discover who I am; let me leave you; forget all that has passed—I will remember sufficiently for both of us."

At these words she tore herself from me as quick as thought, and springing towards her door opened it, then, turning toward me, she said:

"In the name of Heaven, sir, do not follow me."

The door closed between us. She did not return. I have never seen her since.

I have never seen her since! Ten long months have rolled by. I have sought her everywhere. At balls, gardens, and at the theatres, but in vain. Every time I saw from a distance a woman of her appearance,

I have followed her, steadfastly gazing in her face, hoping that a blush would betray her. But in each instance I have failed to find her—except at night in my dreams. Oh! then, then she has returned to me; then I have felt her embrace, her kisses, her caresses so ardent. Then her mask would fall, and a strange face would appear to me; sometimes her features would appear indistinct, as if hidden by a mist; sometimes brilliant as the course of a meteor; sometimes deadly pale, with a head white, like a cull, and eyes lacking the lustre of vitality, and with rattling teeth, presenting an appearance too horrible to behold.

In fact, since that night I have ceased to live; broken down, crushed by a mad passion for a woman that I did not even know, hoping from day to day to drive her from my thoughts, jealous without the right of being so, without knowing of whom I was jealous,

not daring to confess my folly, but still pursued, consumed, devoured by it.

Upon the conclusion of his narrative, he drew from his bosom a letter.

"Now," said he, "that I have told you all, take this letter and read it."

I took it and read:

"Perhaps you have forgotten an unfortunate woman who has forgotten nothing, who is dying because she cannot forget. When you receive this letter I shall be no more. Go to the cemetery of Pere Lachaise, tell the concierge to show you among the last new graves that one which has engraved upon its marble tablet the simple name of 'Marie'—when you see it, fall before it—weep and pray for her."

"Well," continued Antony, "I received this letter yesterday, and have been there this morning. The concierge led me to the tomb. I fell upon my knees and wept for two hours. Do you understand? She was there, that woman. Her broken and subdued spirit had fled to its last resting place. The body gnawed by itself, had broken, whilst bowing under the seeds of jealousy and remorse; she was there under my feet; she had lived, she had died, unknown to me. Hast thou ever heard of so strange an event as this? Now all hope is lost. Now my dreams are over. I shall never behold her again. I would dig her grave could I distinguish the lineaments that once composed her face.

Do you comprehend me, my friend? I have loved as a madman. I would kill myself this moment to regain her—to see her for an instant—that she might not remain unknown to me through all eternity, as she did upon this earth."

At these words he tore from my hands the letter, and placing it in his bosom, wept as a child. I could not reply to him: folding him in my arms, I mingled my tears with his.

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## CURRENT LITERATURE.

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*Flora Lyndsay, or Passages in an Eventful Life.* By Mrs Moodie. De Witt & Davenport: New York: 1854. 12mo. Pp. 343. For sale in Philadelphia, by T. B. Peterson.

In noticing a former work of this lady, "Roughing it in the Bush," we spoke of considerable length of her literary characteristics. We spoke, of course, in warm eulogy, since else we had testified falsely.

In the present volume the reader will find the same attractive traits in amplest measure, and, we promise him, he will not

easily lay aside the volume before reaching "finis."

Even *fiction* M'rs Moodie has the gift of writing so that it, appears *fact*. But the present volume is said to be substantially composed of facts, being a detail, in great measure, of the fair writer's personal experiences.

The incidents being piquant in themselves and conveyed in the writer's easy, lucid, graphic style, the book has all the attractive features of a Romance itself. We can cordially and unqualifiedly commend it to the attention of BIZARRE's readers.

*The Iron Cousin, or Mutual Influence.* By Mary Cowden Clarke. D. Appleton & Co.: New York: 1854. 8vo. Pp. 511. For sale in Philadelphia, by C. G. Henderson & Co..

This lady, if we mistake not, has hitherto been chiefly known in this country, and even in Great Britain, by her Concordance of Shakspeare, a work of immense labor, and of inestimable value to the admirers, at least, of this first of Dramatic Poets. It was not very long ago, that a very appropriate gift was forwarded to her by her American admirers, as a thank-offering for her important services.

The present volume will by no means depress the tone of sentiment, with which our fair authoress is here regarded. It is a work full of power and beauty—skilful in its characterization and in tracing the action and reaction of differing characters on each other—interesting in the plot and evolution of its story, and finally written in a lucid, pure and vigorous style.

The reader cannot fail of being both charmed and instructed by the book, and of hoping, that a pen so able will not lie idle.

*The North British Review.* May, 1854: Leonard Scott & Co.: New York. For sale in Philadelphia, by Getz & Buck.

Of the eight articles comprised in this N'o, we are unable to say, that, as a whole, they possess more than a *mediocre* interest. We either never knew, or, if we knew, we have forgotten the professed character of the *politics* of this journal. But it does certainly strike us, that in its spirit and tone there is no slight amount of what is called "old fogyism."

Article 1st. "Of the Plurality of Worlds," was to us rather dull, since it was an attempted refutation of the doctrine, that of the starry universe the earth alone is inhabited by rational intelligencies—a doctrine so absurd, that the labor of *controverting* it seems to us a greater absurdity still.

2nd. "British and Continental Characteristics" is a pleasant *mélange*, and *might be profitable* to Anglo-Saxondom on both sides the water, if the race, thus designated, had the wisdom to copy certain traits of the Celtic and Teutonic Races, therein described.

3rd. "The Union with England and Scottish Nationality," contains not a few interesting facts, though such interest is calculated to be rather local than universal.

4th. "Christian evidence and history," is well got up and will probably satisfy certain classes in the community. We imagine, however, that the general faith in Christianity is built far less on *historical* testimony, than on the internal evidences furnished by the character of its author and the quality of the doctrine and precepts he promulged. Were belief exclusively dependent on historic proofs, hardly one in a million could have the materials and appliances of forming such a belief. But internal evidences are capable of being apprehended and appreciated by all possessing even the ordinary measure of intelligence and feeling.

5th. "The Art of Education," contains sundry true remarks and sufficiently sound suggestions, but, on the whole, drags "wearily oh!"

6th. "Ruskin and Architecture," will be found quite interesting—especially so the extracts from the author named. For, under the *nom de plume* of "An Oxford Student," this gentleman has won an enviable reputation, as a critic of the fine arts, more particularly, though not exclusively, of painting. In the work here noticed he shows himself sufficiently *au fait* in architecture also, and to augment the charm, it is the architecture of old Venice he speaks of.

7th. "Prof. Forbes and M'r Lloyd in Scandinavia," contains many interesting items belonging to various branches of Natural History and is well worth perusing.

8th. "Auguste Comte and Positivism," was to us wondrous dull and heavy. If the reader can get anything out of what plainly must have cost the reviewer much labor, we shall be glad thereof.

*The Saint and the Sinner.* A tale, not stranger than true. E. N. Grossman: New York: 1854. 12mo. Pp. 63. For sale by W. B. Zieber.

This is an incomprehensible poetic smatter of obscenity and blasphemy. While it exhibits an imagination of no ordinary character, and a great deal of poetic ability, it can still be destined to no other than a low notoriety.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

## A PROBLEM IN ETHICS.

How much worse is it to steal money than to appropriate the costly exclusive correspondence of a contemporary without credit?

Will the New York *Evangelist* (religious newspaper) give us the benefit of its views on this interesting inquiry at its earliest convenience?

The foregoing is from the N. Y. *Evening Post*, and serves us as a text for a few remarks of our own. The readers of BIZARRE cannot say that we are in the habit, or perhaps even that we have ever complained of the use of our matter by other journals, without giving BIZARRE credit. It is done however, every week—but in future we will positively cease to *exchange* with any newspaper whose sense of simple justice is so at variance with our own. This is an act, we must confess, that can be performed without a sacrifice on our part, as *none* of our "Exchanges"—with a rare exception perhaps—are ever drawn upon in the production of our paper.

We have seen our articles unaccredited in the *Nashville Monitor*, *Lincoln Democrat*, *Norfolk Semi-Weekly News*, *Boston Transcript*, *N. Y. True American*, and many others; and, latterly, in the *Wall Street Journal*, an elaborate article, entitled "The Fiscal Resources of Russia." The *Home Journal*, of this week, we observe, contains "A Curious Marriage Agreement," giving credit for it to the *London Notes and Queries*, from which no doubt it was obtained. It was, however, originally published in BIZARRE.

## WIVES INIMICAL TO LITERARY STUDIES.

Thomas Cooper or Cowper, Bishop of Lincoln, was the compiler of a Latin and English Dictionary, printed in 1578, and highly popular in its day; the publication was retarded some years by the anxiety of the Bishop's wife, who fearing so much study might prejudice his health, one day in his absence entered his study, and taking all his papers and notes he had been busied eight years in gathering, burned them. Delighted with her achievement, on the Bishop's return she apprised him of the act: his reply was: 'Woman, thou hast put me to eight years study more.'

## APROPOS OF DRINKING SHOPS.

The Maltese innkeepers are doing a fine business this year on account of the great influx of soldiers and others on their way to the East. Among other devices to catch the eye of the passing stranger, the following

appears near the door of a *rosoglio* shop, where "porter, ale and British spirits," are freely dispensed to all comers who are not so oblivious of coin as the bold grenadier of the nursery song. A little study will make the seemingly incoherent inscription perfectly intelligible.

## THE PUBLICAN'S INVITATION.

Here's to Pand's Pen. DASOCI.  
Alhou Rinha? R. M. (Les Smirt.)  
Ha! N. D. F. Unlet fri. Ends.  
HIPRE! ign. Beju! Standk.  
Indan! Devil's Peak! F. N.  
(One.)

## QUEEN CAROLINE.

Of Queen Caroline of Brunswick, the unfortunate wife of George IV., Lord Holland says:

"And yet, whatever may be thought of the treatment to which she was exposed on her arrival in England, or of the malignity, and possibly the falsehood, of some of the charges subsequently brought against her, or of the somewhat vindictive persecution of her when Queen—she was at best a strange woman, and a very sorry and uninteresting heroine. She had, they say, some talent, some pleasantry, some good-humor, and great spirit and courage. But she was utterly destitute of all female delicacy, and exhibited in the whole course of the transactions relating to herself very little feeling for anybody, and very little regard for honor or truth, or even for the interests of those who were devoted to her, whether the people in the aggregate, or the individuals who enthusiastically espoused her cause. She avowed her dislike of many; she scarcely concealed her contempt for all. In short, to speak plainly, if not mad, she was a very worthless woman."

## RULE BRITANNIA.

Rule Britannia was written by James Thomson, the author of *The Seasons*, for the masque of *Alfred*, the joint production of Thomson and Mallet. The masque was written at the command of Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of King George the Third; and first performed in 1740, at Cliefden House, Buckinghamshire, on the anniversary of the Princess Augusta's birthday. D'r Arne composed the music.

Hogarth designed and engraved the invitation ticket to this performance; it is known as entitled "Hymen and Cupid." The view in the distance is of Cliefden House. Hogarth used the same plate in 1754 as a receipt print for his Election Entertainment.

## TOM MOORE'S WIFE.

Little has been said by Lord John Russell, concerning the wife of the poet Moore.

In some unpublished autobiographical notes of Tom Ellar, the harlequin, many years the associate of Joe Grimaldi, on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre; in the possession of M'r George Willis, of London, are the following memoranda :—

I first met Signor Belzoni on my first appearance in London, at the Royalty Theatre, in Welclose-square, on Easter Monday, 1808; the season closed then, after the fourth week. I met him in September, in the same year, at Saunders's booth in Bartholomew Fair, exhibiting as the 'French Hercules.' In 1809 we were jointly engaged at the Crow-street Theatre, Dublin, in the production of a pantomime; I as harlequin, he as an artist, to superintend the last scene, a sort of hydraulic temple, that, owing to what is frequently the case, the being over-anxious, failed, and nearly inundated the orchestra. Fiddlers generally follow their leader, and Tom Cooke, now leader at Drury-lane, was the man; out they ran, leaving Columbine and myself, with the rest, to finish the scene in the midst of a splendid shower of fire and water. The young lady who played the part of Columbine was of great beauty, and is now the wife of the celebrated Thomas Moore, the great poet of the present day.

Signor Belzoni was a man of gentlemanly, but very unassuming manners, yet of great mind.

These notes were written in 1834, and death has since shrouded all the parties then living from mortal eyes.

## THE EMPEROR'S COUSIN AND THE TRIPLE CROWN.

The following interesting paragraph is extracted from the London Correspondence of the *New York Tribune* :—

"The plans of Napoleon are not less ambitious than those of his uncle and extend over a long series of years. From time to time we get a surmise of them—now, for instance, we read in an Italian paper that Prince Louis Lucian Bonaparte has taken holy orders in Rome. This prince is the third son of the late Lucian, Prince of Canino, the only one of Napoleon's brothers who did not owe his station to the Emperor. President of the Legislative assembly of the Five-hundred in France, he aided the schemes of Napoleon on the 18th of Brumaire, but soon disapproved of the policy of his brother, retired to Italy, married an Italian heiress and remained there as a private man. Napoleon, who could not brook independence in any member of his family, excluded him and his sons from the succession to the Im-

perial throne of France, but this circumstance saved Prince Lucian after the fall of the Emperor. The Bonapartes of Canino maintained their Italian nationality and their princely rank at the court of Rome. The eldest son of Lucian, Charles, the actual prince of Canino is a celebrated ornithologist, and was President of the national Italian Convention in 1848 and 1849 in Rome. His republicanism estranged him from the present Emperor; but he now lives in Paris as Director of the *Jardin des Plantes*. His brother Louis Lucian is, without doubt, the most distinguished man of the family, highly esteemed by Napoleon III, who had appointed him Senator. But the Prince has hitherto lived rather retired from politics, without taking part in public life, though the Emperor has often consulted him on the policy of Europe. It cannot be without ulterior designs that Prince Louis Lucian, known for his liberal and tolerant opinions, has become a priest. In a short time he may get the cardinal's hat, and as he has always maintained his Italian nationality, the scheme of Napoleon I to have a Pope in his family—his uncle, the Cardinal Fesch, was designated to that dignity—seems to have been revived.

## LUCID.

The following advertisement appears in the *New York Herald* :

If the gentleman from Woodstock, Windham county, Connecticut, who was present at N'o 2, Dey street when the "spirit" of the infant Frederick spoke, will call and explain the meaning of the communication, he will greatly oblige

M'r E. AND M'rs SHANGHAI.

## ARCH STREET THEATRE.

At the ARCH, this week, excellent houses, for the season, have been nightly drawn. On Monday, the tragedy of "Venice Preserved," was played. M'r Bowers taking the part of Belvidere, and M'r Wheatley that of Jaffier, with the after-piece of "How to Pay The Rent." On Tuesday, the dancer, M. Zaystowski, took his benefit; the fine comedy of "A Bold Stroke for a Husband," and the after-piece of the "Irish Emigrant," were performed. On Wednesday, the comedy of the "Jealous Wife," and "Lucretia Borgia," were played. We cannot withhold our meed of commendation to the excellence of M'rs Bowers' acting, as Lucretia. M'r Wheatley likewise rendered his part with great ability, as also M'r Bowers. On Thursday, "Sweethearts and Wives" and the "Honeymoon" were presented.

# BIZARRE.

AN ORIGINAL, LITERARY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PART 14.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY EIGHTH.

YEAR 1854.

## DON JUAN.\*

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER I.

A sonorous voice crying: "The spectacle is about to commence!" awakened me from the light slumber into which I had fallen. The basses murmured—a clash of the cymbals—a trumpet flourish—one note of a haut-bois—preludes of the violin—I rub my eyes—is the devil amusing himself with me? No, I am in the very chamber where I arrived last evening overpowered by fatigue. Near me is the bell cord; I pull it, a waiter appears. "In the name of heaven, what are these confused strains which sound so near? Is there a concert in the house?"

"Your excellency is not, perhaps, aware that the hotel is contiguous to the theatre. This tapestried door opens upon a narrow corridor which leads to N<sup>o</sup> 23, the strangers' box."

"What? a theatre? a strangers' box?"

"Yes, a small box for two or three at most, which is very select. It is screened, hung with green and quite near the stage. Would it please your excellency? They have to night "Don Juan" of the celebrated Mozart. The place costs ten francs, we put it in the account."

He pronounced the last words in opening the door of the box; for no sooner was the name Don Juan spoken than I precipitated myself toward the corridor.

The theatre was spacious, luxurious, and well lighted; the boxes and parterre were filled with spectators. The first symphonies of the overture gave me an excellent idea of the orchestra, and if the singers should second it worthily, I was destined to a rare enjoyment of the great master's masterpiece. In the andante, the awfulness of the sombre and terrible *regno all panto*, communicated to my soul a profound apprehension. The joyous *fanfare*, arranged at the seventh measure of the allegro, resounded like the deafening cry of crime; there seemed to

arise from the misty obscurity spirits of fire with their glistening claws, and the forms of men who danced reelingly on abysmal marge. The conflict of human nature, with the unknown powers which environ it to destroy, presented itself to my spirit. At length, the tempest lulled, and the curtain rose.

Trembling with cold, in his mantle, and sad in expression, *Leporello* advances in the middle of the night, before the pavilion, and murmurs "*Notte e giorno faticar*." So, in the Italian thought I, "*Ah! che piacere*." I am, then, to hear all the recitatives as the master conceived them and bequeathed them.

*Don Juan* darts upon the scene, followed by *Donna Anna*, who holds fast the culprit by his cloak. What an aspect! She might have been taller, more delicate, and more majestic in her mien; but what a head! eyes whence burst forth, like a sheaf of electric flames—as the Wild Fire which nothing can extinguish—anger, love, hate, despair; clots of black floating hair upon her neck. A pearly robe, which veils at once, and reveals charms which are never beheld without danger. Her heart, transported by the atrocious deed, beats violently—and now what a voice! "*Non sperar se non m' uccidi*."

Amid the instrumental tumult her voice soared like light. *Don Juan* strives to release himself. Does he sincerely desire it? Why does he not, with a powerful hand, repulse that frail woman? Wherefore flees he not? Is it that his crime has bereft him of his strength, or does the struggle of hatred and of love absorb his resolution.

The old father has atoned with his life for the madness of contending in the darkness with this terrible adversary. *Don Juan* and *Leporello* advance and confer together in the foreground of the scene. *Don Juan* throws off his cloak, and stands forth to view in a superb costume of velvet, silver embroidered: a noble and majestic stature, a manly face, with penetrating eyes and lips voluptuously designed. The movement of the brows now and then awakens a diabolical expression upon his physiognomy, which causes in-

\* From the German of HEYMAN.

voluntary terror without affecting the beauty of his lineaments. One might say that he should exercise a magic power of fascination, that the women whom he regards have no longer power to withdraw from him, and must submit to that mysterious influence which conducts them toward the abyss.

Long and meagre, clad in a vest of rays white and red, and in a little red mantle, his head covered with a red-plumed hat, *Leporello* glides around his master. His visage presents a singular medley of *bonhomie*, of rascality, of irony, and of impudence. Evidently this old varlet deserves to be the cringing body-man of *Don Juan*. They have taken flight successfully in scaling the wall. Torches! Torches! *Donna Anna* and *Don Octavio* appear—a little man, conceited, contracted, affected, of about twenty-one years. As the affianced of *Donna Anna*, he resided, no doubt, in the house whence he might have been summoned so promptly. At the first rumor which he heard, he should have run to the rescue—perhaps to save the parent; but it was first necessary to make his toilette; besides, he loves not to adventure in the dark: "*Ma qual mai s' offre, o Dei spettacolo funesto ogli occhi mei!*" In the harrowing, rending tones, of this duo and recitative, there is more than despair. It is not simply the deed of *Don Juan* or the death of the old man, which can produce such accords; this is a deadly strife, internal and fearful.

The long and meagre *Donna Elvira*, bearing still the traces of distinguished beauty, but withered in her charms, comes to upbraid *Don Juan*, and the malign *Leporello* judiciously observes: "*Parla come un libro stampata*" (she talks like a book). At this instant I seemed to hear some one behind me. One could easily have opened the door of the box, and have glided into the nearest seat. This was for me an unpleasant discovery. I felt so happy to find myself alone in the box, to enjoy at my ease this *chef d'œuvre*, to abandon myself without reserve to all my emotions; a single word, one ordinary expression, would have hurried me painfully out of the poetic and musical enthusiasm which I then experienced. I resolved to take no notice of my neighbor, to avoid a word or a look, and to immerse myself in the charms of the representation. With my head reclining on my hand, turning my back to the new-comer, I continued to regard it as the piece revealed itself with a perfect ensemble. The little *Zerlina*, blithe and wanton, administered consolations to poor, simple *Mazetto*, in charming songs. *Don Juan* expressed the trouble of his soul, and the contempt which he bore to his kind, who were no more for him than an object of pleasure, and accentuated with spirit the

curl and forward air: "*Fin ch'han dal vivo.*" The play of his muscles was delightful.

The masks appeared; their trio was a prayer which rose in perfect accord toward heaven. Then, behold the extremity of the theatre opens, joy leaps madly into the scene, the cups resound in collision. The view is a gay whirlwind of peasants and motley masks, attracted by the fete of *Don Juan*. Then the three masks, confederated for vengeance, approach. All assumes a grave character; until the dance begins. *Zerlina* is saved, and *Don Juan* advances hardily, sword in hand, against his foes. He makes the steel leap from his rival's hand, and beats a path through the disordered crowd.

Several times had I seemed to feel a pure, warm breath, behind me; I fancied once, or heard, the rustling of a silken robe. I thought that a woman was there; but all engrossed in the world of reverie, I was unwilling to suffer distractions. As soon as the curtain fell, I turned toward my neighbor. No words could express my surprise; I beheld *Donna Anna*, attired as I had just seen her on the stage, and fixing full on me a sparkling look, full of expression. I rested mutely contemplating her, and upon her lips flitted a light sardonic smile, in which I fancied that my unmeaning countenance was mocked. I felt the necessity of addressing her, but astonishment, or, to speak more truly, fright, had paralyzed my tongue. At last the words escaped me, as if unconsciously. "You here? how is it possible?" She answered me, in the purest Tuscan, that, if I spoke no Italian, she could not have the pleasure of my conversation, for she comprehended no other tongue. Her tones were like an harmonious song, her glances became yet more expressive, and the gleams which escaped from her long lashes lit in my breast a sudden fire, and made my arteries beat thickly. It was, without any doubt, *Donna Anna* herself. I did not pause to reason how she could at once be upon the scene and within my box. In the same manner as a happy dream combines the widest impossibilities, and as an ardent faith elevates itself into the supernatural realms and dominates over the ordinary events of life—in the same manner, I experienced, in the presence of this woman, a species of *Somnambulism*, such that, if I had seen her at that moment upon the theatre, it would have caused me no surprise. How to narrate the communion I held with her! In essaying to translate, each word seems cold and pale, and each phrase too gross to convey the grace and lightness of the Tuscan idiom.

Whilst she discoursed to me of her role

and *Don Juan*, it appeared that the genius of this master-piece revealed itself to my thought for the first time, and that for the first time I penetrated into the wondrous regions of a stranger world. She said that music was her entire life, and that often in singing she felt conscious of an awakening in her soul of unknown emotions, and which no words could paint. "Yes," cried she, with an enthusiastic voice and a radiant look, "I then comprehend ALL; but all around me is cold and inanimate, and while they applaud me for a difficult *roulade*, it seems to me that bands of iron compress my burning heart. But you, *you* comprehend me, for I know that it is thrown open to you, this marvellous empire, this spirit-world, where the magic harmonies resound."

"How, adorable woman—you know me?"

She spoke of one of my operas, and pronounced my name. The bell of the theatre was heard. A rapid paleness spread over the countenance of *Donna Anna*; she placed her hand upon her heart, as if she experienced a sudden pain, and murmured in a subdued voice: "Unhappy Anna! these are thy most terrible moments." With these words she disappeared.

## POPULAR SONGS OF SPAIN.

### IX.

#### ANTI-GALLICAN SONG.

Sung during the occupation of Spain by the French.

Let the French  
All go to the devil;  
Never will be theirs  
The Faithful Spain.

Whoever would be the friend  
Of Napoleon,  
Has only to take him the compliments  
Of Lord Wellington.

With the pieces of the bombs  
Of these swaggers,  
Our *Cadix* ladies make for themselves  
Outfiting-tongs.

The King of Spain is a prisoner,  
Donparto has deceived him;  
The constant Spaniards  
Will succeed in delivering him.

Dimantos for a penny,  
And tomatoes for two-pence,  
To make a fry of the limbs  
Of the robber Bonaparte.

## APPARITION OF THE CHEVALIER DE SAXE.

The following account of a remarkable deception which created a great sensation at the time, has been extracted from a work entitled "Memoirs of the Courts of Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw and Vienna. By N. W. Wraxall, Esq.. Dublin, 1799." No explanation has (as far as we know) ever been given of the means by which it was produced.

It is not strictly in accordance with the professed original character of our journal to occupy so much space with an extract, but the interest of the event, and the scarcity of the work from which the narration is taken, will, we think, be gladly accepted by our readers as a sufficient apology, for doing so in this instance.

DRESDEN, November 23, 1777.

"Among the Princes of the Electoral family to whom I have been presented, Prince Charles, uncle to the reigning Elector, claims particular notice." "He and the Princess, his wife, who was a Polish lady of the family of Crasinsky, inhabit the palace here in Dresden, which belonged to the late Chevalier de Saxe, his uncle, one of the many natural sons of Augustus the Second." "In the great gallery, where I was presented to Prince Charles, three days since, was performed the memorable scene of raising the apparition of the Chevalier de Saxe: never perhaps, was a more impudent, or a more successful experiment tried upon human weakness and credulity. As it happened only about four years ago, and as many persons of the first rank and consideration in this country were present, the principal circumstances attending it, are well known and remembered. But the ridicule which has attached to it, and the marked disapprobation expressed by the Elector towards any repetition of such experiments, render all those who witnessed it extremely shy of relating the transaction. It was not without difficulty, after repeated solicitation, that I obtained from one of the gentlemen who assisted at it, the recital which I am about to make. He is a man of sense, courage, and intelligence. I suppress his name; but you may form from it some estimate of the human mind in this part of Europe; which certainly in many respects, is more open to superstitious impressions than with us. The Germans, almost universally; even those of the soundest and most cultivated understandings, believe in the existence of familiar spirits; in whose train follow witches, ghosts, and the whole family of invisible agents. If, however, we incline to consider such weakness with pity or contempt, we



should recollect, the similar proofs of human infirmity which have been given by turns in every capital. The miracles performed in the church-yard of S't Medard, at Paris, under Louis the Fifteenth's reign, which were only terminated by the royal interposition, are not yet forgotten. Scarcely fifteen years, I believe, are elapsed, since London had its "Chevalier de Saxe" in the memorable Cock-Lane ghost. The man who here exhibited so extraordinary a proof of his art, for such it must, in every case be esteemed, was a person of the name of Schrepfer, who, originally resided at Leipsic, of which city he was a native, and where he kept a coffee house. But his business not producing him either as much profit or as much distinction as he aspired to possess, he pretended to study magic, and to have acquired many secrets connected with that imaginary science. He boldly asserted that he had intercourse with, and a control over spirits, whom he could summon, command, and cause to disappear, if not altogether at his pleasure, yet by the force of his invocations. These agents he had the ingenuity and effrontery to divide into three classes; the friendly, the evil, and the neutral, all of whom he knew how to distinguish at their approach, or on their appearance, by the noises which preceded, and attended them. Whenever he affected to exert his magical powers he always began by calling to his assistance the benevolent spirits; in order as he said, to defend him against the attacks of the malignant ones. Pretensions so extraordinary, sustained by some exhibitions which impressed the spectators with astonishment, soon procured him not a little reputation. Schrepfer, about this time, while he still resided at Leipsic, had offended Prince Charles, of Saxony, by expressions relative to him, of an unbecoming or insolent nature. The Prince irritated at such conduct, ordered an officer belonging to his household to repair to Leipsic, and there to give Schrepfer, in his name, personal chastisement. His orders were exactly fulfilled; but while the gentleman inflicted it, Schrepfer running into a corner of the room, threw himself on his knees, and loudly invoked his invisible allies to come to his assistance. Their visible appearance or interposition were however, unnecessary, in order to rescue him from violence; for it is asserted, that the officer was so much alarmed at the invocation and its possible consequences, as to quit the chamber with precipitation. A circumstance of such notoriety, as well as so degrading in itself, to Schrepfer, induced him to leave Leipsic. After an absence of some time, he appeared at Dresden, where he assumed a fictitious name, and announced that he was a colonel, in the service of France.

In that quality he even made an attempt to be presented to the Elector; but Monsieur de Marbois, who acted as Chargé d'Affaires, in the absence of the French envoy, refused to carry him to Court. His real name soon became known; and his pretences to skill in magic attracting many followers, his reputation speedily reached Prince Charles. It was accompanied with such extraordinary accounts of Schrepfer's powers, as to induce that Prince to make every exertion for obliterating the recollection of the indignity lately offered him. As a step towards it, he did not hesitate to go in person to the "Hotel de Pologne," an inn where Schrepfer lodged; and in the presence of various witnesses, to ask his pardon for the blows given him, as well as to offer every amends that the nature of the affront admitted. Schrepfer flattered by such a condescension, having accepted the apologies, the Prince then requested to see some proofs of his supernatural art. It is pretended that he exhibited many, all of which only tended to augment the Prince's admiration, and to stimulate his curiosity for further specimens. But the most difficult operation of magic in all ages, has been to raise departed spirits from the tomb; a prodigy which Schrepfer made no secret of his ability to perform. Prince Charles having earnestly, as well as repeatedly besought it, after many refusals, real or affected, obtained at length a reluctant promise to present before his eyes an apparition, for Schrepfer artfully professed the greatest repugnance and disinclination to the act, as being perilous to himself, and attended with various circumstances of horror. It only remained therefore, to fix the spirit to be summoned. After long consideration, the Chevalier de Saxe was named, and Schrepfer undertook to produce his ghost before a select company. The place chosen for the experiment, was Prince Charles' Palace, at Dresden. But as it was well known that the Elector having the misfortune to be neither credulous, nor inclined to permit such exhibitions in his capital, might disapprove and prohibit it, the strictest secrecy was observed previous to the affair. The Chevalier de Saxe, third in order of birth among the natural sons of Augustus the Second, King of Poland, was only half-brother to the famous Marshal Saxe, as they were by different mothers. In right of his wife, who was a Princess Lubomirska, of a very illustrious Polish family, the Chevalier inherited considerable property in that country, as well as in Saxony. He resided principally in Dresden, and died only a few years ago at his palace in this city; which his nephew, Prince Charles, who was his principal heir, occupied after his decease. In addition to his maternal estates, the

Chevalier possessed a vast income from his military and other appointments in the Electoral service, and as he left no issue, he was supposed to have amassed great sums. Reports had been circulated that money was concealed in the palace; but no one pretended to ascertain the precise place where it was deposited. If his spirit could be compelled to appear, that interesting secret might be extorted from him. Thus, curiosity combining with avarice, or at least with the hope of discovering a considerable treasure, prompted Prince Charles to name his uncle, as the object of the experiment. On the appointed night; for Schrepfer naturally preferred darkness, as not only more private in itself, but better calculated for the effect of incantations; the company assembled. They were nineteen in number, of whom I personally knew several, who are persons of consideration, character, and respectability. When they were met in the great gallery of the Palace, the first object of all present was to secure the windows and doors, in order equally to prevent intrusion or deception. As far as precaution could effect it, they did so, and were satisfied that nothing except violence could procure access or entrance. Schrepfer then acquainted them, that the act which he was about to perform would demand all their firmness; and advised them to fortify their nerves by partaking of a bowl of punch, which was placed on the table. Several of them, indeed, as I believe, all except one or two, thinking the exhortation judicious, very readily followed it; but, the gentleman from whom I received these particulars, declined the advice. "I have come here" said he to Schrepfer, "to be present at raising an apparition. Either I will see all or nothing. My resolution is taken, and no inducement can make me put any thing within my lips." Another of the company, who preserved his presence of mind, placed himself close to the principal door, in order to watch if any one attempted to open or force it. These preparatory steps being taken, the great work began with the utmost solemnity. Schrepfer commenced it, by retiring into a corner of the gallery, where kneeling down, with many mysterious ceremonies he invoked the spirits to appear, or rather come to his aid; for it is allowed that none were ever visible. A very considerable time elapsed before they obeyed; during which interval, he laboured apparently under great agitation of body and mind, being covered with a violent sweat, and almost in convulsions, like the Pythoness of antiquity. At length a loud clatter was heard at the windows on the outside; which was soon followed by another noise, resembling more the effect produced by a number of wet fingers

drawn over the edge of the glasses, than any thing else to which it could well be compared. This sound announced, as he said, the arrival of his good, or protecting spirits, and seemed to encourage him to proceed. A short time afterwards a yelling was heard of a frightful and unusual nature, which came he declared from the malignant spirits, whose presence, as it seems, was necessary and indispensable to the completion of the catastrophe. The company were now, or at least the greater part, electrified with amazement, or petrified with horror; and of course fully prepared for every object which could be presented to them. Schrepfer continuing his invocations, the door suddenly opened with violence, and something that resembled a black ball or globe rolled into the room. It was invested with smoke or blood, in the midst of which appeared to be a human face, like the countenance of the Chevalier de Saxe; much in the same way, it would seem, that Croregio or Hannibal Carrache, have represented Jupiter appearing to Semelë. From this form issued a loud and angry voice, which exclaimed in German, "Carl, was wolte du mit mich?" "Charles, what would'st thou with me? Why dost thou disturb me?" Language, as may be supposed, can ill describe the consternation produced among the spectators at such a sight. Either firmly persuaded that the appearance which they beheld, was spiritual and intangible; or deprived of resolution to approach and attempt to seize it; they appear to have made no effort to satisfy themselves of its incorporeal nature. The Prince, whose impious curiosity had summoned his uncle's ghost, and to whom, as the person principally responsible, the spectre addressed itself, far from manifesting coolness, or attempting reply, betrayed the strongest marks of horror and contrition. Throwing himself on his knees, he called on God for mercy; while others of the terrified party earnestly besought the magician to give the only remaining proof of his art for which they now were anxious, by dismissing the apparition. But Schrepfer, though apparently willing, found, or pretended to find, this effort beyond his power. However incredible, absurd, or ridiculous it may be thought, the persons who witnessed the scene, protest that near an hour elapsed, before by the force of his invocations, the spectre could be compelled to disappear. Nay when at length Schrepfer had succeeded in dismissing it; at the moment that the company began to resume a degree of serenity, the door which had been closed, burst open again, and the same hideous form presented itself anew to their eyes. The most resolute and collected among them, were not proof to its second appearance, and a scene of uni-

versal dismay ensued. Schrepfer however by reiterated exorcisms or exertions, finally dismissed the apparition. The terrified spectators soon dispersed, overcome with amazement, and fully satisfied, as they well might be, of Schrepfer's supernatural powers. Having thus related as seriously and circumstantially as I am able, the principal facts relative to the affair in question, it is natural to ask my own opinion of the story; and to demand whether I can explain or account for it in any rational manner. To such enquiries I must frankly reply, that I can neither give any satisfactory solution of it, nor have I heard any attempted, except the obvious one of human credulity and terror, operated upon by imposture and deception. But the manner in which so wonderful an illusion was produced, I am, in common with every person here, at a loss to understand. I believe no one has yet clearly explained how the liquifaction of S't Januarius' blood is performed; though out of Naples, I imagine few persons attribute it to miraculous or supernatural interposition. We know from experience how prodigious are the deceptions practised in and upon optics. Nineteen men, met together for the avowed purpose of seeing an apparition, and believing that it is in human power to render a departed spirit visible, are already half subdued to any thing, however gross. Night darkness, and the imposing solemnity of magic invocations, bereave the strongest minds of their self-possession. A bold and artful impostor might then trample on their reason, and present to their eyes some hideous figure properly accounted for the occasion. It must, however, always excite some astonishment and more regret, that among near twenty persons, not one should have endeavoured to lay hands on the spectre. Its second appearance is likewise a circumstance very difficult to account for, as it was unnecessary in order to produce conviction, which had been fully effected. That it was a deception, no man of sound understanding will doubt; but how it was managed, the persons who were duped, have not yet discovered. They are all, or nearly all still alive in this country, and they by no means boast of their adventure, or derive from it any sort of vanity. On the contrary, independent of the ridicule, they all feel and express the utmost repugnance to relating, or even recollecting a scene which has impressed on their imagination so much horror. Their very friends dread and deprecate a renewal of the images then presented to those who were present, and a lady earnestly besought of me, not to press her husband on a subject, of which he could never think or converse without passing a sleepless night. We must be content therefore, to resolve it to German credulity

or superstition, and congratulate ourselves on our own superiority to such puerile terrors. The story no sooner spread through Dresden, than the Elector expressed his disapprobation of such scenes, and his peremptory injunctions not to repeat them. Schrepfer soon retired to his native city, Leipsic; where his fame accompanied him, and drew after him a crowd of disciples or votaries. To them he continued to give, as is confidently asserted here, numerous and astonishing proofs of his supernatural powers, some of which I have heard related; but after the specimen that I have detailed, all others would be at once tedious and superfluous. Schrepfer did not long enjoy his celebrity, and his death is not the least extraordinary part of his history. Three gentlemen, whom he had in some measure initiated into his mysteries; for he professed to instruct in the science of magic; were promised by him an exhibition more wonderful than any at which they had yet assisted. For this purpose, they attended him into the woods of Rosendaal, which is at a small distance without the gates of Leipsic. It was in summer, before the sun rose, between three and four o'clock in the morning. When they came to a certain part of the grove, he desired them to stay a little, while he went on one side to make the requisite invocations. After waiting a few minutes they heard the report of a pistol. Running to the spot, they found that he had shot himself, and was already without sense. He soon afterwards expired. All those who believe him to have had intercourse with evil spirits, affirm that he was tormented by them perpetually, which rendering his life miserable, induced him to have recourse to a pistol. I imagine however, you will think with Horace, that it is not necessary to call in supernatural interference, in order to account for the violent end of such a man. He has left behind him many proselytes; but, I believe, no one who can pretend to equal knowledge of his secrets.

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#### TO A YOUNG LADY, ON HER MARRIAGE WITH M'R GEE.

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Sure, Madam, by your taste we see,  
What's good, or great, or grand, without a G?  
A *Godly glow* must sure on G depend;  
Or *oddy low* our righteous thoughts must end:  
The want of G all gratitude effaces;  
And without G the *Graces* would run races.

## THE CHARMER.

Wandering, grovelling, living in vain,  
 We seem to the world what it well knows itself,  
 Heartless and soulless—a desolate fane!  
 Nor light on the altar, nor reverent head,  
 Nor prayer for the living, nor thought of the dead,  
 To lighten and hallow the fearful, dark gloom.  
 A cheerless, sad ruin! Meet home for the Elf,  
 And the Ghoul, whose loved haunts are the grave and the tomb.

And we live for ourselves, even thirsting for wealth,  
 And we deem nothing dear but the soul-purchased gold.

Of Nature we dream, but 't is only by stealth—  
 Of Heaven, we smile at the womanish thought,  
 Earth is Elysium, beyond there is nought—  
 Of the myst'ries around us, we jest and we jeer—  
 Of Love and of Virtue, Truth's bought and is sold—  
 Of God and His justice, we laugh and we sneer.

But a charmer appearing with mystical fire,  
 Transforms the base metal to glistening coin,  
 And imaged—Love sealing with softest desire—  
 With the magical face the illumining streaming;  
 The lustreless eyes with emotion are gleaming,  
 The passionless features enlightening glow,  
 And the colourless cheeks over darkling and wan,  
 With feeling are blushing like roses 'mid snow.

Quick bounds the heart as the marriage bell,  
 That pulsed as a slow, doleful funeral-tolling,  
 And fainting to rend its imprisoning cell,  
 To deluge mankind with its treasures of love.  
 Like the nourishing showers whose springs are above,  
 Frost-maimed, ice-chained, heap the hill sides,  
 But warmed by Spring's kissing in torrents down-rolling,  
 O'erspreading the vales with enriching, glad tides.

From her stupor aroused the unfettered dove  
 Knows her nest in the far-off—instinct with delight—  
 So the wakening soul, and illumined by Love,  
 Discerns a bright Heaven—no mystical dream!  
 Unsealed the dark mind, outsprings the clear stream,  
 The fountain of wisdom spreads life o'er the waste,  
 Thoughts winsome and joyous disport in the light,  
 And flowers perfume where a desert lay waste.

Oh Woman's blest love hath a magical power,  
 And her wonderful charms are the witching spells  
 That banish the demons Man's peace who devour;  
 And her heart is the altar, aye-breeding the fire,  
 And her eyes are the torches enkindling the pyre,  
 That consumes all the dross and educes the true,  
 And the pure, and the image of God that indwells:  
 And herself—is the Charmer of Angel hue.

## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

A SERIES OF LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NUMBER VIII.

M'r Editor:—For the sake of *variety* I will, in this letter, present a few specimens of a class of phenomena different from any I have hitherto described. I refer to what go by the name of "Psychometric Sketches of Character."

Most persons, who have given any attention to the general subject of Spirit-Manifestations, or who, in fact, have taken much cognizance of the course of human thought during the last few years, must have heard of, if not witnessed, the phenomena in question. They were well known, familiar facts to great numbers, several years before the *rappings* began to be heard of; and, if I mistake not, were first brought before the public by D'r J. R. Buchanan, then a resident of Louisville, Kentucky.

These phenomena took place something thus:

To a person of exceedingly susceptible nervous temperament was at first presented the *handwriting*, concealed if desired, of the individual, whose character was sought to be known. This person, having put the paper to his forehead or merely grasped it in the hand, proceeded to portray minutely and fully the characteristics of the writer of the autograph. In this way the most wondrous results were often obtained.

Now my pupil is endowed with *this*, in addition to all his other faculties. What immediately follows is one of these portraits drawn by him. I will first give the sketch and then speak of the conditions of its production.

## PSYCHOMETRIC SKETCHES.

"She is peculiarly organized in regard to the affections. She is a woman of deep feeling, and yet has the power of withholding the evidences of the same from others. Her heart may be breaking with an accumulation of woes, and yet no eye will be able to trace on her countenance what is passing in her mind.

She exhibits her mental capacities not so much by her *pen*, as in her *conversation*. In the latter she greatly excels, and thereby wins the admiration alike of friends and of foes.

She has ideality large; veneration well developed; continuity very large; hope small; conscientiousness large; approbateness extremely large, and self-esteem well developed.

These last two organs are *ruling ones* in

her mind, and triumph over all others, that conflict or come at all in collision with them.

She is a person, whose perceptive faculties are large, while her causality is small. Her judgments are always formed from comparison, and never from logical sequence. The standard, to which she refers every thing for decision, is constituted by self-esteem and approbateness.

She would labor zealously to aid a person she loved in attaining a lofty position. But she would withdraw her support and countenance from one, however deeply loved, who did not make *excellence* a point to strive after.

Her organ of color is good, while her perception of character and memory of localities are well developed.

Her sentiments are high, elevated, proud, nor will she stoop to the performance of a mean act in order to gain a small end.

She is always striving to win the favorable opinion of her associates and acquaintance.

She has the organ of combativeness well developed, and her home affections are pure and good. She has the organ of philoprogenitiveness large, and that of amativeness small.

She is a person, who could step at once from the position of a *commoner* into the place of a *queen*, and *show herself perfectly at home therein*. And she would be as much at ease in the presence of nobles, as in the house of a merchant.

For achieving her objects she resorts to *persuasion*, and brings into action all her colloquial powers, which are very great. Once having *failed*, however, she will never attempt to *bring back* the feelings of *Hope*, that have fled; but will rather ply the whip of scorn, and cover with derision what she once strove to love and venerate.

The last named is one of her most marked peculiarities and presses itself on the notice of all, who are intimately acquainted with her."

With the lady, whose characteristics are here *professedly* portrayed, I was intimately acquainted and in habits of familiar interchange for not less than fifteen or sixteen years.

And yet I must, in all honesty, say, that, had I taken whatever time I chose, I do not think I could have produced a sketch of this lady's character so accurate and life-like as this. Certainly there are sundry *delicate traits* in this sketch, which would not, I think, have occurred to me, but which, on a little consideration, impress themselves upon me, as true and peculiarly important to the completeness of the portrait.

Now the conditions attending the production of this sketch were so far as traceable

by either the medium or myself, simply the following:

I handed him a closely sealed letter of this lady, without informing him who or what she was, or making any remarks about her. He put it in his pocket, where it remained, I think, some two or three days,—he being, the while, busily occupied with his ordinary affairs. Finally his hand and arm were affected by that *quasi-electric* thrill, which was wont to precede his wielding the "*controlled*" pen, and taking his pen he threw off this sketch at one sitting, precisely in the way his ordinary "*communications*" are produced. I suppose, therefore, that if Spirits be the author of the latter, they must be of the former also. The possession of the *hand-writing* of the person sketched was the sole difference in the conditions of the two cases, the residue being the same in both.

But even this possession of the autograph was not *indispensable*. For, at several of our sessions, my pupil has written out *veritable descriptions* of the characters of persons, who were total strangers to himself, although neither their autographs or any thing else belonging to them were in hand. In these instances we had been speaking of, or in some way referring to the individuals in question. It would seem from this, that the sole thing required was, that the medium should be *en rapport* with the person *characterized*, and that the hand-writing of such person, conversation about him, or some allusion to him, were equally available to this end.

Thus, during one of our sessions, some reference had been made to a lady, whom I had known all my life until her decease some fourteen years ago, but whom the medium had never seen, or even heard of, otherwise than in my casual mention of her. Suddenly, from the *usual impulse*, he seized the pen, and wrote as follows:

"She is a woman, whose *fortitude* carried her through all the trials of life with ease and dignity. She had the power of so concentrating her mind, as to bring light out of utter darkness. She was consistent in her views and most exemplary in her bearing.

She had *Hope* large; *Ideality* large; *Benevolence* very large; and *Conscientiousness* large. The organ of *Alimentiveness* was small, and that of *Firmness* well developed, yet invariably tempered by *Benevolence*.

She was a woman, who always strove to make peace."

Now so far as this sketch goes, it is, to the best of my judgment, completely and literally true to the original. It was written *off-hand* in the manner described above; he knowing nothing of the original; and *while* writing, conscious only of the word flowing, at the moment, from his pen; and getting a

definite idea of what he had been doing *only* when, after finishing, he read it over with me!

These are specimens of a phenomenon of not unfrequent occurrence, and one, which seems to me as difficult to account for on any other hypothesis, than *Spirit-intervention*, as any of the rest.

Indeed the Spirits would seem to have adopted the *variety* apparent in the manifestations with express reference to the diversities of character among men,—diversities, which make it inevitable, that one should be best satisfied with one species of evidence, and another with another.

Thus, I suppose, that the so-called "*physical manifestations*" are more satisfactory to the majority of persons, than any beside. And, in fact, as demonstrating the presence and voluntary action of *unseen Intelligencies*, nothing more convincing can well be imagined.

For awaking, however, a vivid, profound and enduring interest in the *general subject*, a different class of manifestations are better adapted, so far as minds of a particular cast are concerned.

On my pupil's first coming to me, I had never witnessed any of the phenomena of either kind. And one of the first communications made to me through this medium's "controlled" pen, was to the effect, that I should be more interested and better satisfied with the sort of manifestations they were to make through him, than with any other I could possibly witness.

Now, although I *was* interested in these, and intensely too, I nevertheless felt no slight curiosity to witness the physical phenomena. At last an opportunity offered and I was several times present where these were exhibited.

On the first occasion the "raps" were made and several messages were spelled out by the alphabet in accordance with the raps. Now, I am aware of the world of "*stuff*," that has been promulgated about the "fraud," "collusion" &c. &c., perpetrated at exhibitions of this kind. But here was an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen of respectable standing and blameless reputation, friends and acquaintances, who were accustomed thus to meet once or twice a week for the sole purpose of their own intellectual and moral benefit. What imaginable *object* had such persons to *cheat* and *befoo* each other, even supposing them *able* so to do? None—none whatever. The whole circumstances of the case, as well as the character of the individuals, rendered such a supposition the wildest, baldest nonsense.

I next witnessed "table-tipping," and the answering of various questions by this method. It was in a gentleman's private

parlor, with scarce a half dozen persons present, and this gentleman's wife and son were two out of three or four individuals seated at the table with their hands thereon. The table almost instantaneously commenced rocking; the movements were distinct and decided beyond all question, and were demonstrably produced by *an agency other than that of* the persons seated thereat. Questions, too, were answered, which none present save the *querist* could possibly know any thing about. The principal querist was a gentleman, who accompanied me to the place,—a foreigner just arrived in this country from England, who, like myself, was now witnessing these things for the first time. He obtained several responses *purporting* to come from relations of his, deceased long years before, and he declared these responses to be in *all respects accurate*.

Now here were facts occurrent before my eyes, which were as wide open as they *could* be; and my conclusion *perforce* was, that "fraud," "collusion" &c. &c., were, in this case, an *utter impossibility*, even could I have supposed the persons concerned capable of such baseness—a supposition not less impossible. From absolute necessity, therefore, I was driven to refer the origin of these phenomena to *unseen Intelligencies*.

I was, several times afterward, present with "Circles," where these phenomena were exhibited, and witnessed abundance of facts, which *must* have convinced all save those, who had determinately steeled their hearts *against* conviction. But my *interest* in them soon waned, according to the original intimations of the "Spirits," and I often found myself poring over a book in the very midst of the experiments. I will, therefore, dismiss this class of facts with the mention of a single other.

On a certain evening my pupil went with me to a "Circle" of this kind. After various other experiments, *this* striking phenomenon was displayed. It would seem, that the "Invisibles" had intimated, by the usual method, that they could wrench the table out of the hands of any one present in defiance of his utmost efforts. Having obtained permission from the owner of the table to make the trial, my pupil, a very athletic, vigorous person, grasped the table by two of its corners, braced himself firmly, and held it with his whole strength. Two or three young ladies, all mediums, then rested the tips of their fingers on the surface of the table. Instantly the table began to move in various directions and with an appearance precisely as though some antagonist were putting forth his utmost endeavors to pluck it from my pupil's grasp. The latter struggled vehemently and still kept his hold, while the table rocked and writhed

and twisted, until its fabric gave way, and the two legs in my pupil's gripe were torn clean off and sundry other injuries were done to the structure!

It was the strangest sight I ever witnessed—a palpable contest between two forces, one wielded by a visible being, and the other by invisibles! "Collusion" and "fraud" were here totally out of the question, since my pupil was, on this occasion, in earnest quest of evidence to satisfy his own doubts, and to obtain this he was willing to pay for the fracture of the table, which he did. And in reference to this case, Professor Faraday's famed and triumphant theory of explanation is literally *nowhere*.

I have previously spoken of having had several interviews with a medium, through whom communications were made by the alphabet—she running over the letters, and I noting down the particular one indicated by the requisite "raps." In this way I received several quite considerable and most satisfactory messages from the two Spirits, self-named my "guardian" and my "elevator."

Thus, on one occasion, the former indicated correctly the year, the month and the day of the month of my nativity.

On another occasion, she spoke at length and gave much serious counsel in respect to certain matters, of which the circumstances were known to no single individual on the globe save myself.

These two instances were as convincing and satisfactory, as to the fact of the presence of unseen Intelligencies, as anything, that could have been desired or even conceived of.

But my space, M'r Editor, is filled, though my material is not exhausted. If your patience and the reader's is not yet outworn, I trust I may next offer you something more racy, if not more convincing.

## RHYMES ON A RUNAWAY.

[From the *Pennsylvania Chronicle*, October 3, 1768.]

### THREE POUNDS REWARD.

In seventeen hundred and sixty-eight,  
Of a runaway servant I'll relate;  
In the eighth month the twenty-first,  
Which is commonly called August,  
He from his master ran away,  
It being on a Sabbath day;  
Some particulars I will relate,  
The first his hair is dark and strait,  
His eyes and visage both are dark,  
And the small-pox hath left its mark;  
He has a hobble in his walk,  
And a mutter in his talk;

His age I don't exactly know,  
But I believe near thirty-two;  
An Englishman both born and bred,  
And a barber is by trade;  
William Tyler was his name,  
But I have heard he chang'd the same;  
About five feet six inches high,  
And very apt to swear and lie.  
He has been much used to the sea,  
And had a shot went thro' one knee,  
Which makes that leg less than the other,  
And something shorter than the t'other;  
By his account when got that scar,  
He was on board a man of war;  
In divers places he has been,  
And great part of the world hath seen;  
A scholar good, and for his clothes  
They homespun are, as I suppose;  
An old felt hat and bearskin vest,  
With a striped ditto, when he's drest,  
And good strong shoes, with strings to tie,  
Which he is apt to tread awry;  
He takes tobacco and strong drink,  
When he can get 'em, I do think.  
Whoever secures said servant man,  
And sends him home soon as they can,  
Shall receive the above reward,  
Which I will pay upon my word,  
With charges all that may accrue,  
Which shall be paid as soon as due;  
In Bradford township where I dwell,  
And so my name I think to tell,  
Therefore in print I'll let it stand,  
Which you may see at your right hand.

JOHN TOWNSEND.

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

*Fashionable Dissipation.* By Metta N. Fuller.  
*Adela Lincoln.* By M. F. Carey. R. H. See & Co.: Philadelphia: 1854. 12mo. Pp. 237.

This volume contains two tales by different authors, both of which we had read with no common interest in the *Saturday Evening Mail*. Both are designed to illustrate by facts the horrible evils of Intemperance, though they possess numerous merits besides their excellent purpose.

The first of them, by Miss Fuller, we regard as displaying great power and even genius. It brings forward, in various relations and scenes of action, numerous persons portrayed with graphic skill and wondrous life-likeness, and her plot is admirably arranged for showing the operation of character in shaping events, as well as of events in moulding character. The fair writer has proved herself a *veritable artist*.

The second story, *Adela Lincoln*, exhibits considerable power, though, for ourselves, we were more excited by the incidents, than interested by the persons. We did not find

here the thronged, attractive portrait-gallery we found in the former tale. Still it is an interesting and impressive narration, and we cannot but hope it may be widely read.

Indeed the entire volume is full fraught with lessons of most vital import to all ages and classes of the community.

*Discourses.* By Abiel Abbot Livermore. Crosby, Nichols & Co.: Boston: 1854. Charles S. Francis & Co.: New York. 12mo. Pp. 426. For sale in Philadelphia, by G. Collins.

As a simple matter of fact, it cannot be denied, that a volume of sermons is not, beforehand, very likely to arouse the general reader's interest, or even to attract his notice to itself. The common impression is, that they are dry, dull reading, and if perchance specimens of an opposite description appear, they are considered *exceptions* to the general rule.

Why this is so, we will not undertake explaining. We suspect, that quite different solutions of the problem would be offered by various persons. But the fact does seem rather a strange one, when we consider, that the proper *themes* of this species of writing are the highest and most momentous the universe itself can furnish.

With the author of the present discourses we were once somewhat acquainted. He is a man of talent, of learning and accomplishment, together with the moral qualities befitting his profession. These sermons, it is said, were prepared for his people in the ordinary routine of his duties. They are lucid, earnest exhibitions of momentous truths, and should have *told* upon the hearers. In their existing shape, we can promise the reader that they will richly requite whatever time and attention he may give them. We hope their readers may be many.

*Protestantism in Paris, a series of Discourses translated from the French of A. Coquerel.* Crosby, Nichols & Co.: Boston: 1854. 12mo. Pp. 195. For sale in Philadelphia, by G. Collins.

This small volume, comprising six sermons, may perhaps *escape* the neglect, which is but too apt to befall books of its class, from the peculiar circumstances of its origin. It is from the pen of an eloquent Protestant Frenchman, who, for thirty years, has been an object of no slight notoriety even in Paris.

We are prone to think of France, as either *Catholic* or *Infidel*, so far as religion is concerned, and its metropolis we know to be the *pleasure-capital* of the total globe. That, in such a country and such a city, a man should have been able, for thirty consecutive years,

to enkindle the interest and chain the attention of multitudes by the *unadorned, grave verities* of the Protestant Faith, argues a very uncommon measure of *ability*, if not absolute *genius*.

Possibly the reader may not, in these discourses, detect the *adequate ground* of such effects. The living voice and manner have much to do in these cases, and these cannot be printed. However he will find clear, earnest thinking expressed in a vivacious, graphic style, and will find himself well repaid for going through the volume.

*An Art-Student in Munich.* By Anna Mary Howitt. Ticknor, Reed & Fields: Boston: 1854. 12mo. Pp. 470. For sale in Philadelphia, by Parry & M'Millan.

If the principle of hereditary descent be of any virtue, we should rightly count, beforehand, on a book of far more than *average* ability and interest from the authoress here named. Her parents, William and Mary Howitt, have both been long recognized by the World, as rich in many choice intellectual gifts, as well as overflowing with all beautiful qualities of heart and life. It was a splendid parentage to derive existence from.

Happily our young authoress does no discredit to her lineage, but, so far as a single volume affords means of judging, she is all, that such parents could wish. She has given us a charming book—such a one as an *accomplished woman* alone could produce. Residing in Munich for the purpose of artistic studies, especially that of painting, she writes home a most agreeable *mélange*, comprising sketches of the German country, its people, their customs ordinary and extraordinary, &c., &c., intermingled with criticisms on various Artists and their productions, which show the writer to be endowed with the spirit of the poet not less than of the pictorial Artist. The fair lady writes in a clear, vivacious, fluent style, and altogether we can cordially recommend her book to the reader.

Chapter second is a description of Kaulbach's studio, and of his renowned compositions. There are no great modern paintings that can compare in poetic conception with those of this artist. His great pieces are the Destruction of Jerusalem, the Fall of Babel, the Battle of the Huns, and Homer. These have been reproduced at Berlin in *stereo-chromie*, and we well recall the enjoyment we experienced in their study a few months ago, upon finding them in the ever richly stocked portfolio of M'r Correa. We only regret that we have not space to present Miss Howitt's eloquent and correct description of them.



*The Elements of Character.* By Mary G. Chandler. Crosby, Nichols & Co.: Boston: 1854. 12mo. Pp. 284. For sale in Philadelphia, by G. Collins.

The present is a very unusual book to come from the pen of what we suppose to be a young lady, in an age, when the female mind seems to be putting forth its powers mainly in *fictional* literature, and even, in the estimate of many, *taking the lead therein*. For it is an essay of the gravest character, dealing with certain themes of the profoundest kind, and blending in one the metaphysical, the ethical and the religious.

Now, in an era like this, we cannot promise the fair writer anything like a wide-spread popularity, *this* being, for the present at least, reserved for the creators of the romantic and imaginative. We can, however, say truthfully, that her pages comprise much sound and useful thought; are leavened with a pure and genial spirit; are set forth in a clear, intelligible style; and that the reader of them, therefore, will find himself amply repaid for the time and attention he may bestow thereon. We could wish her circle of readers might be much larger, than we fear it is likely to prove, and this for their own sake quite as much as hers.

At all events, we can recommend it, as an excellent book of its class.

*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.* June, 1854: Leonard Scott & Co.: New York. For sale in Philadelphia, by Getz & Buck.

The quality of Blackwood, is this month, far above the average. The Review of M'r Morley's Life of Jerome Carden, is a discriminating epitome of the life of that remarkable man. "Young Bengal" will convey some information to those who are continually harping on British oppression in the East. The Letter from Madrid is a graphic picture of Spanish Life, and of the strange morality, or rather want of morality, of the Spanish Court. Verily, the throne of Isabella of Castile, and the descendants of her haughty nobles are equally disgraced by this vilest of a vile race, for assuredly the Bourbons have been the curse of every land they have ruled. The Article on the growth of the United States, will be interesting and instructive to all who have our country's weal at heart.

The next number, (for July,) will commence a new volume. With the July numbers, also commence new volumes of *The Edinburgh Review*, *The London Quarterly Review*, and *The Westminster Review*. The new volume of *The North British Review* commenced in May.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

### A TRIAL FOR FORGERY IN FRANCE.

The Marquis de Gras Preigne was recently tried at Montpellier for forgery. The charge was that having obtained the signature of the Marquis de Gras Preville, a distant relation, he had annexed it to a paper prepared by himself purporting to secure him three hundred thousand francs. The following is the conclusion of the account of the trial and shows that even the presence of a judge cannot restrain the lively Frenchmen within bounds.

The President summed up the evidence and left these questions to the jury. 1. Is Charles Henry de Gras Preigne guilty of having between the 3d of May and the 23d of July, in a document bearing date the 3d of May, fraudulently drawn up, to the charge of M. de Preville, conventions and obligations which the same M. de Preville did not contract? 2. Is he guilty of having knowingly made use of such forged and manufactured document, knowing it to be forged?

The jury retired to deliberate at half-past seven and returned in twenty minutes. The auditory was greatly agitated. The foreman of the jury being called on declared that the verdict in both questions was "not guilty."

Here one of the most extraordinary scenes ever witnessed in a court of justice occurred: loud bravos arose from different parts of the court, and the ladies applauded with a sort of phrenzy. Some persons even waved chairs over their heads, and others stamped on the ground.

*The President.*—"This is indecent! Justice calls neither for approbation nor disapprobation."

The shouting, however, continued louder than before.

*The President.*—"Ushers, do you see those who applaud? (The court was not lighted; there were only a few candles for the bench and the bar, and two at the reporter's table.) Is there no usher there? (No one replied for some time, but at length the usher appeared.) Point out to me those who make a noise. Bring one of them before the court that he may be made an example to the rest. Did you see any one in particular?"

*Usher.*—"I heard several, but did not see any applaud."

Silence now became re-established and the President said, with serenity: "Such demonstrations as these are extremely indecent. Those who applaud do well not to make themselves known."

The court ordered that M. de Gras Preigne should be immediately set at liberty.

As M. de Preigne left the dock, a great number of his friends pressed round him and embraced him warmly. He returned to the prison with the intention of dining with his wife, but he was told that a crowd of upwards of two hundred persons had assembled at the outer gate and demanded to see him. He hesitated to present himself, but at last went. He was greeted with loud acclamations; the people gathered round him, shook him by the hand, and in spite of himself, carried him in a sort of triumph to the Promenade du Peyron, shouting wildly "Vive dé Preigne," after which they would not allow him to return to jail.

## MOONSHINE.

The *Virginia Greenbrier Era* contains the following: Some years ago, while walking late at night, our attention was called to the luminous halo surrounding the head of our shadow. It was a night of June, and the air was humid to the degree that, as fitful gusts of wind blew it upon our cheek, it felt like a semi-liquid wave. The first sight startled us—a thousand stories of men followed by semi-visible spirits, of Peter Schlemihl and the like, flashed upon our fluttering apprehension with instantaneous succession and overwhelming vividness. But philosophy followed in the steps of superstition, and suggested investigation. It must be caused by the glazed cap we wore, was the first thought; but the removal of it did not explain the phenomenon. We next tried to detect, change or decrease the result, but they were all alike failures. Go where we would, or do as we would, the same halo surrounded the head of our shadow.

From that time up to last Monday night, we have occasionally observed the same result, though with more or less vividness, in accordance with the state of the atmosphere. Last Monday night the moon shone beautifully—so beautifully that it made us sleepless as an owl. We went out, and during our perambulation on the street we discovered again the peculiar halo around the head of our shadow. Immediately around the opaqueness of the shadow the halo was brighter than ever before, and its outline more marked and distinct. To test the matter more to our satisfaction, we went out into a pasture adjoining our village, and there discovered that the shadow (thrown upon the better-contrasting greensward) was still more distinct.

The only explanation we can give is this: that the insensible perspiration of the body, uniting with the atmosphere in its more humid and sultry condition, forms a peculiar atmosphere around it, which reflects light as does the atmosphere surrounding the sun or

moon. When we consider that the light of these luminaries is incandescent—that is, reflected or thrown off from their surrounding atmosphere, and not from their bodies themselves,—that the whole atmosphere, in certain electrical conditions, possesses extraordinary radiating and reflecting powers,—this explanation has some plausibility; but we do not make it as a satisfactory one.

## RESTORATION OF RUBENS'S PAINTINGS.

The following description of the mode of restoring panel paintings is given by the foreign correspondent of *Moore's Rural New Yorker*.

In the Cathedral at Antwerp are two celebrated pictures by Rubens, "The Descent from the Cross," and "The Elevation of the Cross." They have recently been submitted to the process of restoration, and are now quite fresh and brilliant. By the way, have you any idea in what this process of restoration consists? It is not a little curious, and I think you will be interested in an account of it. You must know these old paintings are all upon wood, the planks having originally been an inch or so in thickness, but in process of time this wooden back has become worm-eaten and decayed. The restoration consists, therefore, in a transfer of the paintings to new planks. First, the picture to be transferred is covered with a coat, perhaps half an inch thick, of a preparation composed mostly of mastic. The person, who has invented the process, keeps secret the ingredients and proportions of this varnish. Then the wood at the back of the picture is cut away, rapidly at first, and more carefully as they approach the painting. After all the wood has been removed, the new planks, carefully joined, and prepared with a coat of linseed oil, are applied to the under surface of the painting which has been exposed by the process just described. Sufficient time is allowed for the painting to become firmly attached to the new back, and then the varnish which was placed upon the surface is dissolved by means of a chemical preparation, the composition of which also remains a secret, and the picture is left safe and sound on its new foundation, ready to endure the assaults of another century or two. The government charges itself with these restorations, at an immense expense—10,000 francs, I have been told, for a single picture, after having assured itself, by repeated experiments, that the process was a safe one.

## TAVERNS.

Tavern orgies tear asunder the stoutest constitution, as well as impoverish the weightiest purses.

## THE DEVIL'S SONATA.

Tartini, born at Pirano in Istria, was from boyhood much disposed to the study of music, and one night dreamed that he made a compact with his Satanic Majesty, who promised on all occasions to be at his service, and during that delusive slumber all passed as he wished; even his desires were promptly accelerated by the agency of his new coadjutor. At length, he fancied, he placed his violin in the hands of the devil, to ascertain his musical qualities, when to his astonishment, he heard him perform a solo so singularly melodious, and executed with such superior taste and precision, that it greatly surpassed all he had ever heard. So exquisite was his delight upon this occasion, that it deprived him of the power of breathing; but awaking with the intensity of the sensation, he instantly arose, and taking his fiddle, hoped to express what he believed he had just heard, but in vain. His best efforts, it is true, helped him to produce a piece considered the most excellent of all his performances, and that he entitled the 'Devil's Sonata,' but it was so greatly inferior to the phantom of his dream, that this distinguished musician stated, he would willingly have broken his instrument, and abandoned music altogether, had he known any other means of obtaining a subsistence.

## MISTAKES OF THE PRESS.

One of the big Philadelphia papers informed its readers a few days ago that the stock of the Crystal Palace in New York had fallen 126 per cent.—that is to say, a share could now be got for nothing, and the taker would be paid twenty-six dollars for consenting to own it.

Another Philadelphia paper on Wednesday, the 28th, stated that a person named Walker, in the Nebraska Territory, was "a regular Indian except that he was three-fourths white." This is as rational as it would be to describe a mulatto as a regular white man except that he was half a negro.

## COLERIDGE TO BOOK READERS.

Old books by great authors are not in every body's reach; and though it is better to know them thoroughly than to know them here and there, yet it is a good work to give a little to those, who have neither time, nor means to get more. Let every bookworm, when in any fragrant scarce old tome he discovers a sentence, or an illustration that does his heart good, hasten to give it.

## THE FIRE.

The last thing we have to record this week is the complete destruction by fire, of our M'r Correa's handsome establishment in Chestnut Street, including his rich stock of foreign books, and rare and expensive fine line engravings. All the poetic conceptions of Kaulbach, mentioned by us in the preceding notice of Miss Howitt's book, with thousands of other reproductions, by celebrated engravers, of the works of the great masters, only a few hours after the time of our writing, served in vile companionship with brick and mortar, no higher end than to feed the omnivorous flames. The conflagration in which this loss occurred, has been one of the largest and most disastrous that have ever taken place in Philadelphia. One of the most beautiful portions of the city, in its very centre, in the very regions of wealth and fashionable resort, is now no more than a desolate expanse of blackened walls, gaping cellars, and smoking mounds of bricks.

Among the buildings embraced in the destruction was the National Theatre, the handsomest and largest one in the city; the Chinese Museum, a structure of colossal size, containing on its second floor the largest single saloon, and one of the handsomest, in America; the picture gallery of M'r Earle; and the whole row of rich and beautiful shops on Chestnut Street, from Ninth, down to the Art Union Gallery; this building, though its interior is greatly damaged, is the first one in that direction whose walls are left standing. The magnificent façade of the Girard House, on the other side of Chestnut Street from the theatre, has been terribly scorched and scarred. The Rotunda Bazaar at Ninth and George Street, opposite the Museum, and the Walnut Street Theatre adjoining it, were, thanks to the deluge of water incessantly poured in that direction, saved from ignition. But the particulars of this catastrophe have been fully detailed in our daily papers.

The printing office of BIZARRE, being in another direction, our paper does not fail duly to make its appearance; and for the present, at least, M'r Arthur J. H. Nichols, corner of Fourth Street and Willing's Alley, will assume its publication.

## PLANCHE.

Mr. J. R. Planché, hitherto popularly known as a dramatist, the London papers announce, has been gazetted at Rouge Croix, Pursuivant of Arms; an appointment deservedly conferred.

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY FIFTEENTH.

YEAR 1854.

## SCHOEN SUSCHEN.

*Von Gottfried Augustus Bürger.*

Schön Suschen kannt'ich lange Zeit,  
Schön Suschen war wohl fein;  
Voll tugend war's und Sittsamkeit;  
Das sah'ich kErl'ich ein.  
Ich kam und ging, ich ging und kam,  
Wie Ebb' und Fluth sur See.  
Gans wohl mir that es, wann ich kam  
Doch, wann ich ging, nicht weh.

Und es geschah, dass nach der Zeit  
Gar andres ich vernahm;  
Da that's mir wann ich schied, so leid,  
So wohl mir wann ich kam:  
Da hatt'ich keinen Zeitvertreib  
Und kein Geschäft, als sie;  
Da fühlte ich ganz an Seel und Leib,  
Und fühlte nichts, als sie.

Da war ich dumm, und stumm und taub;  
Vernahm nichts, ausser ihr;  
Sah nirgends blühen Blum' und Laub;  
Nur Suschen blühte mir.  
Nicht Sonne, Mond, und Sternenschein  
Mir glänzte nur ein Kind;  
Ich sah, wie in die Sonn' hinein  
Und sah mein Auge blind.

Und wieder kam gar andre Zeit  
Gar anders ward es mir;  
Doch alle Tugend, Sittsamkeit  
Und Schönheit blieb an ihr.  
Ich kam und ging, ich gin und kam  
Wie Ebb' und Fluth sur See.  
Gans wohl mir that es, wann ich kam  
Doch, wann ich ging, nicht weh.

Ihr Weisen hoch und tief gelahrt,  
Die ihr's erkinnt, und wist  
Wie, wo und wann sich Alles paart,  
Warum sich's liebt und küsst.  
Ihr hohen Weisen, sagt mir's an;  
Ergrübelt, was mir da,  
Ergrübelt mir, wo, wie und wann,  
Warum mir so geschah?

Ich selber sanz oft Nacht und Tag,  
Und wieder Tag und Nacht,  
So wundersamen Dingen nach;  
Doch hab'ich nichts erdacht.  
Drum Lieb' ist wohl, wie Wind im Meer,  
Sahn Sausen ihr wohl hört,  
Allein ihr wisset nicht, woher,  
Wisset nicht, wohin er führt?

## FAIR SUSAN.

*Translated from the German of G. A. Bürger.*

Long time sweet Susan I had known;  
Susan was fair to me;  
For, virtue, grace and modesty  
In her I well could see.  
I came and went, I went and came,  
As ebbs and flows the sea,  
Happy enough I was with her,  
Not very sad away.

But so it was, a little time,  
And nothing was the same;  
The going was a bitter thing,  
'T was joy whene'er I came.  
She was my only pastime then,  
She had my business grown,  
My heart all feeling had become,  
And felt for her alone.

Then was I deaf and dumb and blind,  
No ether thing could see;  
I saw no bloom upon the flower,  
She bloomed alone for me.  
No light of moon or stars I saw,  
Her soft eyes only shone,  
I looked as one looks to the sun,  
Till I saw those alone.

Again there came another time,  
My heart was all unchained,  
Yet virtue, grace and modesty,  
With Susan yet remained.  
I came and went, I went and came,  
As ebbs and flows the sea,  
Happy enough I was with her,  
Not very sad away.

And now ye sages quite profound,  
Whose secret thinkings range  
Around the wherefore, why, and when,  
Of this most curious change—  
Now ye wise sages this reveal,  
And make me clearly see,  
Unfold the wherefore, how and when,  
Why this has happened me.

For I have vainly thought at night,  
And vainly through the day;  
Reason upon this secret change  
Sheds not one single ray.  
For love is like the summer wind,  
Which as it listeth blows,  
But none can tell the whence it comes,  
The whither where it goes.

## DON JUAN.

## IN TWO CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER II.

The first act had enchanted me; but, after this strange apparition, the music produced in me an indescribable effect. It was like the long craved realization of my best dreams, like the reproduction of the fore-shadowings, of my soul in a harmonious melody. In the scene with *Donna Anna* I felt as if I were borne through a hot, voluptuous atmosphere; my eyes involuntarily closed, and I seemed to feel the impression of a burning kiss upon my lips, but the kiss was as light and fleeting as a dulcet sound.

Now I hear gaily resounding the anomalous finale: *Gia la mensa è preparata. Don Juan*, seated between two young women, now dallies with one, now pets the other, keeping the corks flying from the bottles to give free egress to the fiery spirits imprisoned in the crystal. It was in a narrow apartment, at the back of which, through a great gothic window, loomed the shadows of night. Whilst *Elvira* recalls to her faithless lover all his oaths, a flash of lightning is seen, and anon are heard the fulminating groans of the elements, betokening the bursting tempest. Then there is a violent knocking; *Elvira*, and the other women in terror leave the scene, and in the midst of the most terrible though accordant sounds, the colossal marble statue advances and presents itself before *Don Juan*, who seems a pigmy beside it. The earth shakes beneath the giant's step. In the uproar of the tempest, amidst crashes of thunder, and the shrieks of demons, *Don Juan* pronounces his terrible word. The fatal hour has come; the statue vanishes; a thick vapour overspreads the room, out of which rise hideous shapes. Only at intervals in it can be distinguished *Don Juan* struggling against the demons. Suddenly the shock of an explosion is felt—*Don Juan* and the infernal spirits have disappeared, we cannot see how: *Leporello* lies fainting in the corner. What a relief then to see again other human beings, seeking, but in vain, for *Don Juan*! We feel as if we had ourselves made our escape from that horde of devils. *Donna Anna* reappears; how changed! A deathly pallor overspreads her face; her eyes have lost their lustre; her voice is unsteady; but the effect is all the more ravishing in the little duo with her amiable betrothed, who is eager to celebrate

their nuptials—too happy to be freed from the reproachable duty of vengeance.

The chorus puts a perfect finish upon the work, and I hastened to shut myself in my chamber with my exaltation. The servant came to call me to supper; I followed him mechanically.

The company was numerous, and the representation of "*Don Juan*" was the theme of their conversation. Both the singing and the acting of the Italians seemed to meet with pretty general commendation; but, from the tenor of their passing remarks, I was convinced that none of them suspected the profound meaning of this masterpiece of all Operas. *Don Octavio* had given great satisfaction, *Donna Anna* seemed to them rather too much impassioned.

"It is important," said one of the company, "to know how to be moderate on the stage, and not exhibit such violent emotions."

The critic, as he made this observation, regaled himself with a pinch of snuff, and turned with a knowing and self-satisfied air to his neighbor, who on his part pronounced the Prima Donna a very fine looking woman but too careless of her toilet, for, in her grand scene one of the bands of her hair came loose over her face. Another hummed in a bass voice the air of *Fui ch' han dal vino*, and a lady said that for her part she did not like "*Don Juan*;" that it seemed too gloomy, containing nothing light or cheerful. The explosion at the end was much praised.

Tired of their vain remarks, I hurried back to my chamber. There I felt a stifling sensation—the heat was extreme. At midnight I fancied I heard my name pronounced near the tapestried door. "What prevents me from going again," I said to myself, "to the scene of that singular adventure? Perhaps I will again see her who occupies my thoughts. It is easy to carry there a little table, two candles, and an inkstand." The waiter came presently with the punch I had ordered; he found my room empty and the tapestried door open; he traces me to the box, casting an equivocal look upon me. At a motion of my hand, he places the bowl on the table and withdraws, still regarding me—as if a question were upon his lips. I lean upon the ledge of the box, contemplating the deserted theatre, whose architecture, tinged with the light of my two candles, affords strange reflections and fantastic shadows. The wind shakes the drop curtain. "If it were to rise," I said to myself. "If *Donna Anna* were to appear before me again in her terrible agitation!—*Donna Anna*!" My call was lost in the depths of the interior, but it awoke the instruments in the orchestra; a vague sound proceeded from them—I seem to hear them murmur

\* From the German of HOFFMAN.

that cherished name. I cannot repress a secret terror; but it produced in me an agreeable emotion.

I control myself at last, and now, dear Theodore, I am ready to indicate to you, at least that which I am able to extract from this grand masterpiece, and from the profound conceptions of its great composer. The poet alone comprehends; the ideal soul can alone penetrate ideal nature; the poetic spirit consecrated in the temple of enthusiasm can alone comprehend its accents.

If we consider the poem of "Don Juan" without looking for a profound signification in it, if we see no more than the romance which is the subject of it, it would be difficult to conceive how Mozart with such a ground-work could have dreamed and composed such music.

A dissipated individual who is addicted beyond measure to wine and women, who invites deliberately to his table the stone statue of the old man he killed, it is true, in defending his own life, contains indeed little of the poetical, and, to speak quite freely, such a man does not deserve that the infernal powers should take the trouble to come for him—that the stone statue should take life, and descend from its horse to invite the sinner to repentance—and that the devil should dispatch his satellites to convey him to the other world.

You may rely, Theodore, that nature treated *Don Juan* as one of her favoured children: she gave him all that lifts a man above the vulgar level, above insipid toil and scheming, and approximated him to the divine essence. She intended him to conquer and to command; she endowed him with an elegant and majestic person, a face illumined by a halo of celestial fire, a profound soul, and a quick and active intellect. But it is one of the frightful consequences of the original stain, that Satan possesses the power to lure man by means of the very efforts he makes to attain the infinite—to bait the fatal hook for him with the very intuitive sentiment of his divine nature. This struggle between the celestial and satanic principle engenders human passion, and consigns the subject to a supernatural life. The physical and moral organisation of *Don Juan* inflamed his ambition, and an insatiable longing, produced by the ardor of his blood, urged him in pursuit of all those passing joys, in which he hoped, in vain, to find a complete satisfaction.

Nothing in this world so much exalts man, as love. It is love that by its mysterious, powerful influences, arouses and throws into such disorder the elements of our nature. Is it surprising that *Don Juan* hoped by love to be able to appease the desires that agitated him, and that Satan took that me-

thod to entangle him in his meshes? It was he who inspired *Don Juan* with the belief that in love and enjoyment with women, he would find on this earth the realization of the celestial promises we carry in the soul, and of that infinite aspiration that wafts us at times to the superior etherial regions. Passing without remission from beauty to beauty, enjoying to intoxication and satiety their charms, ever believing himself deceived in his choice, ever hoping to find the ideal of his happiness, *Don Juan* necessarily became in time fatigued of this material life; and, despising mankind, he was angered at last against those agencies he had invoked, and of whom he had become the slave.

Every woman he now won was no longer to him merely even a sensual joy, but the object of a licentious insult to human nature and to her Creator. An utter disdain of the ordinary points of view of life, far above which he believed himself to be elevated, his derision of our humble, familiar ideas of happiness, led him to treat those gentle, melting creatures as the objects of a cruel sport, and to blast pitilessly, every thing he despised. Every abduction of some betrothed fair, every havoc of some happy pair's felicity, was to him a brilliant victory in the mastering of that hell-born Power that was bearing him beyond the narrow limits of ordinary life. He wished then to advance still further beyond those limits—and this time he topples into the abyss. The rape of *Donna Anna*, with the accompanying circumstances, was the highest outrage he had yet dared to essay.

*Donna Anna*, with the most brilliant gifts of nature, is offered as a contrast to *Don Juan*. While equal to him in beauty, her pure soul is so impregnated with the innocence of nature as to defy the power of Lucifer. His demons could harrass and even arrest her terrestrial course, but, once her destruction on this earth consummated, the vengeance of Heaven must be accomplished.

*Don Juan* jeeringly invites to his joyous feast the old man whom he has butchered; and his victim does not disdain to come to him from the other world, to exhort him to repentance. But the heart of *Don Juan* is already so hardened, that the benitude of Heaven cannot convey to him the hope or even the sentiment of a better life.

As I have already told you, *Donna Anna* is placed here by contrast to *Don Juan*. She was intended to inspire him with the power of celestial nature, and to open his eyes to the folly of his vain efforts. He saw her too late, he saw her in the hour of crime, and he conceived only the fiendish thought of effecting her destruction. She does not escape. When he appears again, the crime has been accomplished. She has felt kind-

ling within her a voluptuous fire, a flame of hell, and all resistance has been impossible. *Don Juan* alone could produce in her that luxurious obliteration of her own true self, during which she threw herself into his arms, and succumbed to the artifices of the Demon. Now, when he is gone from her, she is aroused by all the anguish of her fall. The death of her father, slain by the hand of *Don Juan*, her alliance with the vapid, common-place *Don Octavio*, whom she had believed she loved, the ardour of the passion which possessed her, and the impetuous spur of hate, all conspired to torture her. She feels that the perdition of *Don Juan* alone can yield her repose—but that repose for her will be death. She urges incessantly her indolent intended to vengeance; she pursues herself the faithless wretch; and when she beholds him borne away by subterranean powers her first moment of calm returns. Yet she cannot submit to the impatient haste of *Don Octavio*. She says to him: "*Lascia, ô caro, un anno ancora, allo sfogo del cor mio!*" She will not survive that year! *Don Octavio* will never fold her on his bosom!

Oh, how keenly I felt in the depths of my soul all these emotions in those harrowing sounds of the first recitative, and in the relation of the nocturnal surprise. Even the *Crudete* of *Donna Anna* in the second act, which, considered superficially, seems only to contain what bears reference to *Don Octavio*, reveals in its more subtle sounds, and in a delicate pathos, all the agitation of her soul. What a striking thought is contained in these words, which the poet perhaps wrote without being conscious of their full signification:

"Forse un giorno il cielo ancora sentirà  
Pieta di me!"

The clock strikes two, an electric breath blows upon me; I perceive the odour of the sweet Italian perfumes which attended the presence of my fair neighbor last evening. I experience a feeling of happiness only to be expressed by harmonious sounds; the wind blows harder through the theatre, some chords of the piano in the orchestra are murmuring. Good Heavens! I fancy I hear *Anna's* voice borne upon the wings of an aerial orchestra. I seem to hear her singing: *Non mi dir bell' idol mio*.—Open thyself to me, oh, far off, unknown country! Kingdom of souls! Shining paradise! Where in never ending joys are accomplished the promises of earth! Suffer me to enter the circle of thy sublime scenes! May the dreams thou sendest to man, sometimes objects of terror, sometimes messengers of peace, conduct my spirit to thy regions of ether when sleep casts over me its leaden mantle!

#### CONVERSATION AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

A STAID GENTLEMAN, *tapping on the lid of his snuff-box.*

I regret that we will not be able soon again to hear an opera so well performed! It all comes of that fatal exaggeration.

#### A MAN OF DUSKY COUNTENANCE.

Yes, yes, I often told her so. The character of *Donna Anna* took too violent a hold upon her: she acted as if possessed. Between the acts she lay in a swoon, and after her scene in the second act she had an attack of the nerves.

#### AN INSIGNIFICANT PERSON.

Indeed! tell us all about it!

#### THE DUSKY MAN.

Well, an attack of the nerves: and she could not be taken from the theatre.

#### MYSELF.

In the name of Heaven! the attack I hope was not dangerous. Will we see the Signora soon again?

#### THE STAID GENTLEMAN, *taking a pinch.*

It is not likely, for the Signora died as the clock struck two this morning.

### POPULAR SONGS OF SPAIN.

#### X.

#### A LADY'S WANTS.

"Sir gallant, if you wish  
That I should receive your homage,  
Give me what I am about to mention  
Without any restriction.

The first thing that I want  
Is that you buy me a house,  
With its four balconies  
At the corner of the square.

Four negroes to serve me,  
That are very much afraid of me,  
In order that on going to mass  
They may follow me very ceremoniously.

A carriage and four mules  
Are altogether necessary,  
Because I am very pretty,  
And do not care to go on foot."

— "God preserve you, my fair one,  
I will return to-morrow;  
What you ask is a trifle  
If you meet with any one to give it to you."

## LETTERS FROM CHINA.

NUMBER V.

UNITED STATES STEAMER QUEEN, }  
Canton River, April 8, 1854. }

I am exceedingly glad to tell you that Commodore Perry has been entirely successful in making a treaty with the Japanese. The *Susquehanna* brought the news, having left Jeddo on the 22d ult. I have not heard the details, but I believe, three or four ports are to be opened to us, and our seamen protected when wrecked on their coast. Land for burial purposes has already been given us and one of the marines buried therein. It will be but a few years before Brother Jonathan will have established himself firmly in these regions, and hundreds of his steamers will be engaged in transporting his produce in these seas for the use of this strange people, with whom we have been so fortunate on communicating, after the repeated refusals experienced by other nations for the past three hundred years. It will be a real glory to our people, and happy am I to be connected with the expedition. A few days ago a party of five gentlemen made an excursion into the country and were beaten shamefully, their arms, watches and clothing taken from them with the exception of shoes and shirts, in which guise they returned. On the following day another party started, with the hope of recovering the missing goods, and as they did not return by the time specified, an excitement was raised: by the request of the British Consul we raised steam and were about to go in search of them, when they made their appearance, safe and sound, having slept in their boat instead of coming home. Of course, a correspondence was established between the Consul and our skipper, to whom was paid the usual empty compliments, &c., for his energy, courage, &c., in assisting the "Queens" lieges, and so the matter ended. About two and a half miles below the city there has been a serious quarrel between two villages, concerning a stream of water for irrigation. It is said that the killed amounted to an hundred. I have, within a few days past noticed dead bodies floating up and down the river, and one evening last week the body of a large man was entangled in one of our wheels, being discovered by the stench arising from it; we soon cleared it, and away it floated, and will probably continue to do so, until it falls to pieces, the Chinese being particularly averse to touching a body, as a strict account has to be given to the police, who are not particular as to whom they squeeze, (or rob) and frequently this brings people into trouble who

interest themselves. It is said to be the same with drowning persons. I have seen a woman (one of our boatwomen) fall overboard, yet not a hand was extended to save her, though there was a very rapid tide making; luckily, she was able to keep up until one of our men who was in the boat pulled her in. Only a few days ago, I saw three children who were in a boat which upset, and had them brought on board; they were, apparently lifeless, but by blankets, rubbing, pressing on the chest, &c., with a little hot brandy and water, I had the satisfaction of seeing them return to life again. The poor mother would not come into the cabin until I told her all was well, and then she went on her knees and knocked her head on the deck, in spite of all I could do to prevent her, but I could not explain to her that she must not worship me. Two of the children were girls of six and eight years, the other, a boy of one year, and all fine children, but how ragged! but I must say the rags were clean, and had been patched until no longer patchable. I kept the children about four hours and then sent them away rejoicing. Since my last, (9th ult.) I have had the pleasure of visiting a family of the better class, composed of the mother and four daughters, one of whom has a high reputation for scholarship, and is very pretty—all were small footed, this line representing the length.\* \* \* \* In walking, they appear just about as well able to support themselves as a child that is beginning to walk, and the gait is exactly the same. In order to produce a small foot the toes are turned under, and the whole foot bound up tightly; and the practice results in an entire loss of the muscles of the calf, which is no larger than the ancle, so D'r Ball tells me, and the feet always emit an unpleasant odor.

Unfortunately, I was not sufficiently conversant with the Mandarin dialect, or I might have gathered a great number of useful facts, but I felt quite at home notwithstanding, and drank the healths of all the family in a cup of the best Bohea, the universal drink, hot, without sugar, and from a cup about twice the size of a thimble: it was so good that I felt like "asking for more," and really it is the proper way to drink it; of one thing I am certain, it is more refreshing than with sugar or milk. There are many customs in connection with domestic life in China, which I would be glad to see adopted with us, and which would do honor to the most enlightened nation. Among them, is the respect *always* paid to the aged. I saw an example in this family, and felt quite pleased to see it.

Near by is an establishment where

\* The line is  $2\frac{3}{4}$  inches in length.



40,000 duck eggs are hatching at one time, without\* the aid of artificial heat. The eggs are put into large baskets lined with thick paper, and are arranged in layers with paper between. Every day the eggs are taken out and re-arranged in other baskets, in such a manner that when nearly hatched the bottom becomes the top layer, when they are placed on shelves and the ducklings soon break out. By this arrangement, there is a constant bursting into life, from one year's end to another. The eggs are hatched on commission, as it is more economical for the farmer and others. I think an apparatus of the kind would be a good speculation in the U. S. I have not purchased many articles yet, but as I go along I add what I can; as to my own expenses they are less than they have ever been. Though, on the way out, I was obliged to live on shore a great deal, which is expensive. I shall try to get some shawls: good ones worth \$40 at home, can be had for \$20 here, but the articles I would like to get, such as tea trays, or little tea tables, for one or two persons, work tables, waiters and other lacquer ware, and china, are so bulky that I could not find room for them; and to send them home I would have to pay freight and duties, which would make the cost equal to what they could be bought for in the United States. I am having four scarfs made, for \$4.50, which I think would be worth \$12 at home.

There is an immense variety of articles to choose from, at prices varying from 10 cents to hundreds and even thousands of dollars. I am obliged to keep out of the shops for fear I should order more than my finances would allow, and these Chinese are admirable salesmen, besides being very accommodating as to credit. If you say, "No got dollar," the answer is, "Maski, (no difference,) can do six moon (months), my no fear, you makee true pigeon (business), suppose you likee three four piece shawl, my put in piece paper, makee send ship, suppose no wantee him bye can send back."

If you ask a shop-keeper to get anything for you, out side, he always says, "Can do," if he can get it; if not, then it is, "No can do." Their attempts to speak English are fearfully grotesque.

It is thought that the Commodore will remain at the north for three months longer, and he has directed a renewal of our charter, so that I cannot say when I shall leave the station, at any rate not before four months, so that I shall look for an answer to this, which ought to here in three and a half months. I cannot see the propriety of keeping this vessel here, as there seems to be no probability of an outbreak, especially

as it is a most irksome duty. We have been lying here five months, and have not moved our length yet. I can bear it well enough so long as my health does not fail, and shall always hope for the best.

## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

A SERIES OF LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NUMBER IX.

M'r Editor:—By way of variety and as an interlude, I have thought that those, who have accompanied me thus far, might perhaps be interested to learn how and when my pupil first became a "medium," and to hear some of his early experiences as such. Fortunately I have the means of gratifying this curiosity, if it exists, and this mostly in the medium's own words, as he has recently put these matters on paper at my request. In the literal verity of what he recounts I have myself as full confidence, as though I, instead of him, had written it down, and that from my own personal observation.

He, moreover, remarks, that whatever he has here recorded can be substantiated by unimpeachable witnesses, consisting of both men and women standing as high in morals, intelligence, and fair repute, as any in the city of Philadelphia. That he employs initials, instead of entire names, is due to the fact, that many, who witnessed the phenomena, as yet shrink from being known as believing in their *Spiritual* origin. With regard, however, to the majority of the facts he relates, he has the free consent of the witnesses to refer to them in proof.

With these preliminaries, I take up the narrative in the medium's words.

"It was in the spring of 1852 that my attention was first drawn to the investigation of the "Spiritual Manifestations," so called. I had previously heard of the "rappings," but this was all. Finally I was induced to attend a lecture, delivered by Leroy Sunderland at Franklin Hall. His remarks moved me to rise, at the close of the lecture, and interrogate him concerning certain of his statements. I learned from him, that "Spirits" were enabled to communicate through the alphabet, in a way now too familiar to most readers to require description. I demurred to the explanation given by him, but was unable to obtain any further information, that satisfied my mind on the subject. I left the Hall, therefore, with a very unfavourable opinion of the whole matter.

\* Query, with?

On the subsequent evening I called, with a friend, at the Franklin House to witness the manifestations through a "rapping" medium, who was under the care of Mr Sunderland. Learning, on our arrival, that the medium was not in, we were about retiring, when a lady present told us, we might remain, if we chose, for that several "physical mediums" were in the room, and most likely manifestations would be made through them by the "Spirits."

We sat down with the company, and after some twenty minutes had been occupied with singing and conversation, the arm of a certain lady was quite vehemently moved and her fingers were directed towards myself. I endeavored to ascertain the meaning of this, but in vain. Presently her arm was again similarly affected, and instantly I felt as if *my own arm were grasped*. Soon I experienced, a second time, the sensation of a *human hand clasping my arm*. I was greatly astonished, but not being in a *believing* mood, I was inclined to charge the whole to a vagary of the imagination.

After spending an hour here, we retired, with the intention of calling on the next evening. Accordingly the subsequent evening found my friend and myself seated among the company assembled at Sunderland's room. The medium under his care was present; and after several individuals had satisfied their minds with the responses thus given to inquiries about their departed friends, I desired *mentally* to know whether the grasps of my arm were by Spirits? The answer by "raps" was yes. In the same way I desired them to "rap" the number of times my arm was clasped. The answer was *two raps*.

Again I asked whether I was myself a medium? The response was, *yes*. I now inquired *when* I should be developed? The reply, rapped out through the alphabet, was "*soon*."

This entire conference was carried forward on *my* part by *mental queries*, and on the part of the mysterious agent by *sounds*.

The friend with me had the exact dates of the deaths of both his father and mother indicated in the same way.

Both of us were deeply impressed by the phenomena we had witnessed; and though not as yet brought to ascribe them to *Spiritual* agency, we were *constrained* to admit that they were wholly unaccountable on any grounds known to us.

Subsequently I called on a gentleman, who was reputed to be "operated upon" by the Spirits; and with him I had several sessions in order to be "developed" by the invisible Agents having me in charge. Strange to say, all this time, notwithstanding the numerous inexplicable facts I had witnessed,

I yet vacillated between belief and utter skepticism, and was in truth induced to continue these sittings merely by a *sense of duty*, which I could not shake off. However my attendance on these occasions was finally brought to a close by my voluntary relinquishment of them.

Some time after this, sitting in my "old arm chair" reading an evening paper, and without the slightest thought on the subject of Spiritual manifestations, I heard a voice say, "take your pencil in hand and place it on the paper."

So vivid was the impression thus made upon me, that I was irresistibly impelled to obey. Grasping my pencil between my fingers and placing it on the left side of a sheet of paper, it began spontaneously to move across it. Of course I was greatly astonished, never having, at that time, heard of "*writing mediums*."

The next movement of the pencil was to form alphabetic letters. At this moment, the query flashed upon me. "may not *this* be a Spiritual phenomenon?"

To test this point, I desired to know if a certain Spirit, who while in life was a particular friend, were here present? My pencil at once traced the words, "yes, I am with you."

I then requested the Spirit to produce for me a fac simile of its autograph, while in the form, and that *in this* it would copy a stanza it had then inscribed on the fly-leaf of my Bible. Of this stanza, by the way, I had nearly forgotten the substance, and remembered little else than the fact of *its having been written*. My request was granted, and an exact copy traced by the involuntary movement of my arm.

Inexpressibly delighted with this result, I proffered question after question to my new friends, and answer upon answer was promptly returned. A world of novel beauties and wonders seemed opened upon my vision and a shoreless ocean of knowledge to roll its billows to my feet, inviting me to lave in its bright, pellucid waters. As day after day I sat with pen in hand through consecutive hours, fatigue and exhaustion seemed to stand aloof from my frame. The pen glided over the paper as unrestrainedly and easily, as the storm-petrel over the surface of the billows, leaving registered thereon things both old and new of a description, which invigorated my mind and exhilarated my heart. None, in fact, save those similarly conditioned, can conceive the unearthly joy, that thrills the soul of a medium, while in frank, familiar interchange with the dear departed, who, he is assured, are ever nigh and perfectly cognizant of him. *He*, at least, must perforce prize the opening of these Spiritual communications, as one of

the choicest gifts, which Omnipotence itself could have vouchsafed to our world.

Without undertaking to give a consecutive history of my proceedings, I pass now to the time, when a certain friend, who had been developed as an "*impressible medium*," and myself constituted ourselves, as a "*Circle*" for prosecuting our inquiries, and met occasionally for this purpose; and will narrate some phenomena, as the results, with which we were favored.

1st. At one of our sessions, my friend placed in my hands an *unopened* letter. My "*controlled*" pen instantly wrote thereon, "*not correct.*"

He then declared to me his intention to purchase a piece of land in Philadelphia County, the present holder's title whereof was *said* not to be valid; and requested our "*Spirit-guides*" to say, through me, whether his private impressions concerning this land were correct.

They answered, "*yes*," and furthermore wrote, that "*the title was perfectly sound and he might close the contract with entire safety.*" To this they added, that "*through me they would demonstrate the title of the present owner to be in all respects legal.*"

My friend, in the enthusiasm of his faith, declared, that "*he would buy the property forthwith and without awaiting the result of further investigations.*"

I demurred at this, and insisted on the expediency of waiting till the "*Spirits*" had redeemed their pledges. I spoke thus, because my "*guides*" had themselves counselled me never to act otherwise, than reason and judgment approved—a counsel, which comported with my fixed habits, as a business man.

My friend, M, then opened and read the letter above mentioned, which bore the signature of one of our city's ablest real-estate counsellors. It stated, that, "*having thoroughly examined the dockets in the Office of the Clerk of the Orphans' Court, as well as all other records, that could possibly throw any light on the subject, he had perforce arrived at the conclusion, that the title of the present holder was totally null and void.*" He further stated, that the title of the present occupant purported to have been derived from a partition of property made among certain heirs, in pursuance of an Order of Court, consequent upon a petition of one of said heirs for such partition, and a Court decree confirming the partition." "*But*," continued the Counsellor, M'r W. "*I can find no such application, no such Order of Court, and no such partition with its subsequent confirmation. Hence the existing holder's title has not a shadow of validity.*"

Here, certainly, was a very strong *prima*

*facie* charge of *inaccuracy*, if not *want of veracity*, lying against our Spirit-informants.

No sooner, however, had the reading of the above been finished, than my "*controlled*" pen traversed the paper and wrote, that "*the Counsellor was in error; that the application, with all the subsequent steps, was in fact recorded; and that they (the 'Spirits')* would enable me to find them."

I went to the Office of the Orphans' Court to search for the desired records, and first proceeded to the bookcase, where the indices were kept. I sought in vain, however, for the particular Index needed. I then asked the attendant Clerk if "*he could inform me of its whereabouts?*"

He replied, that "*this Index was out of the Office, but would be returned that afternoon.*"

Leaving the bookcase, I picked up a large record-book, which had just been laid aside by a gentleman, and was "*impressed*" to open it, though as yet knowing nothing about its contents. I did so, and the first line my eyes rested upon contained *the name of one of the parties to the alleged partition.*

Reading on, I speedily made myself conversant with the substance of the partition in question.

I was then "*impressed*" to go to a certain closet and thrust my hand into a cavity therein. I drew thence a bundle of papers,—which papers, on examination, were found to contain *the original petition for a partition of the estate, together with all the other documents requisite for establishing the validity of the present holder's title,—to which was added a map of the property, with all its metes and bounds registered thereon!*

These papers I placed in the Clerk's hands, with a request, that certified copies of them should be made out. Receiving these copies, not long after, I handed them to my friend. He passed them to his scrivener, and from them the latter drew up the title deeds, which my friend still holds, as proprietor of the land.

2nd. At another session, my friend inquired concerning an apparatus, invented by himself. My pen traced the words, "*it will not answer, for it forms a siphon.*"

My friend, at first, was indisposed to credit this. But our "*guides*" adhering to their declaration, we proceeded to the room containing the apparatus to put the matter to the test. He uncovered it, and my hand, *without my volition*, was moved in various directions over the machine, *until it had actually pointed out wherein the principle of the siphon lay.*

My friend was perforce convinced at once and abandoned the enterprise as futile.

3rd. According to previous usage, my friend laid before me a letter *unopened*, and my "pen" wrote thereon, as an appropriate comment, "do not send it, for you have parted with your *evidence*."

He then opened the letter and read it to me. Its contents were of the *cayenne* and *aqua fortis* character, and were written by my friend M. himself, to a merchant in New York City. It was called forth by a transaction between the parties, wherein my friend considered himself as wronged by having had a *damaged* article sold him for a *merchandise* one. He therefore claimed large damages, which the New York House refused to concede. Such was the state of affairs between the parties at present, and such it had been for nigh twelve months.

This letter of M. was in reply to one from the New York House, which hinted, that *other* (*i. e. legal*) means would be adopted to procure a settlement.

M.'s letter (luckily *unsent* as yet) was of a quality so defiant, that it must inevitably have brought on the threatened suit. My hands *involuntarily* grasped it and tore it in pieces, and I was then "impressed" to pen one to be despatched in its stead. No sooner had I completed it, than M. exclaimed, that "the Spirits were correct, for that, while I was writing, it had been made evident to him, that, by selling the damaged goods at *private sale*, he had verified the declaration of the "Spirits" by *parting with his evidence*."

The "Spirits" now promised, that if he would follow their advice, the whole affair should speedily be settled to his liking. Accordingly the letter I had just written was despatched, and ere long an answer was received, which opened a door for adjustment. *This adjustment was speedily effected to the full satisfaction of both parties.*

4th. My friend was induced to undertake a business "operation," which, had it been properly conducted, might have brought him very considerable profits. Our "guides," through me, had indicated the course befitting him to pursue. Imprudently venturing, however, to act in certain particulars contrary to their directions, the *result of the affair was a loss*."

Having now filled my customary space, I will close for the present. These experiences of my pupil strike me as remarkably satisfactory evidence of super-mundane intervention. They are, too, of a class, which none of the *expository* theories seen by me, whether those of D'r Dods or of others, at all meet.

Perhaps, on some after occasion, I may furnish further specimens from the same source.

## SAGE DRESSING.

"There is nothing like a young green-turtle—nicely dressed." Who was the author of this original remark I know not. I did not see his face for it was dark when he passed me—and his back was towards me; but his words remain "written on my memory"—as the poet says—"with indelible ink!" He was a short, very stout (*i. e.* fat) man dressed in black; one's *beau ideal* of an Alderman rather than a poet, yet the air of reality so apparent in his person I cannot trace in his speech; in it there is to me a certain nameless something, savouring of ideality. Mark the expression, "a young green-turtle"—might not that word, "turtle," have been intended as a term of endearment for some fair young creature in woman's form? A very turtle (dove) of beauty; and when we complete the sentence, does there not seem to be an air of plausibility in our supposition? But the qualifying word, 'green,' some carping critic shrilly chirps—there again is a strong point: where could we better place a turtle (dove) than in front of something verdant, which, seen with a poet's eye, might cast a reflection on the aforesaid turtle, making it an invisible green; or, may not 'green' be a synonym for 'tender'? Yes! that last's a stunner! Enough, we've proved it to our own satisfaction, let Whately growl or not. Our sentence accordingly runs—"There is nothing like a young and tender lady—nicely dressed."

Who ever lost his heart for a woman in a bathing dress? We won't pause for a reply: we hear it on every side, "No one, nobody." But follow her to the "Hop." Aye, now you talk! Verily the lines of beauty have fallen in pleasant places, we trace them in the flowing robes, the wavy tresses, may be a fluttering ribbon over a little fluttering heart—and we acknowledge with the unknown stout man:

"There's nothing like a young green-turtle—nicely dressed!"

But the morning dress! that's the test. Show me a woman in a neat morning dress, and I'll show you an acquaintance worth having. Flowers fascinate you at night by gas-light—but in the morning with the dew on them they bewitch—there is the difference.

"Usef" greatly desired to visit our country when he learned the style of dress, or rather un-dress, worn by the fair sex at balls. Only let them keep it up, or rather keep it down, and one day the world will learn how true it is that beauty un-adorned is then adorned the most. Women should never show too many ornaments: it may do

for Jew pedlars, it doesn't become Christians. It was said of Moses Aaron, the Great-Dirty-Wealthy, who sported at Saratoga diamond rings and breastpin; that if his brilliants were of the "first-water," he'd better extract it—for personal use! A shudder creeps over one when a woman gorgeous with rainbow colored dress, with gems flashing light like a Catharine-wheel shoots past you in a ball-room; but the appropriate costume of a lady makes you feel "when she has passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music." Harmony of colors charms the eye, even as that of sounds, the ear. We have known one to whom all colors were repulsive save grey. His favorite theory that as those wells of beauty, the eyes of Venus, were of his favorite hue, naught could lay claim to beauty save that tinged with this color. There's an argument for you! He said he had concentrated his affections on a beautiful young "Friend," with grey eyes, in a grey dress, who had a father with grey hair, whose name was Gray, and that he intended to get married in the grey of the morning. He carried out his ideas!

Chocolate colored gaiter-boots, with high heels! How many a brave man who has gone forth in the morning with wrath in his heart, and his hands in his pockets, has returned at night with his heart and wrath gone together:—all vanished at the sight of a pair of chocolate colored gaiters—with high heels! And who can blame him? had they been coffee colored there might have been grounds for complaint; but, as it is—go on poor man! Suffer and be strong. Apropos of little feet, if any man were to offer to treat to champagne cobblers—though the thermometer is at 96° in the shade—I wouldn't quote those SUCKLING lines,

"Her feet beneath her, &c."

If dress doesn't make the man, it enters largely into the manufacture of a fine looking woman. Be she clad in white, black, grey, brown or *café au lait* tinted raiment; in blue, pink, nankin, purple or ashes-of-roses hued garments, so long as a refined judgment dictates to her what suits her complexion—so long is she adorable; and we always shall believe,

"There is nothing like a young green-turtle—nicely dressed!"

#### IN FELINE OBITUM.

Alas! how vain, grief nor regret,  
Nor aught recall the fitting breath;  
Tarry, my pride! thy hour hath set,  
All mortal must succumb to death.

#### SONNET.

Prolific Time had scarce begot the day,  
'Ere had the hungry Past consumed it quite—  
As when blind Darkness and her wedded Night  
Usurped the light that grew but yesterday—  
When Love, that phantom of the senses born,  
Had faded like an idle dream away,  
Nor left one thought that mingled might allay  
The Soul's dry thirst, or buoy it up from earth.  
And scarce had Distance stretched her length away,  
'Ere memory too resigned her hapless score.  
Revive a Love of retrospective birth,  
And live upon the dreams that have been born?  
Why then again to dream is but to scorn  
The growth of knowledge and the fruit it bore.

#### CURRENT LITERATURE.

*The Rappers: or the Mysteries, Fallacies, and Absurdities of Spirit-Rapping, Table-Turning, and Entrancement.* By a Searcher after Truth. H. Long & Brother: New York: 1854. 12mo. Pp. 282. Illustrated. Price, 50 cents. For sale in Philadelphia by T. B. Peterson.

A person who would write some plain common sense refutation of this delusion would confer a valuable service on the world. The circle of individuals affected by it is now so large, and its results have in some cases been so melancholy, that it can no longer be treated otherwise, than as an evil of very serious magnitude.

The tendency of the human mind to the mysterious and supernatural, especially when combined with an impressibility of the nerves—the imagination we were about to say—must account to a great extent for the testimony which we receive in support of it from persons, whose veracity on other subjects we should be disinclined to doubt. Knavery and imposture have also their usual share in sustaining its credit. Human gullibility is always ready to supply any link wanting in the chain of evidence. It is singular how the materialism of the age has affected even our superstitions. Of all conceivable delusions this is the coarsest and the most vulgar. A child's ghost story is sublimely imaginative compared with it. The idea of our disenthralled spirits roaming about our habitations, tapping like flies against the windows of the material world, tipping tables and rapping at the wainscots, is a little too absurd. It is coming it "*un peu trop fort.*" We can't fancy any dignified ghost, such as that of Hamlet's father, or of Brutus, doing such a thing. Men have in all ages sought communion with the invisible, and to penetrate the great mysteries which surround this life and the still greater

ones in which the hereafter is enveloped. However unreal any former channels of communication may have been, they at least maintained a propriety which forbade ridicule. But the rapt eye of the Seer, the solemn mutterings of the Sibyl, and the awful contemplations of those who in caves and desert places, sought to catch an inspiration from the voices with which all deep solitudes are eloquent, have been substituted by the electro-spiritual telegraph of modern mediums. Turning from the ancient Pythoness to our own Miss Fox is running pretty well down the gamut from pathos to bathos.

The present work is written for the very laudable purpose of helping the world out of the dilemma in which the authoritative names of some true believers have placed it, in deciding upon the ingenuousness of its professors. The author goes round the different circles, not in a very reverent mood—but still from the candour with which he narrates some remarkable and not easily to be accounted for circumstances—we believe he has given a fair relation of the phenomena generally exhibited. He is not a very agreeable narrator—and his pages are very much disfigured by painfully unsuccessful attempts to be humorous. Nevertheless we think that their contents will repay a perusal by those who feel any curiosity on the subject of which he treats. The closing chapters contain a rationally written explanation of the phenomena which he saw exhibited, and his arguments are not inconclusive. For our own part we shall never ask to have the supernatural origin of any circumstances refuted, which can by any possibility be explained by natural causes. There is no travelling conjurer that cannot play tricks as hard of explanation as those of the spiritual mediums. The best Rapper we ever saw was Heller, the magician. Nothing could be more conclusively proved, according to the ordinary tests, than his Mediumship, had he not claimed his effects as results of sleight of hand. We would sincerely advise candid believers to pay him a visit. He will save them some qualms of conscience hereafter.

We think it proper to say a few words here about a series of papers, which have appeared in this journal on Spiritual Manifestations. It is hardly necessary for us to disclaim being the organ of the sect which professes a belief in them. They were admitted as any other communications would have been, which had the merit of equal literary excellence, and the same power to please, by an equally graceful style. Our pages are open to the contributions of all who wish to use them for any purpose within the legitimate grounds of public discus-

sion. But we must not be understood as endorsing them—on the contrary, we wish, in these, as in many like cases, to be considered as acceptors under protest, if we may be permitted so to speak. Under some circumstances the propriety of the admission of such papers might be questionable. But with our present circle of subscribers we felt that they could hardly have any effect in advancing the cause of table-turning. The truth is, that dreary amusement is fast dying out. And although we retain some very agreeable recollections of the hospitable, though mystical board, at which we first saw the experiments produced, yet on the whole we cannot conceive a more dismal way of enjoying oneself than passing an evening in that pursuit. It was all very well when a white little hand rested on or under your own—the tables were very hard to turn under such circumstances, and you did not feel inclined to help the oscillation by a physical shove. But then on the other hand, how the back bone would ache and the elbows would throb—and the leaden knees would keep you balancing from one leg to the other, like a culprit walking over the burning ploughshares. Then there were those awful moments, lengthened in their horrors into hours, nay days of suffering, when a little agonizing point of itching struck upon the nose as if an insect had alighted upon it. Hardly bearable at the first, how it would expand, whirling like a maelstrom until the whole knob was embraced in its infernal titillation. It was a study to watch the sufferer. At first the grief was scarcely admitted by the contraction of the eyelids—then grew more palpable by the twitching of the eyebrows, and at last stood revealed in its awful proportions when the nose commenced oscillating from side to side, as if it would fan itself in the circumambient air. What would he have given then for a rub with an honest hand, or a solemn prolonged blow with a handkerchief. The acme of enjoyment perhaps, would have been a scratch with an iron nail—very cold and ragged. Then came a sly attempt, always unsuccessful, to rub it against his coat sleeve. Next a traitorous thought, that by a sudden jerk, purely accidental, of course, he might rasp it against his neighbour's back. If a female, so much the better—those hooks and eyes which scarcely repress that budding form, are the very things to “cool the spirit's fever.” The expedient grows upon him as practicable. He feels it is taking a great liberty—nay, that it is very wicked—but in great extremities, the proprieties of life cannot be very strictly observed—but when he has screwed himself up to the sticking point, he generally finds that a startled jerk dispels this last hope of relief. And when

the hands were removed, it was a pleasant sight to see the rush, or rather the bound which the sufferer made at his nose, which he has vowed nothing again shall induce him to place beyond his own control. We almost feel bound to apologize, for having suffered ourselves to be drawn, by the too vivid recollection of past annoyances, beyond the strict line of book criticism. We conclude with commending the work to the notice of our readers.

*Life and its Aims: In Two Parts. Part First—Ideal Life. Part Second—Actual Life.* Lippincott, Grambo & Co.: Philadelphia: 1854. 12mo. Pp. 362.

It is not often that our attention is called to a volume possessed of the merit which characterizes this volume. Its charm consists in a very different cause from those which usually stamp the seal of success upon works of its class. It is not an active, brilliant sketch of fashionable life, such as find greedy readers among those classes who are compelled to form, upon the basis of Faith only, all their ideas of fashionable society, and are therefore excellent critics of the books they buy. Nor is it one of those fervid effusions which the sparkling pen of a Dumas pours forth—full of glare, and tinsel, and splendid tableaux and dramatic positions; and utterly unlike anything that ever did or will happen. Nor is it a series of historical pictures, like the galleries of Cooper, where heroes and demigods figure grandly on the canvass: nor like the wild impossibilities of Melville in his dreams of the Southern Seas; dreamings which only want the solitary element of truth, to be as valuable as the Voyages of Captain Cook; which, were they only sufficiently interesting, would be as entertaining as the Robinson Crusoe: but which, deficient in either ingredient, fall heavily to the ground between two stools. We are aware that this negative style of criticism does not give much information respecting the book in hand—telling our readers merely what it is *not* like cannot lend them any very distinct idea of what it actually does resemble. In a word then, we should say it belonged to the common sense order of works of the Imagination; an order in which the wild flights of Fancy are guided but not clogged by the control of Reason: in which every thing is not only *possible*, but *probable*, and events succeed to events linked in a natural and unailing chain of sequence. The personages of the drama are neither impossible English noblemen of vast estate, wandering in incognito through American back-clearings to be enchanted with wonderful maidens such as never bloomed beneath the roof-tree of a

log cabin nor any where else, we devoutly believe, unless in Bedlam. Nor are they cullied with care from the stews—prostitutes and Jakeys, mouthing profanity and smut; with a magnanimous soul the while, such as might have become a Lady Jane Grey or a Cato, but which never, by any wild escapade of Nature, could inhabit the corrupted frame of a creature whose life alternates between the watch-house, the kennel and the grog-shop. It is all very well for decent young people, who know, or ought to know, nothing on earth of such wretches, save that they exist, to be taught to believe that a purity of soul, an elevation of sentiment, go hand in hand with a prostitution of every virtuous portion of the constitution: but we confess such is not our opinion. We think grapes are not generally very apt to grow on thorns; and so far as our experience goes, we have found remarkably few figs upon thistles, considering the multitude of figs which other authors have reported as abounding in such localities. We laid down "*Life and its Aims*," therefore, with unfeigned satisfaction. Its style and manner remind us more of that excellent writer, Miss Austen, than anything we have seen. Clear and sufficiently cogent; no new fangled distortions of grammar, but every thing intelligible to a person of education (which is the reverse of the case with many books that we wot of); elegant in its diction, and often rising to genuine pathos, its language leaves nothing to be desired. Its plot is natural, but sufficiently involved to give and maintain a dramatic interest, and the characters are all well delineated. What is more, they are drawn from every day life; no one who reads the book but will acknowledge the life-like air of the shadowy figures conjured up in its pages. The moral, too—(and it is not a moral clapped in at the end, with no natural connection with anything that is gone before, but a mere *rechauffé* of virtuous remarks, taken as likely as not from Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs, or from the Pious Washerwoman of Finckley Common)—is not only good, but correct. It is instructive, and it is deduced from the whole work. The character of M<sup>rs</sup> Harvey is the chief defect in the book. It is not a natural one. We dare say the author (or authoress, for some of the passages smack of a woman's wit), will contradict us—will say, for aught we know, that every sketch is a portrait from real life—but we put little faith in the idea of such an existence. We would reply—Sir or Madam (as the case might be)—that you have seen and studied such a disposition in every day life, you undoubtedly believe to be true: but is it not possible you may have miscomprehended it? Is it likely that such beings are permitted to

exist, so dangerously good? So metaphysically refining on the contingencies of right and wrong? We hope not. And if, as would most probably be the case, the author should indignantly insist upon the maintenance of his or her position, and vow that he or she had lived for years under the very drippings of such a peripatetic sanctuary, then we should only be silent and go away with thankful hearts that our lives had been cast in more pleasant places; or if we were to speak, it would be but to repeat the fat scullion's sensible exclamation when she heard of the young Shandy's fate: "Thank God!" she cried, "So am not I!" If there be a M<sup>rs</sup> Harvey, never let us be exposed to the machinations of her complex Virtue—practically far more baneful in actual life than an unadulterated, simple Vice.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

### AN EDITOR HOAXED.

The following is the commencement of a communication actually published in one of the Philadelphia daily papers, on the first of July. The author must have laughed heartily at seeing his hook swallowed:

"The word 'Whig,' which, in the days of the Revolution, was synonymous with 'Tory,' had its origin in the reign of Charles the First, of England. The motto of the adherents of that unfortunate Prince, when Oliver Cromwell headed the republican party, was 'We hope in God.' By taking the initial letter of each word in the sentence, a new word, 'Whig,' was formed, and hence the designation of the royal party. The defeat which they experienced in their very birth, by the death upon the scaffold of their king, seems to have been an unpropitious omen."

It is amazing that in so large and intelligent a city as Philadelphia, a journalist could be found to believe that the word "Whig" was synonymous with "Tory" during the Revolution! That the supporters of Charles I were Whigs! and that the word "Whig" was derived from the phrase "We hope in God." "Whig" is an old Scotch word, meaning sour milk, and was applied by Charles I's friends to their opponents, many of whom were Scotch Presbyterians.

### GEORGE IV'S MARRIAGE.

Lord Holland's new volume, like his first, does not, in its revelations, place royalty in the most creditable light. Here we have an account of George IV drunk at the ceremony of his marriage:

"He confessed to the Duke of Bedford,

who attended, that he had swallowed several glasses of brandy, to enable him to go through the ceremony; and the Duke observed, in relating the fact, that he had taken so many, that it had nearly disqualified him from doing so—he (the Duke) could scarcely support him from falling."

This statement of Lord Holland, who is charged by some with drawing a long bow, is further confirmed by the following:

"Extract of a letter from John, Duke of Bedford, dated Woburn Abbey, August 8th, 1836: 'My brother was one of the two unmarried Dukes who supported the Prince at the ceremony, and he had need of his support; for my brother told me that the Prince was so drunk that he could scarcely prevent him from falling. He told my brother he had drunk several glasses of brandy to enable him to go through the ceremony. There is no doubt but it was a compulsory marriage.'"

### MARYLAND PATTERNS SHILLING.

George Calvert, M. P. for Bossiney, in the first Parliament of King James the First, 1603, became Secretary to Sir Robert Cecil, when Secretary of State; was subsequently appointed Clerk to the Privy Council, and in 1617 received the honor of Knighthood. In 1618 he was Secretary of State, and was employed by the King in his most important affairs. In the third Parliament, 1620, Sir George was returned for the County of York, and the King granted him a pension of one thousand pounds per annum beyond his salary. In the fourth Parliament, 1623, Sir George sat as Member for the University of Oxford, when he changed his religion, turned a Roman Catholic, and resigned his office of Secretary of State. The King nevertheless retained him in Privy Council, and having made him large grants of land in Ireland, created him Baron Baltimore of Baltimore, co. Longford, Feb. 20, 1624-5.

While Secretary of State he obtained from the British Solomon a grant of the province of Avalon, in Newfoundland, with most extensive privileges; he expended, as he asserted, £25,000 on the settlement, and went thither three times during James the First's reign, but the encroachments of the French compelled him to abandon it altogether.

Lord Baltimore then contrived to obtain from King Charles the First, a grant of a large tract of land in America, named by the King, Maryland, in compliment to the Princess Royal, named Mary, after her mother Queen Henrietta Maria. While the patent was preparing, Lord Baltimore died April 15, 1632; but the same was granted to his son Cecil, and to his heirs, of the provinces of Maryland and Avalon, the



patent dated June 20, 1632. The grant was to hold Maryland with the same title and royalties as in Avalon, to hold in common socage as of the Manor of Windsor, paying yearly as an acknowledgment to the Crown, two Indian arrows at Windsor Castle on Easter Tuesday; and the fifth part of the gold and silver ore.

Cecil Calvert, Baron Baltimore, being thus Lord of Maryland, in 1633, constituted his brother Leonard, second son of George the first Baron, the first governor; conjointly with Jeremy Hawley and Thomas Cornwallis, Esq's. A coinage of money appears to have been intended, the dies of a shilling, sixpence, and groat were engraved by Nicholas Briot, but are of such extreme rarity, that it is evident few were struck, only as pattern pieces, as the circulation is nowhere alluded to among the incidents of the commencement of the settlement of Saint Mary's in 1634, by Leonard Calvert, and about two hundred other persons.

#### NEW MEDAL.

The *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*, (which paper is in the habit of using our matter without giving credit,) says: A medal has been lately struck at the Paris mint of the size of a 5f. piece, in commemoration of the war against Russia in defence of Turkey. On the obverse, Napoleon III, is represented as giving his right hand to Queen Victoria, and his left hand to the Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid. Over the head of Napoleon is inscribed the word "Catholicisme;" over that of Queen Victoria, "Protestantisme;" and over that of the Sultan, "Islamisme." Over all, and in large characters, so as to make the group into one whole, are the words, "Dieu les protege;" and below the figures is the word "Civilisation." On the reverse of this medal are the words, "Sous le regne de Napoleon III, et celui de Victoria, la France et la Grande Bretagne s'unirent pour assurer la paix du monde." The medal is signed by "Caque, graveur de l'Empereur."

#### FREDERICK THE GREAT'S OLD BREECHES.

This monarch greatly elevated the character and fame of Prussia, mainly by his alliance with England, that enabled him successfully to withstand the world arrayed in arms against him. He died at Berlin about 3 o'clock in the morning, August 17, 1786, in his seventy-fifth year. Economical and sparing in all that related to himself, his wardrobe on his demise presented nothing of any particular value. Among his linen were found but eleven shirts! and his clothes given by his successor to the late

king's pages, were sold by them to some Jews for 402 rix-dollars. They in their turn realized an enormous profit, not by the excellence of the regal habiliments, or the quantity, but from the generally expressed ardour of many persons to possess something that had been the property or pertained to Frederick the Great. More than four thousand rix-dollars were admitted to have been realized in this resale; and among the purchasers, an old lady, maiden or not is not stated, coming late into the field, and there remaining but an old much worn pair of breeches, joyously carried them off at the price of two hundred rix-dollars! When Frederick William shall be gathered to his fathers, will any one care to possess aught that he may leave behind?

#### PEDIGREE OF THE PRINCESS MURAT.

It is scarcely known out of the immediate family that the present Princess Murat, of the imperial family of France, is a lineal descendant of the Frasers, Lords Lovat of Scotland. Who can say but a descendant of this old family may yet wear the crown of Naples, perhaps of Italy. As a matter of interest we subjoin the Pedigree of the Princess, who is a native of Charleston, South Carolina.

Alexander,	}	A daughter of Ross of Balmagown.
Fifth Lord Lovat		
John Fraser		
James Fraser		
Macgillicallam Fraser		
James Fraser		
John Fraser		
Alexander Fraser,		
of Erogie	}	
Angus Fraser		
Major Tho's Fraser,	}	Ann Loughton Smith.
of British Army		
Caroline Fraser		Prince Lucien Murat.
1. Caroline Letitia Achilina		
2. Joachim Napoleon	}	Baron de Chape-ron.
3. Ann Loughton Fraser.		
4. Achille.	}	Princess de Wagram.
5. Louis Napoleon.		

Jean Fraser, the wife of Angus Fraser, was the only daughter of William Fraser, of Ballemain, Scotland, and sister of General Fraser, who fell at Saratoga.

# BIZARRE.

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YEAR 1854.

## THEATRICAL REMINISCENCES.

In the year 1748, a company of amateur actors were performing in Philadelphia, to the extreme horror of the Quakers, and the sober reflecting portion of the community, who left no means untried to break up the Satan-like doings. There stood then near to the corner of Second and Little Dock streets, a small wooden building, which was but one story high, yet what it wanted in height, it made up in length, for it extended back about eighty feet, forming, as it were, a series of sheds. The front room was occupied by a shoemaker, the second by his family, and the rear belonged to a society of young men, who claim the honor of being the first company of Comedians known to have existed in the States! It was here the few plays which had crossed the Atlantic found favor in the eyes of the aspirants for histrionic fame, and whose dramatic efforts kindled a spark in many a youthful breast, which time itself would fan into a flame. This company, by permission, having performed in one or two more public places than in the rear of a cobbler's stall, soon cast their eyes to other cities, and, in 1750, they visited New York. After playing there in a wooden building in Nassau street, they left for Williamsburg, Virginia, and are the same company alluded to by Burke in his history of that State. They also played in Annapolis, Maryland, and hence the advertisement of Hallam, upon visiting that place, wherein he says—"Will play in the New Theatre," in contradistinction to the temporary one previously used, not only by the company of amateurs, but by "boys and young men" of that place.

A writer, one who published a history of the American Stage, in a series of numbers, says—"The first Theatre erected in the Colonies was in Philadelphia. In 1754 Lewis Hallam arrived with the first regular company of Comedians from London, and they commenced playing at the New Theatre in Water street, on Monday, the 15th of April." Now, when we take into consideration that this New Theatre was a ware-house,

let for the occasion, it is rather a reflection upon the architect of the first temple erected to the drama in this country. This is one of the several errors in relation to the stage, which have received the sanction of writers up to the present period.

The Nassau Street, New York, closed on the 18th of March, 1754, and Hallam accepted a pressing invitation from a number of gentlemen in Philadelphia, and opened on the 15th of April, 1754, in a sail-loft, or warehouse, belonging to William Plumsted, Esq., situated in Water street, southeast corner of the first alley above Pine. This building extended to the wharf. It has been stated by some writers that this building was situated in Front street above Pine. Such is not the fact. Our readers will notice several old buildings along Water street, in the immediate vicinity of the site of the old theatre. Penn street at that period was one of some note, and there are in it, to this day, many buildings which date further back than 1750. Second street, all along from Spruce to Almond, was the great business mart, as much so as is the same street now between Market and Chestnut. "Society Hill" afforded the nucleus around which the tradesmen, the milliners and mantuamakers gathered. This was certainly a most curious locality, yet, at that period, the neighborhood of its site was almost *aristocratical*, for "Society Hill," extending all along Front street to Almond, was the theatre of as much fashionable parade and display as Chestnut street is now. At that period several finely built houses stood there, and its proximity to the "Loxley House," and "White Hall," gave it a character it certainly could not claim at the present day, we mean, of course, for its locality as a Theatre. There is also one other, and perhaps a paramount reason for selecting this place, and that is, it was the only place they could get. It was here, on this lone spot, the first regular company of Comedians opened their Philadelphia campaign. The play was the "Fair Penitent," and "Miss in her Teens." The tragedy was thus cast: Sciotti, M'r Malone; Horatio, M'r Rigby; Lothario, M'r Singleton; Altamont, M'r

Clarkson; Calista, M<sup>r</sup> Hallam; Lavina, M<sup>rs</sup> Adcock; Lucetta, Miss Hallam.

As was expected, much opposition was made to the introduction of the drama into the city of Philadelphia. It has been said that it was introduced into the country by a company of "strolling vagabonds;" men who had wandered over Great Britain in the double capacity of Gipsy fortune-telling and playing. That such a class existed in England, and does to this day, is well known; but to the credit of the drama be it said, this was not the case.

The Friends had petitioned Governor Hamilton to prohibit "these profane men" from exhibiting their still more "profane plays." But the lovers of art prevailed, and the Theatre, or rather the exhibition, opened as aforesaid.

The house was crowded, as much from the excitement created by the powerful opposition made against it, as the attraction itself. Pamphlets had been freely distributed throughout the city, wherein was attempted to show what evils would fall upon a city, if such things were tolerated. Shakspeare conquered, and the dramatic muse lived on! Dunlap says:—"In the course of the evening a great tumult was occasioned by the discovery of one of the unfriendly patrons in the pit. He was considered as a spy, and peace was restored when he was hustled out."

This place has since been occupied as a sail loft, and for many years after, its walls presented some interesting traces of its former occupants; in one corner could be traced—"Singleton, 1754;" "Thus far we run before the wind." Another had sketched the likeness of the Governor, holding a pair of scales, one of which was filled with Friends and the other with Players, the former of course kicking the beam, to the evident discomfiture of plain coats. Several well drawn characters on the wall showed that they had an artist among them; this portion of the loft must have been the green room.

The Governor had restricted them to the following rule, to wit:—

"That no more than twenty-four plays, with their attendant after-pieces should be performed, on condition that they offered nothing indecent and immoral, and that the proceeds of one night should be appropriated to the poor of the city, and farther, that the manager give good security for all debts contracted."

The Governor, no doubt, remembered this line from an old play:—

"Take in your clothes, the *Players* are coming."

As a matter of history, we furnish the first Prologue and Epilogue spoken in Philadel-

phia. The Theatre, as already stated, opened on the 15th of April, 1754. M<sup>r</sup> Rigby spoke the Prologue, and M<sup>rs</sup> Hallam, the Epilogue—both said to be written by Singleton:—

#### PROLOGUE.

To this new world, from fam'd Britannia's shore,  
Thro' boisterous seas, where foaming billows roar,  
The muse, who Britons charm'd for many an age,  
Now sends her servants forth to tread the stage:  
Britain's own race, though far removed, to show  
Patterns of every virtue they shou'd know.  
For gloomy minds through ignorance may rail,  
Yet bold examples strike, where languid precepts fail.  
The world's a stage, where mankind act their parts,  
The stage, a world, to show their various arts:  
Whilst the soul, touch'd by nature's tenderest laws,  
Has all her passions bound in virtue's cause.  
Reason we hear, and coolly may approve,  
But all's inactive till the passions move.  
Such is the human soul, so weak, so frail;  
Reason's her chart, but passion is the gale;  
Then raise these gales to waft fair virtue o'er  
The sea of life, while reason points the shore.  
But ah! let reason mark the course along.  
Lest passion list'ning to some syren's song,  
Rush on the rocks of vice, when all are lost,  
And shipwreck'd virtue renders up the ghost.  
Too oft, we own, the stage with dangerous art,  
In wanton scenes, has played the syren's part;  
Yet if the muse, unfaithful to her trust,  
Has sometimes stray'd from what was pure and just,  
Has she not oft with awful virtuous rage,  
Struck home at vice, and nobly trod the stage?  
Made tyrants weep, the conscious murderer stand,  
And drop the dagger from his trembling hand!  
Then, as you treat a favorite fair's mistake,  
Pray spare her follies for her virtue's sake;  
And whilst her chastest scenes are made appear,  
(For none but such will find admittance here),  
The muse's friends we hope will join the cause,  
And crown our best endeavours with applause.

#### EPILOGUE.

Much has been said in this reforming age,  
To damn in gross the business of the stage.  
Some, for this end, in terms not quite so civil,  
Have giv'n both plays and players to the devil.  
With red hot zeal, in dreadful pomp they come,  
And bring their flaming tenets warm from Rome.  
Fathers and councils, hermits from their cell,  
Are brought to prove this is the road to Hell.  
To me, who am, I own, but a weak woman,  
This way to reformation seems uncommon.  
If these authorities are good, we hope  
To gain a full indulgence from the Pope;  
We too will fly to holy mother church,  
And leave these sage reformers in the lurch.  
But to be serious—now let's try the cause  
By truth and reason's most impartial laws;  
The play just finish'd, prejudice apart,  
Let honest nature speak—how feels the heart?  
Did it not throb? then tell it to our foes,  
To mourn the parent's, friend's, and husband's woes,  
Whilst, at the cause of all, a noble indignation rose.

If then the soul in virtue's pause we move,  
 Why should the friends of virtue disapprove?  
 We trust they do not, by this splendid sight  
 Of sparkling eyes that grace our scenes to-night;  
 Then smile, ye fair, propitious on the cause;  
 And every generous heart shall beat applause.

Having given an account of the first theatrical exhibition given in this city, and the site of the first theatre, we come now to the second, which may in fact be termed the first erected for legitimate purposes. The company continued to play in Plumstead's warehouse, gaining favor gradually with the public until June, having remained open two months, and playing to crowded houses. On the 17th of June they played "The Careless Husband," by particular request, the proceeds of which were appropriated to the poor of the city.

In 1759, David Douglass opened the second Theatre in Philadelphia. The Presbyterian Synod in July, 1759, formally addressed the Governor and Legislature to prevent the opening. The friends made their application to Judge William Allen, to suppress the representations. His reply was that "he had got more moral virtue from plays than he had from sermons." This building stood at the S. W. corner of South and Vernon streets. It was built entirely of wood, weather-boarded, and painted a dark lead color. It was a large building and calculated to hold a thousand persons. Douglass had succeeded to the throne of the "Mimic World" in consequence of the death of M'r Hallam, whose widow he married. Douglass was a man of enterprize, and ambitious to establish the regular drama in the Western World. In the pursuit of this object he at once determined to erect temples to the histrionic muse, which in after years would lead to the establishing of others, whose classic beauty, and architectural design might emulate the proudest edifices in the land, and find their model in Roman superstructure. In doing this he had to contend against the prejudices of the people, and select such plays as were calculated to disarm opposition, and enlist the liberal in his favor. Thus, he opened the old South Street Theatre with the Tragedy of "Douglass," written, as was stated in the bills, by M'r Huene, minister of the Kirk of Scotland. This was followed by "Hamlet," which play it was said, furnished a moral lesson for youth, and the regulation of their conduct through life. On the 27th of December a benefit was given—"toward raising a fund for purchasing an organ to the college hall in this city, and instructing the charity children in psalmody." M'r and M'rs Douglass, Miss Cheer, M'rs Morris, (drowned, together with her maid servant in the winter of

1767,) M'rs Crane, M'rs Allyn, and Miss Hallam, were the principal performers. In addition to these we find the names of Quelch, Tomleson, Stuart, Tremaine, Reed, and Morris. Miss Cheer was the Lady Macbeth of the day, and Morris, the husband of the lady whose unfortunate fate we have stated, was the low comedian; his name is to be found in the various companies enacting old men up to as late a period as 1800. Dunlap says "those who can look back to 1788, will remember him a little shrivelled old man with a voice palsied with age, having for his second wife a tall elegant woman, the favorite comedy-lady, and the admiration of the public."

There are many persons who confound this, the second Theatre in Philadelphia, with the third, of which we are now about to speak. Douglass, finding the more respectable portion of the community disposed to encourage theatricals, selected a more eligible site for the building of another Theatre, and for that purpose fixed on a vacant lot situated at the southwest corner of South and Apollo streets, above Fourth; hence the error of many historians, who invariably confound this with the one at the corner of Vernon street. This Theatre was erected in 1760. Little attention was paid to design in the building. The view from the boxes was intercepted by large pillars supporting the upper tier and roof. It was lighted by plain oil-lamps, without glasses, a row of which were placed in front of the stage. The scenery was dingy; chamber-scenes taken from descriptions of old castles; and, altogether, the whole presented a dark and sombre appearance. The stage-box on the east side, in after years, was fitted up for President Washington, whenever he honored the Theatre with his presence, at which time "The Poor Soldier" was played by "desire."

We remember well the night this Theatre burnt down, and the extraordinary exertions used to save the drop-curtain, which was well known to have been painted by the unfortunate Major Andre, but all proved unavailing; that, with many other relics of "by-gone days," fell a victim to the devouring flames. Many a time and oft have we sat upon the ragged benches, and gazed upon the dim outline of "Fancy sketch," and recalled the time when Lord Howe held possession of Philadelphia, and the gay sons of Britain revelled here in their short-lived pride and glory. It was then called the "Apollo;" upon its ruins was erected a distillery;—"to what base uses do we come at last." Dunlap, in speaking of it, says:

"Once pouring out a mingled stream of good and evil; is now dispensing purely evil."

The celebrated Pat Lyon used it for awhile as a blacksmith shop; thus *Apollo* yielded to *Vulcan*—and *Vulcan* to *Bacchus*!

When the British held possession of Philadelphia, the South Street Theatre was chiefly used for the amusement of the officers of the army. Entertainments were given there for the purpose of raising a fund for the benefit of the widows and orphans of those who had lost their lives in His Majesty's service. Major Andre and Captain Delancy were the chief scene painters. Their dramatic library must have been very limited, as they were obliged to advertise in the Pennsylvania Ledger for a copy of "*Douglas*," and the farce of "*The Citizen*."

### THE WATCHET PITCHER.

[It is not our custom to depend upon the labours of strangers for the matter of our pages; but occasionally, when we meet with something really beyond the ordinary degree of merit, and which from its position is not likely to fall under the observation of our readers, or the American public generally, we take great pleasure in giving it a place in our columns. The verses which follow, extracted from "*Bentley's Miscellany*," come under this rule: we think them among the prettiest things of the kind that we have seen.]

Away, ye simple ones away!  
Bring no vain fancies hither:  
The brightest dreams of youth decay,  
The fairest roses wither.

Aye! since this fountain first was planned,  
And Dryads learnt to drink,  
Have lovers held, knit hand in hand,  
Sweet party at its brink.

From youth to age this waterfall  
Eternally flows on,  
But where, aye! tell me where, are all  
Those constant lovers gone?

The falcon on the turtle preys,  
And lovers vows are lither,  
The brightest dream of youth decays,  
The fairest roses wither.

"Thy Watchet Pitcher set adown,  
Fair maid, and list to one  
Who much this sorry world have known—  
A muser thereupon.

"Though youth is ardent, gay and bold,  
Its flattery beguiles;  
Though Giles is young—and I am old—  
Nether trust thy heart to Giles.

"Thy oft filled Watchet Pitcher may  
Be broken coming hither;  
Thy doting slave may prove a knave—  
The fairest roses wither."

The damsel smiled in lovely scorn,  
She filled her Watchet Pitcher,  
For such a sight an Anchorite  
Might deem himself the richer.

Ill-fated maiden, go thy ways,  
Thy lover's vows are lither:  
The brightest dream of youth decays,  
The fairest roses wither.

\* \* \* \*

These days are soon the days of yore;  
Six summers pass, and then  
That musing man would see once more  
The fountain in the glen.

Toward its time-worn marge he strayed,  
With moss and daisies richer;  
Half hoping to espy the maid  
Come tripping with her pitcher.

No maiden comes, but, evil-starred,  
He finds a mournful token;  
There lies a Watchet Pitcher marred,  
The damsel's Pitcher broken!

Profoundly moved, that muser cried,  
"The spoiler hath been hither:  
Oh! would the maiden fair had died;  
The fairest rose must wither.

"The tender flow'ret blooms apace,  
But chilling winds blow o'er;  
It fades unheeded, and its place  
Shall never know it more."

He turned from that accursed ground,  
His world-worn bosom throbbing;  
A bowshot thence a child he found—  
The little man was sobbing.

He gently stroked that curly head:  
"My child, what brings thee hither?  
Weep not, my simple child," he said,  
"Or let us weep together."

"Thy world, I ween, my child, is green  
As garden undecid'd.  
Thy thoughts should run on mirth and fun,  
Where dost thou dwell, my child?"

'T was then the tiny urchin spoke—  
"My daddy's Giles, the ditcher!  
I water fetch, and oh! I've broke  
My mammy's WATCHET PITCHER!"

### RAMBLING OBSERVATIONS ON FREE TRADE AND COLONIAL POSSESSIONS.

If the spirits of the departed, are equally cognizant of the affairs of heaven and earth, as the spiritualists teach, how profound must be the satisfaction of those immortal shades, who suffered poverty and persecution, the frowns and buffings, or what is equally hard to endure, the neglect and contempt of mankind, in attempting to enforce great ideas too advanced for the imperfect civilization of their time, but which now command the homage of the world. Imagine the gratification of the impalpable essence of Adam Smith, although to be sure he was not a martyr to his principles, when contemplating the revolution which has been wrought in the sentiments and policy of his country, with regard to commercial restrictions and monopoly. From propositions simple, almost self-evident, but derided because unfamiliar to Statesmen and people, he deduced the laws which ought to govern the commercial intercourse of nations. Upon his generation, so far as any immediate practical effect was concerned, his work fell like seed scattered upon the wayside or stony ground.

Fox declared that Political Economy was a subject too deep for him, and which he never understood. Pitt on the contrary had read "The Wealth of Nations" and from that fountain head drew many of his maxims. But Pitt was not a far-seeing statesman, sagacious beyond his time, and ready to risk his office, 'the pleasure of his life and the pride of his heart,' in carrying out measures destined ultimately to benefit his country, but which were immediately calculated to shock the prejudices and provoke the ill-will of his countrymen. There was nothing to distinguish William Pitt from the mass of common-place statesmen, but his splendid eloquence, his heroic and self-reliant will. He was not in advance of his age. He advocated no measure distasteful to his countrymen, unless we except the abolition of the slave trade and the emancipation of the Catholics. He made masterly speeches in favor of these measures, but the one, he had not sufficient courage to carry out, or sacrificed it to the expediency of the hour, and the other in deference to the prejudices of his Sovereign, he forbore to press. It was perhaps a foregone conclusion, that this latter measure could not be carried. If the firm purpose of George III not to concede emancipation could not be shaken, we are not prepared to say that it would have been either a wise or prudent policy for his minister to have urged a measure to which it was impossible

to obtain the royal assent. But did Pitt, upon taking office, after his resignation, make any stipulation in favor of the Catholics? Did he make his resumption of office dependent on any condition whatever? It would perhaps have been impracticable to make any arrangement, but did he attempt it? When Pitt, however, assumed a position, in agreement with the general temper and policy of his country, no man exhibited more inflexible independence, more unyielding tenacity, more sublime self-reliance. Alone, unless we except Harry Dundas, whose powers as a debater were not distinguished, and Canning who came to his aid in the last years of his ministry, he encountered night after night, and year after year, with haughty mien, and unfailing resources of argument and eloquence, the extraordinary logic and fervor of Fox, the wit and railery of Sheridan, the philosophy, various argument, and coarse sarcasms of Burke. But, to employ the terminology of the Transcendentalists, he was not an *eternal man*.

Since his day, the science of political economy has become better understood, and its principles extensively applied. How radical has been the change in the commercial policy of England, within the last half century! In the days of Smith, that country was the bulwark and main support of monopoly and exclusion; now the champion and exemplar of free trade.

The men of ideas come ultimately to govern the world. The conservative, valuable as he is in the balance of the State, must at last give way to the Reformer. From new and untried theories, the conservative shrinks back, with visible horror. He fancies every innovation will work mischief and disorder. With him, the protection of property and life is the chief end of government. He scouts at the idea, that it is instituted to educate and develop, as well as to preserve and protect. But, in spite of his prejudices, the great truths of political science will ultimately triumph. Their application may be resisted, their advocates denounced as fanatics and incendiaries, but as time advances, the circle of disciples increases, and the despised creed of yesterday is placed among the admitted and established axioms of to-day.

Among the marked attendants of the free trade policy of England, is a growing conviction of the inutility of colonial possessions, to whom the exemptions and benefits of that policy have been extended. And certainly, if the trade of a colony is open to all the world, if it is governed with a view to its own benefit, and not solely for the advantage of the mother country, it will be found, (we speak generally, and admit exceptions,) that both parties will be benefitted by se-

paration; and even where the colony is avowedly used as an instrument to swell the prosperity of the mother country, where its manufactures are restrained, its trade confined, and its industry forced into narrow channels, to subserve the selfish views of the distant community to which it is bound, even in that case the independence of the colony would prove more beneficial to its unnatural mother, than dependence and union; for under the invigorating influence of Freedom, industry would revive, vary and extend its operations, the resources of the independent colony would be rapidly developed, and a free participation of its unshackled trade would prove more profitable to the parent State, than the absolute control of its commerce and resources, subjected to the pressure of monopoly. The blow that severed the American colonies from England, redounded to the benefit of the latter, as well as to the former. The mutual trade of the two countries steadily increased, from the hour separation became a finality.

We have been led into this discursive train of reflection, from observing the recent suggestion of Lord Ellenborough in the House of Lords, to release the British American Provinces from the control of the mother country. It is apparent, from various indications, that the Canadians have only to manifest a desire for independence to obtain it. Great Britain derives no benefit from the connection: or none that she would not enjoy, in a greater degree, if the bond were severed. It needs no prophet's vision to descry the future condition of Canada. It is destined, without the intervention of war, and at no remote day, to become a free and sovereign State. What then will be its destiny? With one or two observations, we shall endeavor to suggest an answer to the question we have proposed.

The ties that have hitherto bound our Union together, are very much weakened. The sentiment of Union, in whole classes of our countrymen, has been well-nigh destroyed. Whether geographical, political and commercial ties will continue to hold us together, after the fraternal bond is all sundered, remains yet to be seen. But when, if ever, the line is drawn, and North and South become distinct nationalities, Canada will inevitably unite her fortunes with the Northern Republic. But, if our present Union continues, the acquisition of Canada will be an event of distant accomplishment, and dependent on the future policy of our government. The Canadians have never pretended to unqualified good feeling to the people of the States. They have many prejudices to overcome, before they would consent to unite their destiny with ours. They have a strong, deep, and abiding hatred of slavery. If annexation

were now proposed to them, and their choice was untrammelled, they would split upon that rock—they would reject the alliance. Unless a radical change is wrought in the sentiments of that people, they will not consent to coalesce with us, until slavery is denationalized, or the present Union dissolved. But the future political condition of Canada, partly dependent as it is on the future of our own country, will always be an object of interest to our people. It is a noble territory, of vast extent, with a fertile soil, watered by navigable lakes and rivers, and possessed by a hardy, intelligent, and industrious population. Whether an appendage of England, or an independent Republic, or united with us, Canada must always assert a position of importance.

## THE MESMERIC SITTING.

*Translated from the Memoirs of the Baroness D'Oberkirche.*

February 1st, 1786. At eleven o'clock there was a magnetic sitting at the Duchess of Bourbon's. The Messrs de Puységur were to bring many somnambulists thither and to put them to sleep. According to the admission of Doctor Mesmer, the Marquis de Puységur is more skilful than himself. After having put the patients to sleep, and thrown them into a complete somnambulism, he made them obey his will, his gestures and the movement of his wand. M. de Chastenay-Puységur, his brother, who, as I have said, serves in the navy, has the same success, so that he is considered a supernatural personage. These gentlemen obtain from the subjects whom they put to sleep, not only the knowledge of the present in distant places, but also the foreknowledge of the future. At other times they put a man, by magnetising him, into communication with a girl in a state of somnambulism. Then she executes his thoughts and follows him everywhere. This lasts only during the magnetic sleep, and the somnambulist remembers nothing of it. When once awakened she remains perfectly indifferent towards him with whom she has been put in communication.

This is what happened that morning. M. de Puységur put one of the somnambulists in communication with a young secretary of the Spanish embassy; they had never seen each other. Scarcely had this girl, ugly enough besides, touched his hand, when she spontaneously brightened; her countenance entirely changed and assumed an expression truly extraordinary. She rose with a grace

full at once of modesty and passion, and approached the young man, to whom she said, bowing her head,

"I see your thought. You have agreed to be put in communication with me to obey Her Highness, but you had no desire for it; you feared lest this passing contact of our two souls might leave a trace in yours or mine. I am not handsome, and love for an ugly person is disagreeable. Be easy, I shall never please you, and you will please me no more at my waking."

The young man looked at us and laughed.

"That is my thought," said he. "Do you suffer?"

"Yes, at this moment."

"And what am I now thinking of?"

"Oh! you are thinking of a woman whom I see very far from here; she is in a chamber painted and adorned throughout, she wears a costume which I have never seen on any one. Yes, large pantaloons, naked legs, with slippers embroidered with gold, a gauze robe, a long veil upon a very high cap figured with silver, which looks like the head-dress of the women of the county of Caux. All that is quite rich and this woman is quite handsome."

The secretary of the embassy, a Count of Aranca, as well as I can recollect, was pale and trembling; he could not find a word.

"Is this true?" asked M. de Puységur.

"Oh! how can she know that?" he murmured.

"Do you wish her to be silent or to continue?"

"Let her continue," he replied quickly.

"Can you read this woman's thoughts?"

"Yes."

"What do you see? Does she love me?"

"No," said the young girl, mournfully shaking her head.

"She does not love me! Does she love another? Is she alone?"

"She is alone, but has not been so long, and will not be so long. Listen to what I am about to tell you, remember it and profit by it, Count. It is very fortunate that you have questioned me; you would have been lost but for that. You have written to this woman."

"Yes."

"The letter is in a little embroidered bag which she wears at her girdle; she received it this morning."

"Can you read it?"

"It is difficult; that will fatigue me much."

"Read it, I wish it," interrupted M. de Puységur, charging her with the fluid.

"Oh! you hurt me! you break my head and my heart."

"Read."

"I see, I see. You are very foolish,

Count; you promise this woman to go and marry her—to carry her off in six months, as soon as you shall have reached the age of twenty-five. Oh, my God! oh, my God! this woman is a Jewess!"

This word produced an effect upon those present which I cannot describe; we were about half a dozen. The diplomatist became paler and paler, and his emotion was visible.

"Count," asked M. de Puységur again, in a serious tone, "shall she go on?"

"Yes, yes, I prefer to know all. If this woman does not love me, whom does she love?"

"A man of her own nation—a wretch, a thief."

A cold sweat covered us all.

"Yes, they expect to allure you when you return—to make you sign I know not what papers, to set yourself free: and if you refuse—take care."

The sound of this somnambulist's voice had, I assure you, something supernatural at this moment; she was evidently inspired.

"But this woman—this wretched one—I have had her instructed and baptized; she is a Christian."

"In that, as in everything else, she has deceived you, sir. A mere ceremony, the better to abuse you; she is a Jewess at heart and in life!"

"She does not love me!" repeated this young madman, in a low tone.

This idea alone struck him. Neither his danger, nor the other treason with which he was threatened reached him. He thought only of his love! Poor young man! to marry a Jewess; he, a gentleman of the old Castillians!

"Ah! my God, madam!" said he to me afterwards, with great simplicity, "my mother would have died with chagrin on account of it, and you see!"

He then related to us what no one in the world knew, except himself, and which consequently seemed to him still stranger in the mouth of the somnambulist. Sent to Cueta the preceding year, he was walking in the streets of the city the day after his arrival, in an African heat, and without thinking of the requisite precautions: dying with thirst, he stopped beside a fountain to drink; whilst taking off the cap which he had on his head, the sun struck him, a congestion of the brain followed, he fell as if dead upon the spot. Some Jewish women were washing their linen at this fountain; one of them lived quite near to it; the richness of the stranger's clothes made them hope for a good compensation. They were alone at this hour, in which no one in these countries dares to brave the rays of the sun. They carried him to their comrade's house, em-



ployed their knowledge of medicine, and they have much of it, in taking care of him, in bringing him to; he recovered his consciousness. The young Jewess poured out for him a certain drink, the taste and freshness of which seemed delicious to him, and he slept. On awakening, he felt himself entirely recovered, but he also felt a new sentiment in his heart—a mad and extravagant love for his hostess—one of those passions which have neither check nor bounds. Thenceforth he left her no longer than for the time necessary for the duties of his mission; he became her slave—she resisted him—she affected virtue; he promised to give her his name, if she would accept baptism. She agreed; and, when he was recovered, when he had to part from her, it was whilst swearing to her that, as soon as he was twenty-five, he would return and would carry her in triumph to his estate, to his embassies; in short, that he would make a great lady of her. You know the rest.

The somnambulist saved him, as it really appeared; he had informations taken; all was true. He came to thank M. de Puysegur, who told me of it at Strasburg, when I returned thither. His history struck me greatly: but it is not the only extraordinary one that I shall have occasion to relate, during the course of magnetism that we were pursuing, so to speak, that winter with the Duchess of Bourbon.

## POPULAR SONGS OF SPAIN.

### XL

#### THE SONG OF THE TRIPILI TRAPALA.

To the tripili, tripili, trapala,  
They sing, they dance this *Ánana*,  
Come little girl, turn gracefully round,  
You have stolen my heart.

The lad that is a *majo* and poor,  
Has no right to be jealous;  
It is doing him favour enough,  
Merely to love him.

The little girls in our day  
Are like *filberts*,  
To find one good one  
We must crack two thousand.

Let no one rely  
Upon holding a frying-pan by the handle;  
He that believes he can hold it best,  
Is he that burns himself most.

## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

### A SERIES OF LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

#### NUMBER X.

M'r Editor:—Eighteen and a half centuries ago, a Hebrew, named Paul, was undergoing an examination, before the Roman Proconsul, Festus, on certain charges brought against him by his enemies. Paul's defence seems to have been so clear, cogent and impregnable, that the Proconsul found it impossible to answer it or evade its force. He therefore resorted to a *ruse*, common in all times and countries, and which consists in *ignoring* all an opponent has said, and *leveling at him another and totally different charge*. The advantage of this mode of dealing is, that however completely in the right the accused may be, he can never thoroughly vindicate himself, as such, since as often as he *annihilates* one charge, the accuser shifts his ground and brings a *new one*.

Thus, in the present instance, "As Paul thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, Paul, thou art *beside thyself*; much learning doth *make thee mad*." "But he said, I am *not* mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of *truth* and *sobriety*." [Acts XXVI. 24-5.]

One of Paul's principal offences was his proclaiming through the land, that he had witnessed certain "Spiritual Manifestations," strikingly akin to many of those alleged to be witnessed at the present day. And I have referred to his case, as furnishing a curious coincidence to cases *now* occurring every day. And while my "hand is in," I may as well remark the *striking analogy* throughout between the reception awarded to the Spiritual phenomena, eighteen and a half centuries ago, wherein Jesus Christ and his apostles were the "mediums," and to those taking place all about us at the present moment.

Thus the chief assailants, or contemnors of the ancient "manifestations" were, on the one side, the *Jewish Priests*, mostly of the Pharisaic cast, and on the other, the Sadducees, who "believed neither in the resurrection, nor in Angel nor Spirit;" or were, in other words, the *free-thinkers*, *skeptics*, and *materialists* of that day. One might certainly think it strange, that the Priests should have manifested such violent hostility to these phenomena, since their own Sacred History, of which they were avowedly the believing recipients and the professed champions, was full to overflowing of *phenomena of the same class*. The Sadducees did then, as they do now, but hold to their own *soulless* creed.

The first reception given to these ancient "appearances," was to raise the cry of "fraud," "collusion," and "humbug," if they had reached the altitude of such a term.

But, though this cry doubtless had weight with *some*, yet believers rapidly multiplied, and it became evident, that *this* exposition at least was false.

Various other expositions succeeded, such as befitted the character of the times. "*Madness*" was one charge, as we have seen above in the case of Festus, *versus* Paul, "These men are *drunken with new wine*," was another, as in the case of the auditors of Peter on the day of Pentecost. Other charges there *may* have been, which no record has brought down to us.

But all these modes of opposition seem to have had no essential power to stay the progress of belief. The ultimate measure, therefore, of the Priests and their partisans was to *admit* fully and freely the *fact* of the manifestations, but, at the same time, to attribute them to the *agency* of devils. "He casteth out devils by Beëlzebub, the Prince of devils."

It was in vain to show them the *absurdity* of such an exposition. These manifestations were all of a kind to *nullify* the work, which they supposed the Devil was ever engaged in doing, and to *forward* objects, to which he had a deadly, eternal hostility. That is, they healed disease in all its forms; turned madness to sanity; reformed the vicious and criminal in all stages of their ruin-ward career; and universally promoted the spread of health, light, virtue, and happiness. A strange work this for Beëlzebub, the very *essence* of whose kingdom was *darkness, misery and wickedness*! This, however, was the best explanation the Priests *could* assign, without admitting the *actual truth*.

Fortunately for the truth of History, we are not left to mere *conjecture*, as to the cause of this *priestly* hostility to what may be entitled the "*Christian*" manifestations. This cause, undeniably, was, in a single phrase, *sectarian bigotry*. The interpretations of the Hebrew sacred history, and of the prophecies concerning the character of the expected Messiah and his kingdom, together with the religious doctrines and practical ethics, promulgated by the Christian "*mediums*," differed, in numerous and vital particulars, from those accepted by the Jewish Priesthood, to say nothing of the Sadducees. The Hebrew nation at large regarded themselves, as a "*chosen people*" and the peculiar favorites of Heaven, while all nations else were "*unclean*," "*dogs*," "*swine*," "*accursed and outcast of God*." And this belief and feeling were beyond

measure *intensified* in their spiritual and secular leaders.

Whereas the Christian "*mediums*" taught, that "*God is no respecter of persons*" (e. g. of external accidents of *nationality*, of family descent, &c., &c.) "*but that in every nation he, that feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him*." Vitally antagonistic, in this point, to the prevalent *Jewish* view, it was not less so in many others, which need not here be noticed.

"*Hinc illae lachrymæ!*" Hence the deadly animosity of the Priesthood and their partisans to the *Christian* "*manifestations*," and the "*mediums*," through whom they came—an animosity, which never rested till they had crucified the *leading* "*medium*" and done all in their power to destroy his followers. Here behold what *sectarian bigotry* can do—not only in the way of blinding its own eyes to *overt facts* but also of persecuting, to the utmost stretch of its ability, those, who persist in keeping their eyes open!

Now the task in hand is not an agreeable one to me. It is, however, intrinsically of great importance, as will appear on the slightest consideration. Having summarily shown the reception awarded to the "*Spiritual Manifestations*," which ushered in Christianity, now the mightiest of earthly names, it remains only to show, that with regard to the *present* "*Manifestations*," which are mere reduplications of those produced eighteen centuries and a half ago, the *self same scenes are enacted, the self same measures adopted, and the self same means employed throughout*, so far as the *mitigated temper* of our times permits, and that, too, by the *self same classes of persons*.

It is too familiarly known to need discussing, that the principal opponents of the present Manifestations are, on the one hand, the Priesthood and their partisans, and, on the other, the free-thinking and materialistic—which latter may be entitled "*the modern Sadducees*," since *they*, too, virtually "*believe neither in the resurrection nor in angel nor in spirit*."

The opponents *par excellence*, however, are the Priesthood and their adherents. Their first mode of assault was by the cry of "*fraud*," "*collusion*," "*humbug*," &c., &c., and "*snapping toes*," "*cracking knee-joints*," and a multitude of like sagacious suggestions were trumpeted abroad in *applaudation* of the phenomena.

Such expositions were soon demonstrated to be absurd, and believers multiplied with alarming rapidity. Then *Mesmerism* was called in as the one universal, all-sufficing expositor—that *very mesmerism*, which the same persons had *hardly done* stigmatizing, just as vehemently, as *now* the "*Manifesta-*

tions," with the same epithets, "fraud," "collusion," "humbug," &c., &c.!

From present tokens, however, it would seem, that the abler of the priestly party are about coming to an agreement to admit the *reality* of these phenomena and their *super-*—or rather, *subter-mundane origin*, but, like their predecessors of old, to *attribute them to the agency of evil spirits*, "the devil and his angels."

True it is, this exposition is a self-evident *absurdity*, since the influence of these manifestations and the teachings thereby imparted tend directly and forcibly to purify, to enlighten and to elevate all, over whom they have power, and thus to destroy the work which the Devil and his myrmidons are supposed to be eternally busy in furthering.

And here, as before, the question may well be asked, *why* it is, that the Priestly party should be so virulently hostile to the *modern Spiritual phenomena*, when the sacred books, of which they are the recognized interpreters and champions, are filled with phenomena of a kindred class; and are, in fact, *built upon them* and derive their chief weight and authority from them!

The principal reason seems to be this. From the very words of Him, who was nailed to the cross for promulgating a *universal, all-embracing religion* in place of the narrow, exclusive, local system, taught by the "Chief Priests" of that age, the modern Priesthood have contrived to draw a *multiplicity* of religious systems, which, while violently clashing with each other, each and all falsify and do despite to the *cosmopolitan spirit and world-wide sympathies of Him, whose name they have borrowed!* In this way they have, thus far, to no small degree *defeated the very purpose*, for which Jesus Christ set the seal of *falsehood* on the *exclusive system* of the Jewish Priests, and thus brought upon himself the most cruel of deaths.

Now the teachings coming through the present manifestations, so far as can be gathered, are mainly of the *most liberal, universal character*. They utterly repudiate the harshest and most offensive dogmas of the sectarian creeds of the Churches, and once more, proclaim "peace on earth and good will to all men!" These phenomena being, as yet, in their *incipient* stages, and the methods of communication between the super-mundane and the terrestrial spheres being still imperfect, besides that the "mediums" hitherto have been but *partially* developed and harmonized, it follows inevitably that our transmissions from the spheres must, thus far, have been little or nothing in comparison with what, under superior conditions, they *would* be, and *will* ultimately be. If they have been, to some extent, mu-

tually opponent, unsatisfactory and trivial, this is easily explained by referring to the *imperfect, unharmonized conditions*, without impeachment of their spiritual origin.

Still even now it seems plain to me, that the prevailing tenor of the teachings, through these manifestations, so far as they bear on the duty and destiny of Man, is *identical with and confirmatory of that of the teachings of Christ himself*. And I am impressed with the notion, that the *main design* of the present manifestations is to exterminate the sectarian bigotry of the existing religions of Christendom, as it was that of the Christian manifestations, to break up the bitter exclusionism of the Jewish religion, and to *republish* that liberal, genial, all-comprehensive system of *faith and practice*, which was originally promulgated by Christ. In my view the Religious Thought of Christ bears marks altogether undeniable of a *Divine* character and origin, nor less are the wondrous purity and exaltation and the absolute universality of his *personal character* an anomaly not to be explained by the *ordinary, visible* influences concerned in its formation.

That Christianity is to be *superseded* by a new Revelation through the present manifestations, I have not the slightest suspicion. In fact it *cannot* be. For released from the bonds imposed by *bigotry* upon it; fitly interpreted and rightly understood, Christianity is the *universal, absolute Religion*; and, being such, it can *end* only with the existence of that human spirit, with which it *began*. I repeat then, the chief intent of the present phenomena is, in my view, to *republish Christianity, as it existed in the mind and life of its Author*.

Now, how *many hundred* sects there are in Christendom at this moment, I do not recollect. Nor will I speak of their animosities toward one another, or of their views and bearing towards all beyond their own constrictive pale. It is enough to remark, that the very fact of these divisions and inter-alienations is indication conclusive of the existence of narrowness, exclusiveness and bigotry. In the *continuance* of these various Sects, however, be they what they may, the *worldly standing and influence* of the several Priests, pledged to their championship, are indissolubly involved. Hence their rancorous hostility to these manifestations, the leading aim whereof seems to be to sweep exclusiveness and bigotry from the face of the globe. It is but simply *repeating* the experiment of the Jewish Priesthood centuries ago.

I have taken the trouble, at the risk of not a little tedium to the casual reader, to point out the close and pervading analogy between present occurrences and those of the days of

the Christian Mediums, in the hope, that these ancient events may be fraught with useful monition to existing opponents and gainsayers. How fruitless is all opposition, however formidable the shapes it may assume, to the progress of a Work, taken in hand by the supra-mundanes and furthered by direct influences from them, is plainly visible in these ancient occurrences. The worldly powers brought to oppose the Christian manifestations were a hundred fold more potent, than *can* be marshalled for a similar purpose now. *Then* the medium could be nailed to a tree; flayed alive; devoured living by lions, tigers or dogs; stoned, boiled or roasted; and yet the very cause, these cruelties were designed to destroy, only advanced the more rapidly and triumphantly for their infliction. So it must be ever—so it will be now.

In our day, a Judge may be ousted from the Bench for testifying to what his own senses had witnessed; or an estimable young girl may be dismissed from her post of teacher for attending a "Circle;" and various other *magnanimous* and *liberal* acts may be done to the harm and discomfort of those venturing to exercise their personal freedom in investigating and pronouncing their conclusions concerning curious and interesting facts actually occurrent. But these things, with the accompanying calumnies, slurs, sneers, cries of "humbug," &c., &c., are small matters after all, and not likely to achieve a task, which the hideous cruelties of antiquity essayed in vain.

No. In the progress of the Work, initiated by the Christian Mediums, from the dark day of the Crucifixion to its present predominance on earth, behold a prototype of the progress of the Work, initiated by the present Mediums, from its present day of "small things," to a stage of greatness and splendor, which no imagination can now compass!

After nine consecutive letters of narrated facts, I trust the reader will pardon this one intercalary letter of comments and expository remarks. I would ask his attention to its contents.

I purpose, in my next, to continue my relations.

## DE ORIGINE VITAE ET MORTIS.

Qu an d tr vul str  
os guls irus isti de nere avit.  
H san m chr fa l

## SORROWS OF WERTHER.

[The following metrical summary, by Thackeray, of Goethe's lacrimose romance, has not perhaps fallen under the notice of many of our readers.]

Werther had a love for Charlotte,  
Such as words could never utter;  
Would you know how first he met her,  
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,  
And a moral man was Werther,  
And for all the wealth of Indies,  
Would do nothing that might hurt her.

So he sighed, and pined, and ogled,  
And his passion boiled and bubbled,  
Till he blew his silly brains out,  
And no more was by them troubled.

Charlotte having seen his body  
Borne before her on a shutter,  
Like a well-conducted person,  
Went on cutting bread and butter.

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

*The Poetical Works of John Milton, a new edition. With Notes and a Life of the Author. By John Mitford.* Phillips, Sampson & Co.: Boston: 1854. James C. Derby: New York. 2 vols. 8vo. Pp. 849. Portrait. For sale in Philadelphia, by C. G. Henderson & Co..

It were a work of superogation to speak, in these days, of the characteristics of Milton whether as Poet or as Man. He has long been placed, by universal consent, in the very highest class of the Immortals of Song, and his "Paradise Lost" has been pronounced, by the best critics, "the first single production of the human mind." Many, too, of his minor poems may be declared "perfect in their kind." His prose writings, though less known than his poetical, are a complete treasury of wise and noble thoughts, set forth in a somewhat antiquated yet magnificent style, opulent with all the graces of imagination.

And, what does not always happen, his character, as a Man, was no whit below his character, as an author. His *personal* endowments and accomplishments would have made him a *cynosure* in any age or country, and his *moral* traits were of the absolutely heroic cast. His life throughout was a heroic life, and in the most difficult and tempting circumstances remained without

spot to the close. Such a character and life give authority to his words.

The present is an admirable edition, printed on thick, white paper, and with large, clear type, and we see not how it could be improved. We can commend it to every *paterfamilias*.

*Poems, Plays, and Essays.* By Oliver Goldsmith, M. B. With a Critical Dissertation on his Poetry. By John Aiken, M. D.; and an Introductory Essay, by H. T. Tuckerman, Esq.. Phillips, Sampson & Co.: Boston: 1854. 8vo. Pp. 530. Portrait. For sale in Philadelphia, by C. G. Henderson & Co..

Hardly a name in English Literature is invested with more agreeable associations than that of Goldsmith. Nor was the famous critical adage, "nihil, quod tetigit, non ornavit," ever applied to any writings more felicitously, as well as truly, than to his. The descriptive poem, the ballad, the good-humored satire, the comedy, the novel, the essay, and the history, to mention no more, were all tried by him in turn, and with kindred success. Whatever came from his pen was at once and widely popular; and this, too, for reasons most honorable to the writer; for it was truth, sincerity, purity, and genial simplicity of thought and sentiment, wrapped in a style of transcendent ease, clearness and grace, which thus charmed the universal reading public, and, while charming, elevated and improved. Goldsmith must live in the general estimation, so long as delineations of what is best in our nature have power to please.

The present is a beautiful and most desirable edition in all respects. Paper and type are all one could wish; and in the introductory pages may be found all that is requisite in elucidation, alike of the author and his works.

*Putnam's Monthly.* July, 1854: G. P. Putnam & Co.: New York.

We regard the present number as considerably superior to the majority of those we have seen. Three of its articles, N'o 4, "Herr Regenbogen's Concert"—N'o 5, "Wall Street, &c."—and N'o 9, "Sea from Shore"—we consider most admirable. They are alive throughout with the spirit of poetry and radiant with exquisite imagination. Their vein strikes us, as new, original, and well worth working.

N'o 2, "Cosas de Espana," is a pleasant, readable article; and N'o 13, "Israel Potter," is so good, that we shall look for its continuation with interest.

N'o 14, "Some Western Birds," and N'o

16, "A Biography," we looked through for profit, as well as entertainment.

The poetry proper—with the exception N'o 11, "Hymn to Air," which pleased much—appeared to us rather mediocre. Others may like it better.

The remaining articles fall far below the above specified. And to speak of it separately, "Hard up," N'o 10, may be, in view, most fitly described in the words Burke—i. e. "it exhibits the *modesty* of oak without its *strength*, and the *comfort* of the Sybil without her *inspiration*." Possibly the writer may eventually do better. We hope so.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

### A NINE DAYS' WONDER.

The origin of this expression was the short and memorable reign of Lady Jane Grey. She was proclaimed Queen of England, July 10, 1553, four days after the decease of King Edward the Sixth, and seems to have relinquished that title and state on the 14th following, a period of nine days; but she believed, although reluctantly, to have resumed the royal dignity immediately after King Edward's demise; this presumption creates the supposition her reign really extended to thirteen days. The earliest published documents hitherto discovered are however dated on July 9, and the latest on July 13, 1553. The writer of the article "Lady Jane Grey," in the *Biographia Britannica*, 2418, concludes "Thus we are come to the end of the diary of that short reign, the from its continuance, is said to have given birth to the common proverb of 'a nine days' wonder.'" Heylin's *History of the Reform*, p. 165, is there quoted as the authority.

### A NEW CORRUPTION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Some persons say and write "*only*," in the place of "*except*;" thus, in an advertisement of a railroad running north from Albany, it is said: "The cars will *not* stop at the Arsenal *only* when a signal is made." This means directly the reverse of what the writer intended. Albany papers will please copy.

### THE TRUE AMERICAN.

This paper denies that it has used any of our matter without giving credit. How remarkable, then, that on the 1st of July, it should have translated the little poem entitled "SORROW," from the *Fliegende Blätter*

precisely the same words that we did on 17th of June.

The *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette* late-printed some verses entitled, "On Reading a Wife's Daguerreotype," published in *BIZARRE*, June 3d, and informed its readers that "the neat little gem came to us anonymously!" We observed the same verses copied in last week's *American Courier*, with a preliminary flourish, giving the *London Gazette* the credit of its production!

#### A SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

M. Schmitz, 120, Walnut street, has just published "The Star of Hope—A Song About Words;" for the piano. Price 50 cts. Composed by Carl Sahn,—whose talented and graceful compositions, we may say, are rapidly acquiring a wide-extended popularity.

The melody of this "wordless" song, being sustained by an admirable accompaniment, is full of feeling and beauty throughout.

The Star of Hope—this song of a piano Mendelssohn, in his "Lieder ohne Worte," has proved that pianos can be made to sing) is not a difficult piece, reveals its beauties quickly to one who has an ear for "concord of sweet sounds." We can heartily recommend it for purchase. It is adorned with a handsome vignette.

#### COLOURED CLERGYMEN.

Cobbett does not appear to have had a very high opinion of the fitness of the African race for the pulpit. The following is the second number of his *Rush-Light*, (February, 1800:)

"Amongst the numerous evils which the spirit of equality has produced in the United States, the degradation of the clerical character is not the least; and amongst the causes which have produced this evil, the mission of negroes to the ministry has not been the least efficient. Philanthropic dreamers may say what they please: they may tell that we are all men, and all made by the same Almighty hand; but we see that this same Almighty hand has made some *white* and others *black*; and till these two colours all appear the same to our sight, we never all believe that whites and negroes were intended to live upon an equality with each other. But, as if the degradation of the clergy were not completed by the admission of members of the African race, the above-mentioned aid-de-camp of Rush, the Rev. M'r Allen joined to his profession of clergyman, that of *chimney-sweep*; thus exhibiting an impious resemblance between the most vile and the most sacred functions;

for he is still dressed in black, whether in his clerical or his lay character, and he still obeys the injunction to *cry aloud, and spare not*, whether he peeps from the pulpit, or from the chimney, and whether his vociferations are directed against sin or against soot."

#### A LECTURE OF PROFESSOR WILSON.

We extract from *Bentley's Magazine* part of a sketch by M'r Angus B. Reach,\* formerly a pupil of Professor Wilson.

"I now turn to him as he appeared in the class-room—into which he strode with such speed as to make the ragged tails of his academic gown fly behind him like so many streamers—and carrying a bundle of tattered papers, backs of letters, and all sorts of miscellaneous papers which afforded an inch of writing room for a memorandum. The main mass of papers, however, were so venerably dingy, and so jagged about the edges, that they betokened long and hard service, many of them, probably, dating from the era at which the Professor had drawn up the notes of the lectures for his first session.

"This bunch of papers—after bowing to his class, a courtesy always returned—the Professor placed upon his desk, and spread them out before him, as if searching for an idea, amid the scores of scraps and memoranda—and occasionally referring to the documents of yore. During this scrutiny his class, who adored him, would maintain the most respectful silence, not a cough or the scrape of a shoe breaking the stillness. If baffled for a few minutes he would get fidgety, and his fingers wander fitfully amongst the papers—then suddenly appearing to remember something, he would dive both his hands into his trousers pockets, as if searching for something, almost always muttering, but in accents perfectly audible to the furthest end of the room—'Gentlemen, gentlemen—really this is too bad—I am really ashamed of having been so long trespassing upon your patience.' A volley of 'ruffling,' (*Anglice* stamping of the feet in token of approbation) would immediately go forth—upon which the Professor would go on, 'Gentlemen, I am really deeply grateful—I thought I had arranged these plaguey papers last night in perfect order for the lecture, but really somehow or other they have got out of or—.' A sudden flash of the bright blue eye, a sudden upstanding of the

\* Apropos of M'r Reach we have an anecdote to tell, which may be new to our readers. He is of a German family, and pronounces his name *Reach* (*Reak*.) M'r Thackeray meeting him at a dinner-party, and addressing him as M'r *Reach*, was corrected by that gentleman with, "Reak, Reak, if you please." Michael Angelo presently offered his brother author a plate of peaches, saying: "M'r *Reak*, will you take a peak?"

stately figure, and a putting away of the puzzling papers, assured the class that he had caught the clue—that an idea had fired that great brain, and out came a spontaneous rush of note books, and in a second of time, at least two hundred pencils had been sharpened. After such an indication a burst of poetic eloquence was always expected, and the students were seldom disappointed. The professor would draw himself up, pass his hand over his forehead, and then fold his arms—a moment of silence, and then that voice, sonorous and modulated so as to suit every changing sentiment, would begin in soft and sweet tones to eliminate the subject, and then, as he gradually warmed up, his language would become fluent, brightly decked with fanciful illustrations and apt quotations, the eloquence growing with every sentence into a still more exalted tone; the flashes of his genius taking with every passage a still brighter hue, until, having at length reached the climax of his subject, his voice, ringing as it was, would be lost in the cheering and acclamations of the students, whose note books had long since fallen under their desks; while overcome, and no wonder, with his great intellectual exertion, the professor would sink back in his chair and wipe the perspiration from his brow.”

#### NEAPOLITAN INNKEEPER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

When last at Naples, says a writer in a London paper, I copied *verbatim et ad litteram*, the following amusing advertisement, from the printed form suspended in the *salle à manger* of an hotel at Salerno:—

Restorative Hotel kept by FRANK PROSPERI  
Facing the Military quarter  
AT POMPEII.

That hotel open since a few days is renowned for the cleanness of the linen, for the exactness of the service, and for the excellence of the true French cookery. Being situated at the proximity of that regeneration it will be propitious to receive families whatever, which will desire to reside alternately into that town, and to breathe thither the salubrity of the air. That establishment will avoid to all travellers, visitors, of that sepulchral city, and to the artists (willing draw the antiquities) a great disorder, occasioned by the tardy and expensive contour of the iron whay. People will find equally thither, a complete Sortiment of stranger wines, and of the kingdom hot and cold baths, Stables and coach-houses, the whole with very moderate prices. Now all the application and endeavors of the hosts, will tend always to correspond to the taste and desires of their customers, which will require without doubt to him into that town, the reputation whome he is ambitious.

#### BRUMMELL REDIVIVUS.

The Paris correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, gives us the following:

Jules Lecomte, whose authority as well as literary rank, is higher than that of Enault, tells a more wonderful story still. The chief personage in the story is the once celebrated, and not yet forgotten Brummell, George Brummell, the king of dandies and intimate associate of that other and more despicable king, George the Fourth. The first George did rather despise George the Fourth, who was regent then, and fell into disgrace for letting it appear that he did one day at a drinking-party, when both the Georges were rather drunk. Brummell afterward lived miserably at Calais, and then went to Casu, where he had the reputation of dying. But it seems (to Jules Lecomte), that a foolish young English lord, Silvester (?), was so touched with the spectacle of his fallen greatness, that he fixed on him a pension of £500 sterling. Brummell then came to Paris, and lived four years at Versailles, occupied in writing his Memoirs. I should say that with the pension he assumed the name of George Bryan. Seven years ago Lord Silvester died, appropriately from a fall out of a dog-car. Bryan lost his pension, and to economize his savings, went out to Corbeil, where he bought a little box for 200 pounds, and managed to live well enough until about a month ago, when a new line of railroad came running into his house. He ran out and came to Paris with his Memoirs and the hope of finding a publisher who would pay him a life-annuity of six thousand francs for the privilege of printing them after his decease. During the search for such a publisher, he came into acquaintance with Lecomte, who declares that he has engaged the deceased Brummell to write for his celebrated *Courier de Paris* on matters of taste and fashion. Why Lecomte should wish to resuscitate a dead English dandy to help him write a weekly chapter of Paris gossip for the *Independance Belge*, which no one can write so entertainingly as himself, it is difficult to understand—unless we consider George Bryan not a discovery of the Dauphin Williams variety—but a literary creation, a *vox et preterea nihil*, a pseudonym helping to the more convenient treatment of the fashionable themes of his feuilleton.

#### HEWING BLOCKS WITH RAZORS.

The origin of this expression is to be found in the following by Dean Swift: “To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.”

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, what say you, madcap?"—*Farguhar.*

# BIZARRE.

AN ORIGINAL, LITERARY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PART 17.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY TWENTY-NINTH.

YEAR 1854.

## LINES.

[Copied from the back of a fine print of Napoleon, purchased in 1842, on one of the quays of the Seine, in Paris.]

He took a sword, and let mankind  
Know deeds that mark a purposed mind,  
Such as of old,  
Cæsar, Brutus, Cato held,  
And by war's loud and dazzling note,  
Drew from the wide world, Glory's vote—  
Glory that blew  
One blast so long—so loud—so true,  
As shook the world, and made it reel  
As if, on Destiny's profoundest wheel.

Thrones overturned he—nations drove,  
By power, by valour, strength, or love,  
By battle now, and now by pen,  
And many a pleasing art of leading men;  
And if there was a mood, when he was most serene,  
Twas in the salons of bland Josephine.  
Then grasped Ambition, in its highest pride,  
Turned mad, and Europe's pointed victim died;  
Living he had no peer, and dying, left behind,  
No Ruler, Warrior, Statesman, of his mind.

## CITY CHARACTERS.

### THE NEWS-MAN.

This distinguished personage in our City of Brotherly Love has many peculiar characteristics. He is a man not exceeding five feet four inches in height, and in weight would not exceed one hundred pounds. He has advanced to the venerable age of three-score years, and still possesses all the vitality of our ragged news-boys. You may see him perambulating the streets both morning and evening, with a basket slung by his side filled with newspapers—such as the "*Flag of Our Union*," "*Wide Awake*," "*Evening Bulletin*,"—and all the magazines of the day—with some few books.

Our hero has seen hard times both in the English and American navies, and his yarns are often filled with spirit and vivacity, that

renders a chat with him at all times interesting. He is an American by birth, but there are few Englishmen that eulogize England more than this weather-beaten news-man. His character presents a curious anomaly to solve. Brought up in the midst of severe vassalage aboard the marine-ships of England and the United States, he is nevertheless one of the most independent men that travels the streets of the city. He seems all nerve and vitality, and this is displayed in an extraordinary degree when a steamer arrives from Europe with important news from the Seat of War. You may follow him into the office of the *Evening Bulletin*, making the news-boys move very cautiously about him, as he is neither very precise in his words, nor yet is he over-particular with his fists. The news-boys know that he would as soon deal out his fist, as his low Billingsgate language, and that is one reason they are so very cautious what they do with the "*old gentleman*." He obtains his papers—watch him how earnestly he walks up the centre of Third street—holloaing out of his stentorian lungs, "*Evening Bulletin*;" "arrival of the Steamer Baltic; important news from the Seat of War." The loud noise of the news-man draws quite a crowd of strangers round him—and some think, judging by their looks—that the old man is either crazy or drunk. But some one goes even to him into the middle of the street for the paper. "How much is it?" "Three cents," he replies. The gentleman replies, "how is that? I thought the Bulletin was only two cents; it reads so—look." The old man turns up his eagle eye, and no matter who he is—he has such a general knowledge of men in town, that few escape his notice—and if he knows the man who dares to object to his price, he pours forth such a torrent of personal abuse, that all the bystanders wonder at his impudence. If the unlucky man is known to him as a person in good circumstances, he soon gives him to understand that he has robbed for his money; and if it was a poor man that wanted the paper, he would let him have it for two cents; but as for him—he might go to the deuce—he should not have it at any price.



This species of red republicanism meets the encouragement occasionally of some two or three in the crowd; and if so, he is not a very discreet man if he does not leave the old news-man and the crowd for better company.

One of the most prolific sources of profit to our hero and the news-boys in general, is what they term a *good murder*. They do not wish a man to cut his wife's throat, and then his own—for there, to them the glorious anticipations of further discoveries—an hearing before the court—a committal—the behavior of the prisoner in his cell—the reporters of the press who note down every ribald jest—every common-place word—every yawn—every smile—the conveyance of the prisoner to take his trial—the witnesses heard on both sides—the summing up of the evidence for the prisoner—the charge of the judge—the verdict of the jury—the appearance of the prisoner—his conveyance to his cell—his conduct while there—his appearance again before the judge—the sentence of the judge—the manner in which the prisoner hears the awful sentence—his re-conveyance to his cell, to prepare for that bourne from whence no traveller returns—his conduct, and all the confessions he makes—the last day—the descriptions of the awful gallows—his last words and dying confessions—all—all are lost. We have heard our hero and the news-boys, in general, dwell in extacy on the murder and exploits of Arthur Spring. The conduct of this fiend while in prison brought out the morbid feelings of the newspaper press of this city—nothing could be said by him but it was noted down; nor could he retire to his bed an hour sooner, than you would hear our news-man hallowing out of the top of his voice: "Further Disclosures of Arthur Spring—Extra Evening Argus—Extra Evening Bulletin—Confessions of Arthur Spring," and so forth. Our old news-man has told us that he frequently made five dollars a day, during the excitement attending this trial.

The whole fraternity of news-boys and news-men care so little for the interests of society, that there is scarcely one who does not desire an awful murder—a great riot—a railway accident—a great explosion—or some terrible catastrophe, that involves a serious loss of human life. It is not strange that they should desire such things; their education is exclusively of the melo-dramatic kind, and whatever caters to this appetite meets a ready response with them: we need not refer to *interest*, as this is an all-powerful agent in society, when we find respectable proprietors of daily papers as eager as the ragged newsboy to take advantage of everything that occurs. But we must not

moralize too much. Suffice it to say, that our hero shows a very good example to many of our citizens, for the perseverance he manifests in his very laborious calling: his reasons for doing so are more than usually urgent on men of his age; nothing daunts his volatile spirit, if we may judge by the fact that he has married but lately a young maiden not exceeding twenty-four years of age! He has told us that this is his sixth wife! Wonderful news-man! It is past our philosophy to account why men of his age should have more courage than we of thirty years! But it is so: and no one man is prouder of telling it than our hero himself. We will close our sketch, just remarking that he is now engaged in making her a *news-woman*; and if she follows in the train of her hard-working husband, the public may expect a sketch of her at no distant day.

## ODE TO BOGLE.

[To many of our readers, who doubtless still remember the celebrated waiter Bogle, the following *jeu d'esprit* by the late M'r Nicholas Biddle, will not be uninteresting. Bogle united in himself the vocations of public waiter and undertaker, frequently officiating at a funeral in the afternoon, and at a party the same evening—presenting on all occasions the same gravity of demeanor. The term "colorless colored man" was perfectly applicable to Bogle, as he was a very light mulatto. The "light fantastic toes" is an allusion to the effects upon him of spirits, which he had the occasional weakness to use to excess. "Johnson" and "Shepard" were also famous public waiters.]

Bogle! not he, whose shadow flies  
Before a frightened Scotchman's eyes,  
But thou of Eighth near Fansom, thou;  
Colorless colored man; whose brow,  
Unmoved, the joys of life surveys;  
Untouched, the gloom of death displays;  
Reckless if joy or gloom prevail—  
Stern, multifarious Bogle—hall!

Hail may'st thou, Bogle, for thy reign  
Extends o'er nature's wide domain,  
Begins before our earliest breath,  
Nor ceases with the hour of death.  
Scarce seems the blushing maiden wed  
Unless thy care the supper spread—

Half christened only were that boy,  
Whose heathen squalls our ears annoy,  
If, service finished, cakes and wine  
Were served by any hand but thine;  
And Christian burial e'en were scant,  
Unless his aid the Bogle grant.

Lover of pomp! the dead might rise  
And feast upon himself his eyes;  
When, marshalling the black array,  
Thou rul'st the sadness of the day,  
Teaching how grief may be genteel  
And legatees should seem to feel;  
Death's seneschal, 'tis thine to trace  
For each his proper look and place;  
How aunts should weep, where uncles stand,  
With hostile cousins, hand in hand;  
Give matchless gloves, and fity shape,  
By length of face, the length of crape.  
See him erect, with lofty tread,  
The dark scarf streaming from his head,  
Lead forth his groups in order mete,  
And range them grief-wise in the street;  
Presiding o'er the solemn show,  
The very Chesterfield of woe.  
Evil to him should bear the pall,  
Yet comes too late, or not at all!  
Woe to the mourner who shall stray  
One inch beyond thy trim array!  
Still worse the kinsman who shall move  
Until thy signal voice approve!

Let widows, anxious to fulfil  
(For the first time) the dear man's will;  
Lovers and lawyers ill at ease,  
For bliss deferred, or loss of fees;  
Or heirs impatient of delay;  
Chafe inly at his formal stay—  
The Bogle heeds not—nobly true,  
Resolved to give the dead his due:  
No jot of honor will he bate,  
Nor stir toward the church-yard gate,  
Till the last parson is at hand,  
And every hat has got its band.  
Before his stride the town gives way,  
Beggars and belles confess his sway.  
Drays, prudes and sweeps, a startled mass,  
Rein up to let his cortege pass,  
And death himself, that ceaseless dun,  
Who waits on all, yet waits for none,  
Now hears a greater waiter's tone,  
And scarcely deems his life his own.

Nor less, stupendous man! thy power  
In festal than in funeral hour:  
When gas and beauty's blended rays  
Set hearts and ball-rooms in a blaze;  
Or spermaceti's light reveals  
More "inward bruises" than it heals;  
In flames each belle her victim kills,  
And sparks fly upward in quadrilles;  
Like icebergs in an Indian clime,  
Refreshing Bogle breathes, sublime,  
Cool airs upon that sultry stream,  
From Roman punch and frosted cream.

So, sadly social, when we flee  
From milky talk and watery tea,  
To dance by inches in that strait,  
Between a sideboard and a grate,  
With rug uplift and blower tight,  
'Gainst the red Demon Anthracite,  
Then Bogle o'er the weary hours,  
A world of sweets incessant showers,  
Till, blest relief from noise and foam,  
The farewell pound-cake warns us home.

Wide opes the crowd to let thee pass,  
And hail the music of thy glass.  
Drowning all other sounds—even those  
From B——, or S—— that rose;  
From C——'s self some glance will stray,  
To rival charms upon thy tray,  
Which thou dispensest with an air,  
As life or death depended there—  
Wine for the luckless wretch, whose back  
Has stood against a window's crack—  
And then, impartial, servest in turn,  
The youth, whom love and Lehigh burn.

On Johnson's smooth and placid mien,  
A quaint and fitful smile is seen;  
O'er Shepard's pale, romantic face,  
A radiant simper we may trace;  
But, on the Bogle's steadfast cheek,  
Lugubrious thoughts their presence speak—  
His very smile sincerely stern,  
As lighted lachrymary urn.  
In church or state, in bower or hall,  
He gives, with equal face to all,  
The wedding cake, the funeral crape,  
The mourning glove, the festive grape,  
In the same tone, when crowds disperse,  
Calls Powell's hack or Carter's hearse.  
As gently grave, as sadly grim  
At the quick waltz as funeral hymn.

Thou, social Fabius! since the day  
When Rome was saved by wild delay,  
None else has found the happy chance—  
By always waiting—to advance.  
Let time and tide, coquettes so rude,  
Pass on—yet hope to be pursued.  
Thy gentler nature waits on all.  
When parties rage, on thee they call,  
Who seek't no office in the State,  
Content, while others push, to wait.  
Yet—(not till Providence bestowed  
On Adam's sons, McAdam's road)—  
Unstumbling foot is rarely given  
To man or beast when quickly driven;  
And they do say—but this I doubt,  
For seldom he lets things leak out—  
They do say—ere the dances close,  
His, too, are "light fantastic toes."  
Oh, if this be so, Bogle! then,  
How are we served by serving men!  
A waiter by his weight forsaken!  
An undertaker, overtaken!

## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

A SERIES OF LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NUMBER XI.

M'r Editor:—I have concluded, that I had best occupy the present missive, mostly or wholly, with some further relations, by my pupil, of his personal experiences. And here, as before, I shall use substantially his own words.

"The incidents, of which I am next to speak, occurred in the presence and under the inspection of my friend M. and twenty others.

1st. Thus, locks of hair by dozens; scraps of hand-writing by scores and hundreds,—both of which had belonged to persons, entire strangers to me,—were sent to me enclosed in envelopes or were handed me by friends of the individuals; and these being laid before me, *my hand was moved* to write out full, minute and clear delineations of character, which, by the testimony of personal friends or by letters still in my possession, were pronounced wonderfully true to their originals!

2nd. On a certain Sunday morning, while sojourning at my country-seat, I was "impressed" to take my pen and place it upon paper; which I had no sooner done, than the pen began traversing the paper. I had not the slightest idea of what was to be written, except as a single word occurred to me, was noted down, faded away and was succeeded by another, and so on to the close. Two folio pages were thus filled before the influence affecting my arm and hand ceased. On then reading it over, I found it to be a description of a voyage in the Arctic Seas; of a shipwreck; and of the manner in which the officers and crew succeeded in saving their lives and escaping to the land. I was entirely perplexed to account for such a communication having been made to me.

Next day, however, meeting my friend M. he informed me, that, on *the day previous*, he had requested the "Spirits" to *impress* me with the fact, as to whether *Sir John Franklin* was yet living! This, of course, furnished a solution of the "manifestation" made to me on *the same day the request was proffered*.

I related to M. what I had done and exhibited the manuscript. We then requested the "Spirits" to inform us distinctly what they intended to represent in their communication. They replied, that it was an account of the wreck of *Sir John Franklin's* ships, and of the subsequent safe landing of the officers and crews on the shore. They

furthermore stated, that the wreck occurred in lat. 77° N. and long. 90 E. from Greenwich, and that the landing was effected in their small boats.

I was then "impressed" to write sketches of the characters of both *Sir John* and *Lady Franklin*, which were very full and went into detail of many peculiarities pertaining to either party. Copies of the first communication and of these sketches were forwarded to the Board of Admiralty, London, England.

Whether these delineations of character were correct, or otherwise, I have had no opportunity of verifying through persons acquainted with the parties. As, however, some two or three hundred sketches *beside* have been written by the same "Spirits," and written with astonishing accuracy, according to the testimony of those acquainted with the originals, I certainly have no doubt of their being faithful portraitures.

Of course the narrative respecting the wreck cannot be verified by any of our ordinary earthly tests. But the coincidence between M.'s request and my response, unknown as I was of its having been made, furnishes a problem, which I know of no method of solving, save by supposing Supernatural Intelligencies to have been concerned in both.

3rd. A professor of a Louisiana College was, one evening, introduced to me, who was an utter unbeliever in Spiritualism, and who, seating himself opposite to me, eyed me closely.

I said to him, Sir, let me propose, that we test the question of Spirit-intervention, by each writing on a subject of your choosing. Let the conditions be the following. The theme shall be stated by you, though *not the side, which you intend to advocate*. I will simply request the Spirits to take the *opposite side* to yourself, and will then write according to their dictation. He assented, and taking his pen, said, let our theme be "the Church."

He commenced writing, but had scarce completed twenty lines, when he ceased, and fastened his eyes on my pen running over the paper at locomotive speed. It was but a few moments, before nearly two folio pages had been filled by the Powers controlling my pen. After he had read to me his own matter, we together examined my written pages, and found, that *these* had espoused the *side opposite to his*, and indeed contained a *complete answer to his argument*.

I then, with a "controlled" pen, wrote a communication, which *purported* to come from the Spirit of his departed wife, and he was apparently much pleased with its sentiments.

It is strange, though not unprecedented,

that, notwithstanding what he had just witnessed, he should still have continued *partially*, if not *wholly* skeptical, for he remarked, on retiring, that "I was a smart man,"—thus intimating an opinion, that I had had a greater agency in what had occurred, than disembodied Spirits.

4th. An eminent physician of our city, D'r N. called on me at our rooms. After reciprocal greetings, he seated himself beside me in order that he might distinctly witness, if opportunity should be granted, the spectacle of my "controlled" pen traversing the paper.

At once my pen was grasped and commenced drawing certain lines on the paper. The import of what I was doing was an utter mystery to me. The conclusion, however, exhibited a linear sketch of a male pelvis, together with a bladder and prostate gland, and also of a catheter so disposed with reference to the two latter, as to obviate an obstruction caused by an indurated swelling of the gland. My arm was then so operated upon, as to represent in *pantomime* the appropriate mode of introducing the catheter in this special case. My "controlled" pen further wrote, that the difficulty in the present case was in consequence of an injury sustained in youth.

Having completed the drawing and writing, I naturally wondered not a little at what was their significance.

To my utter delight, as well as astonishment, the D'r now informed me, that he had in charge a patient, who had been a sufferer for seventeen years; that his wife had dreamed a Spirit had told her, that the *cause of his illness was a derangement of the bladder*—an affection, for which he had never been treated by the Physicians, as they had never suspected its existence. "My visit to you," continued the Doctor, "was to enquire concerning this very case!" Without a word on my part, you have anticipated my wishes, and the result to me is completely astounding. How you could have become possessed of this knowledge, either according to any known principles of science, or, in fact, according to any conceivable *mundane* mode whatever, is beyond my fathoming. I have no alternative, then, between leaving it totally *unexplained*, or imputing it to *super-mundane intervention*."

5th. Other interviews with D'r N. followed this, and, through me, he received information concerning the condition of numbers of his patients, extending even to the minutest details of their symptoms. The Powers, operating through me, pronounced the diagnostics of numerous cases for his behoof, with the most perfect accuracy, without his having, in a solitary instance, first given the slightest clue to what he desired to learn.

Sometimes these communications confirmed his previously formed opinions, and at others differed from or were entirely opposed to them. The ultimate result, however, invariably established the verity and wisdom of my Spirit-friends.

And here let me state, that D'rs Abernethy, Morton, Parrish and Roset have been the principal *self-named* Spirits, acting as my teachers and impartors of medical lore. One session of mine with D'r N. lasted nearly *seven hours without intermission*,—the whole of which time was occupied with a conference between himself and the Spirits of the Physicians above named upon various medical principles. They discussed these themes, as he thought, with marvellous shrewdness, while exhibiting a familiar acquaintance with the most abstruse points of the general science.

He said, moreover, that the medical textbooks of the day *could not* have taught me *much, very much*, that flowed from my pen, since *this was entirely new*. These novel ideas, however, he pronounced accordant with well known principles and in harmony with common sense, the highest wisdom known, and every day observation.

Strange as the fact may seem, this enormously protracted session caused me no fatigue or exhaustion whatever, as I remained *completely passive in mind* through the whole interval. In truth, I felt rather *refreshed*, than otherwise, at its close.

6th. On another occasion, I traced with my finger the course of an abscess, which, for years, had been open and active between the shoulders of a young man, who was a patient of D'r N. My "controlled" hand then wrote, that the *cause* of this abscess was a derangement of the liver.

This declaration D'r N. was at first disposed to *question*, but was speedily satisfied of its correctness by a simple course of philosophic reasoning from the Spirits.

To show that my knowledge of this young man's case *must* have come from the Spirits, and from no source beside, I would state, that I never had seen him or heard of his ailment; but that the information was *now* written down in answer to a question put by his father on a prior occasion—at which time no clue to the facts was furnished me by the father.

7th. At another session with D'r N. I was thrown into the *trancic state*, and the Spirits of D'rs Abernethy, Morton and Parrish were represented by me, as sitting around a table and conferring on the pathology of fevers. Typhus fever claimed their principal attention, and their ideas thereupon assumed the form of a lecture, which continued through more than three hours, during the whole of which I was engaged in repeating their dis-

course. At the same interview the cause, prevention and cure of Cholera, were made known by the same Spirits through me. D'r N. expressed great satisfaction with what he had thus heard, and said that the lecture was highly scientific and instructive; placing the several topics treated of in a novel and clear light, and giving augmented interest to the entire subject.

At the same session, moreover, they described fully the D'rs method of treating typhoid fever, though this differed essentially from that prescribed in the Books, while according with the ideas advanced by the Spirits. The D'r was already aware how beneficial was the mode of practice adopted by himself: but, although a skilful chemist, he did not fully comprehend the *modus operandi*, whereby these salutary results were produced. The Spirits, however, unfolded to him both cause and effect, as also the reason for certain consequences always following particular exhibitions of medicine.

Again, the D'r was told the existing condition of a patient of his, who was laboring under a fever; and this statement of the Spirits was subsequently confirmed to the letter. Finally, the entire course of the malady, with its attendant symptoms, was minutely described through me.

The above must serve as specimens of the phenomena exhibited at my sessions with D'r N.; though, if need were, I might fill pages with the details of kindred occurrences. It were, however, as easy to account for a *hundred*, as for a *half dozen* such.

8th. While sitting, on a certain occasion, in the "Circle" assembled in our room, a young man was ushered in by M'r E., who was unknown to me, as to the members generally. He had been seated but a few minutes, when my hand grasping a pen began to traverse the paper, and the result was a minute delineation of his character, together with *prophecies of his after-career*. It was declared, that he would be a "medium," as also *what species* of one. These predictions were subsequently verified to the letter, and the sketch of his character pronounced accurate.

As this gentleman's name has since become public property, it is not improper to state, that I allude to M'r Charles Linton, through whom the Spirits are inditing a work, which has called forth the admiration of numbers who have examined it. This work has been taken under the patronage of Hon. N. P. Tallmage, and by him will be introduced to the public.

9th. On one occasion, a D'r F., resident in Philadelphia, asked whether the Spirit of his uncle M. was present? The reply was, yes. Will you, then, (said he to the Spirit,) detail to me the subject-matter of an interview which you had with my father, while still in the form? There was, (continued he,) as you know, a trial of eye-sight between you two, to determine which could write the most intelligibly, without the use of spectacles. The answer to the question was, yes.

My "controlled" pen then began forthwith to trace words upon the paper. The matter thus written was language arranged in the form of prayer. My pen had traced about twenty lines, when it was suddenly arrested, and then wrote, "O God, our Father," &c., when I involuntarily exclaimed, "this is what you requested to hear!" D'r stated, that *my assertion was perfectly correct*. The parties concerned in this case were, one and all, entirely unknown to me.

10th. A M'r N. M. had an interview with me, and in the course of it, the Spirits, through me, told him the cause of the sickness of his brother-in-law, and detailed alike the effects and all the attendant symptoms of the same. At the same time, they declared his recovery to be impossible, in consequence of certain conditions of his system; which declaration eventually proved true in every item.

I will only add, at present, that D'r F., mentioned just above, received, through me, many tests pleasing and satisfactory in the highest degree, as to the super-mundane source of these phenomena.

So, too, D'rs M. and P., both professors of Medical Colleges in this city, have, at various times, obtained from Spirits, through me, interesting and valuable communications on Medicine, Physiology, &c., &c..

To both of them I might refer the inquirer for further information.

## POPULAR SONGS OF SPAIN.

### XII.

#### THE SONG OF THE VERBENA.

The peasant women of the Huerta believe in its virtues. A little branch of verbenas, plucked with a lively faith, leads directly to the marriage of the little girl who is bemoaning her having found no one to marry her.

What is the little girl expecting with so much anxiety?  
Observe her to-night, you will tell it to me.  
She asks a husband. Do you not see it?  
To die a maiden does not suit her, alas!

Ah little girl, little girl, the green vervain  
Of the night of Saint John,  
Choose it, choose it good;  
At the end of the year I will hear news.

READINGS FROM HAYDON'S MEMOIRS.

HAYDON'S OPINION OF WEST AS AN ARTIST.

"Titian took eight years to paint the Peter Martyr. West would have painted eight hundred in the time.

In drawing and form his style was beggarly, skinny and mean. His light and shadow are scattered, his color brick dust, his impression unsympathetical, and his women without beauty or heart.

The block machine at Portsmouth could be taught to paint as well.

His Venuses looked as if they had never been naked before, and were too cold to be impassioned—his Adonises dolts—his Cupids blocks—unamorous. As I left the room, I went into the dining-parlor, and saw two delicious sketches of Rubens; my heart jumped." Vol. ii. p. 219.

WILKIE.

"When I marry,' Wilkie used to say, 'it will be a matter of interest.' 'When I marry,' I always said, 'it will be for love, and nothing else!' See the result. He has no household anxieties, no domestic harass, no large family to bring up. But he has no sweet affections, no tender sympathies. Would I exchange my situation for David Wilkie's? No, no. If I had ten times the trouble, the anxiety, tho harass, the torture." Vol. ii. p. 221.

"The English have the finest arms and the broadest chests of any nation in the world, and, though by far the least looking men in Paris of all the allies, took up more ground than even the gigantic Russian guards. This was entirely owing to the breadth of their shoulders." Vol. ii. p. 247.

BYRON.

"I am convinced Byron's Italian excesses were not from love of vice, but experiments for a new sensation, on which to speculate. After debauchery, he hurried away in his gondola, and spent the night on the waters.

On board a Greek ship, when touching a yataghan, he was overheard to say, 'I should like to know the feelings of a murderer.'

This contains the essence of his moral character; and his assertion that he relished nothing in poetry not founded on fact, that of his poetical."

NAPOLEON.

"The best description I ever saw of Napoleon's appearance was in the letter of an Irish gentleman, Lord North, published in the Dublin Evening Post: and, as it is so very characteristic, it may amuse the visitor.

He saw him at Elba in 1814, and thus paints him:—

'He but little resembles the notion I had of him or any other man I ever saw. He is the squarest figure I think I ever remember to have seen, and exceedingly corpulent. His face is a perfect square, from the effects of fat, and, as he has no whiskers, his jaw is thrown more into relief; this description, joined to his odd little three-cornered cocked hat and very plain clothes, would certainly give him the appearance of a vulgar person, if the impression was not counteracted by his soldierly carriage, and the peculiar manner of his walking, which is confident, theatrical, and a little ruffian-like, for he stamps the ground at every step, and at the same time twists his body a little. He was dressed that day in a green coat, turned up with a dirty white &c., &c.. His neck is short, his shoulders very broad, and his chest open. His features are remarkably masculine, regular, and well-formed. His skin is coarse, unwrinkled, and weather-beaten, his eyes possess a natural and unaffected fierceness, the most extraordinary I ever beheld; they are full, bright, and of a brassy color. He looked directly at me, and his stare is by far the most intense I ever beheld. This time, however, curiosity made me a match, and I vanquished him. It is when he regards you, that you remark the singular expression of his eyes—no frown—no ill-humor—no affectation of appearing sensible; but the genuine expression of an iron, inexorable temper.'" Vol. ii. p. 273.

BYRON'S MEMOIRS.

"Rogers said Moore had scarcely read his (Byron's) manuscripts, that he was occupied and lent it about; that the women read the worst parts, and told them with exaggeration; that Moore got frightened at hearing it abused, and burnt it without ever having read it through. Irving told Leslie he had read a part, and there was exquisite humor, though it could not all have been published." Vol. ii. p. 283.

REFORM.

"The success of American independence has been the torch which has lighted the world for the last fifty years. It will now never cease blazing, till cheap governments are established. The coronation of George IV may be considered the setting sun of that splendid imposition—monarchy."

(Oct. 26th, 1831.) "I called at the palace to-day, but what a difference in the attendants! All George IV's servants were gentlemen to the very porters,—well-fed, gorgeous, gold-laced rascals. Monarchy is setting. In one hundred years more, I don't think there will be a king in Europe. It is

a pity. I like the splendid delusion; but why make it so expensive? Voting £100,000 a year for the Queen—as if £5000 was not enough for any woman's splendor? These things won't be borne much longer.

28th. A glorious day. King William IV has consented to place his name at the head of my list for Xenophon. Huzza! God bless him!

Upon reflection, I shall certainly vote for her Majesty's having £100,000 a year after this. What can a queen do with less? It is impossible. How short-sighted we are! I thought I felt peculiarly dull all day yesterday. This comes of grinding colors.

Drank His Majesty's health in a bumper, and success to reform. I think kings ought not to set. They will keep in the meridian yet." Vol. ii. pp. 289-291.

#### GEORGE IV.'S CORONATION.

"He told me an anecdote of the late king, which illustrates the asides of a coronation. When the bishops were kissing the king and doing homage, and the music was roaring, the Bishop of Oxford (whom they used to call Mother Somebody), approached and kissed the king. The king said, 'Thankee, my dear.' This is exactly like him." Vol. ii. p. 301.

#### TALLEYRAND.

"Jeffrey told me a capital story of Talleyrand at a public dinner. His health was drank. Before the noise was over he got up, made a mumbling, as if of speaking—spoke nothing—made a bow and sat down; at which the applause redoubled, though all those immediately about him knew he never said a word." Vol. ii. p. 337.

#### FOX'S DUEL.

"Mr Coke came late, and a most delightful sitting he gave me. He is full of reminiscences. He told me a story of Charles Fox. One night at Brokes's, he made some remark on government powder, in allusion to something that happened. Adams considered it a reflection, and sent Fox a challenge. Fox went out and took his station, giving a full front. Fitzgerald said, 'You must stand sideways.' Fox said, 'Why I am as thick one way as the other.' 'Fire' was given—Adams fired, Fox did not: and when they said he must, he said: 'I'll be damned if I do: I have no quarrel.' They then advanced to shake hands. Fox said, 'Adams, you'd have killed me, if it had not been government powder.' The ball hit him in the groin, and fell in his breeches." Vol. ii. p. 342.

#### SIR ASTLEY COOPER.

"Dined at Manchester with Turner, a pupil of Sir Astley Cooper. Cooper told him he

had retired; but, after two months, being miserable, he asked himself: 'What do I like best in the world?' 'My profession,' was the answer. 'Then,' said he, 'why the deuce should I leave off that employment which gives me the greatest delight?' and so he returned to practice." Vol. iii. p. 154.

#### WORDSWORTH.

"I quoted his own beautiful address to the stock-dove. He said once in a wood, M'rs Wordsworth and a lady were walking, when the stock-dove was cooing. A farmer's wife coming by, said to herself: 'Oh! I do like stock-doves!' M'rs Wordsworth, in all her enthusiasm for Wordsworth's poetry, took the old woman to her heart; 'but,' continued the old woman, 'some like them in a pie; for my part, there's nothing like 'em stewed in onions.'" Vol. iii. p. 200.

#### DICKENS.

"Talfourd said he introduced Dickens to Lady Holland. She hated the Americans, and did not want Dickens to go. She said, 'Why cannot you go down to Bristol, and see some of the third or fourth class people, and they'll do just as well?'" Vol. iii. p. 291.

#### MISS MITFORD'S LOTTERY TICKET.

The following strange incident in the life of Mary Russell Mitford, related by herself, may not have been before brought to the notice of our readers.

"What my father's plans were I do not exactly know; probably to gather together what disposable money still remained after paying all debts from the sale of books, plate, and furniture at Lyme, and thence to proceed (backed up by his greatly lessened income) to practice in some distant town. At all events London was the best starting-place, and he could consult his old fellow-pupil and life-long friend, Dr Babington, then one of the physicians to Guy's Hospital, and refresh his medical studies with experiments and lectures, while determining in what place to bestow himself.

In the mean while his spirits returned as buoyant as ever, and so, now that fear had changed into certainty, did mine. In the intervals of his professional pursuits he walked about London with his little girl in his hand; and one day (it was my birth-day, and I was ten years old) he took me into a not very tempting-looking place, which was, as I speedily found, a lottery-office. An

Irish lottery was upon the point of being drawn, and he desired me to choose one out of several bits of printed paper (I did not then know their significance) that lay upon the counter:

'Choose which number you like best,' said the dear papa, 'and that shall be your birthday present.'

I immediately selected one, and put it into his hand: N'o 2,224.

'Ah,' said my father examining it, 'you must choose again. I want to buy a whole ticket; and this is only a quarter. Choose again, my pet.'

'No, dear papa, I like this one best.'

'Here is the next number,' interposed the lottery office keeper, 'N'o 2,223.'

'Ay,' said my father, 'that will do just as well. Will it not, Mary? We'll take that.'

'No!' returned I, obstinately; 'that won't do. This is my birth-day you know, papa, and I am ten years old. Cast up my number, and you'll find that makes ten. The other is only nine.'

My father, superstitious like all speculators, was struck with my pertinacity, and with the reason I gave, which he liked none the less because the ground of preference was tolerably unreasonable, resisted the attempt of the office keeper to tempt me by different tickets, and we had nearly left the shop without a purchase, when the clerk, who had been examining different desks and drawers, said to his principal:

'I think, Sir, the matter may be managed if the gentleman does not mind paying a few shillings more. That ticket, 2,224, only came yesterday, and we have still all the shares; one half, one quarter, one eighth, two sixteenths. It will be just the same if the young lady is set upon it.'

The young lady was set upon it, and the shares were purchased.

The whole affair was a secret between us, and my father whenever he got me to himself talked over our future twenty thousand pounds—just like Alnascher over his basket of eggs.

Meanwhile, time passed on, and one Sunday morning we were all preparing to go to church, when a face that I had forgotten, but my father had not, made its appearance. It was the clerk of the lottery office. An express had just arrived from Dublin, announcing that number 2,224 had drawn a prize of twenty thousand pounds, and he had hastened to communicate the good news.

Ah, me! In less than twenty years what was left of the produce of the ticket so strangely chosen? What? except a Wedgwood dinner-service that my father had had made to commemorate the event, with the

Irish harp within the border on one side, and his family crest on the other! That fragile and perishable ware long outlasted the more perishable money!"

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

*Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands.* By M<sup>rs</sup> Harriet Beecher Stowe. Phillips, Sampson & Co.: Boston: 1854. James C. Derby: New York. 2 vols. Pp. 758. For sale in Philadelphia, by C. G. Henderson & Co..

To certain classes of our community, we presume, this book will be excessively odious, for the same reason that the writer's previous work was so offensive; i. e. the slaveholders and the pro-slavists. For these volumes are, in this way, as thoroughly leavened with anti-slavery sentiments as the "Cabin" itself. It is, moreover, rather startling to learn, as we do here, how universal and strong is the abhorrence of the "peculiar institution," among the better and more influential classes in every European country.

However, we, as reviewers, have nothing to do with partizanship on either side of moot questions like this. As a series of sketches of things and persons seen and heard in Great Britain, France, Switzerland, and Germany, we must pronounce these among the most interesting volumes we ever read. True, M<sup>rs</sup> Stowe writes in a style neither classical nor altogether accurate, but she is, nevertheless, vivacious, graphic and fluent, and these are the properties chiefly to be prized in a work like this. She had pre-eminent advantages as a tourist. Her acquaintance was eagerly sought by a host of foreign celebrities and notabilities, and she portrays them with wonderful fidelity and life-likeness. Certainly she presents a more favorable idea of the upper classes of Great Britain, than we had been accustomed to hold, but, as she gives facts for her authority, her idea must, we suppose, be accepted as the true one. It is certainly gratifying to hear that peers and peeresses, bearing the oldest historic names in Britain, as well as the wealthy and distinguished of the untitled classes, are as extensively and earnestly engaged in meliorating and elevating the condition of the poor, the depressed and the suffering portions of the people. A country cannot be on the decline, in which such measures are in active progress; and, in fact, we can recall no book, which has left on our mind a more favorable impression of the British islands than this.

We see not why *all* may not enjoy and profit by these volumes, whatever may be their views of slavery. Ignoring what re-



lates to this topic, a vast amount is left of most agreeable and instructive reading. And one thing we may rely on as certain, that if slavery be, as its champions allege, a Christian Institution and a Divine Ordination, no assaults upon it can work it any substantial injury. It should be remembered, too, that, for two or three books of M<sup>rs</sup> Stowe *against* slavery, there have been nearly a dozen in *its* favor, following close upon them.

Charming volumes, we repeat, the lady has given us, though of course they cannot meet with the reception awarded to "Uncle Tom."

*Lectures on Romanism, being Illustrations and Refutations of the Errors of Romanism and Tractarianism.* By Rev. John Cumming, D. D.. John P. Jewett & Co.: Boston: 1854. Jewett, Proctor & Worthington: Cleveland: Ohio. 1 vol. Pp. 728. For sale in Philadelphia, by Lindsay & Blakiston.

It is not for us, as Reviewers, to express an opinion either *pro* or *con* the *truth* and *convincingness* of this portly duodecimo. Our office is simply to intimate its *literary* characteristics.

These are what one might expect in any thing from the pen of this author. He has long been noted, as one of the most popular preachers in London, and as a profound biblical critic and scholiast beside. The present volume is a storehouse of *learning* relating to the subjects of its discussion, as well as a repository of cogent argument in behalf of the Protestant Faith, as contra-distinguished from Romanism, expressed in lucid, simple, forcible language. They, who affect this sort of reading will prize the present volume, as will also those, whose Protestantism needs confirmation.

We apprehend, however, that neither of these classes will be found large enough to supply the author with many readers.

*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.* July, 1854: Leonard Scott & Co.: New York. For sale in Philadelphia, by Getz & Buck.

This number is above the average. All the articles are so good we are somewhat at a loss to specify the best. The first is a "Summary of the Growth and Prospects of the British Provinces" to the north of us. In material prosperity these Provinces are certainly advancing with giant strides. The writer discusses the question of annexation, and is of the opinion, in which we concur, (although it is not a very popular one) that it is very unlikely the Canadians will ever consent to merge their nationality into ours. Advocates of annexation forget that the

back-bone, as it were, of these Colonies is composed of the Tories of 1776, who left us, defeated, and hating us with all the rancour civil war never fails to generate.

There is also a capital article, entitled "Evelyn and Pepys," the very thing to wile away these warm summer afternoons, with the help of a tumbler of Agua—. The new novel, "The Secret of Stoke Manor," grows interesting.

The account of "The Battle of Lepanto," in which Don John of Austria first defeated the Turks in a naval battle, will well repay perusal: the writer of it might have mentioned that the cautious and cruel Philip never forgave his brother his famous victory, and shortly after caused him to be poisoned.

*Godey's Lady's Book.* August, 1854: Louis A. Godey: Philadelphia.

This number contains 92 pages of original and selected literary matter, a steel plate, and seven wood engravings, besides innumerable small cuts interspersed throughout the text. The literary articles are of the most diversified character.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

### THE CUCKING OR DUCKING STOOL.

From a series of antiquarian articles recently published in England upon the subject of the above heading, we compile the following.

From the numerous references to the Cucking Stool in the ancient records of the borough of Leicester, we have abundant proof that here, as well as in many other towns, the ladies were in former times, very frequently subject to visitations of ill-tongue, and that their lords and masters were sufficiently ungallant to consider no remedy so effectual for preventing a recurrence of the disorder, as the cold-water cure, applied by means of the Cucking, or Ducking Stool.

So early as the reign of King Henry the Third, it is shown to have been in use here, although it was not at that period restricted to the fair sex, for we learn, from the early regulations for the government of the town, contained in "the Vellum Book" of the Corporation, that a brewer, breaking the assize of ale, was to be amerced for the first, second, and third offence, and for the fourth, without redemption, he was to suffer the judgment of the Cucking Stool (*tumbrellum*).

The punishment was not always by immersion, the offender being frequently exposed seated upon the Cucking Stool, during a certain period of time. Thus, at a Common Hall, held on the Thursday before Saint

Simon and Saint Jude's day, 1467, it was ordered—

"That scolde be punished by the mayor, on a Cuck-Stool before their own door, and then carried to the four gates of the town."

The prevalence of this practice is further shown by the following extract from the Orders and Laws of the town of Neath, enacted in 1542.

"Item—If any person do scolde or rage, any burgesse or hys wyfe, or any other person and hys wyfe, if she be found faulty in the same by sixe men, then shee to be brought at the first defaulte to the Cooking-stoole, and there to sit one houre; at the second defaulte, twoe houres; and at the thirde defaulte, to lett slipp the pyynn, or els pay a good fyne to the king."

The Corporation Accompts of Gravesend, have frequent entries in reference to the Cucking Stool, and are probably indicative of the occasions it was required for the public service—

"1628. Nov. 9. Paid unto Mildman for mending the Cooking-stool 7s.

1629. Sept. 4. Paid unto the Wheeler for timber for mending the Cucking-stool 3s. 4d.

1635. October 23. Paid for two Wheelers and Yeekes for the Ducking-stool 3s. 6d.

1636. Jan. 7. Paid the porters for ducking of Goodwife Campion 2s."

The following extract is given from the Corporation records of Carrickfergus, Ireland.

"October, 1574, Ordered and agreeede by the hole Court, that all manner of Skolds which shal be openly detected of Skolding or evill wordes in manner of Skolding, and for the same shal be condemned before M<sup>r</sup> Maior and his brethren, shal be drawne at the sterne of a boate in the water from the ende of the Peare rounde about the Queene's majesties Castell, in manner of ducking; and after, when a cage shal be made, the party so condemned for a Skold, shal be therein punished at the discretion of the Maior."

Misson describes the operation of the Cucking Stool, as witnessed by him—

"The way of punishing scolding women is pleasant enough, they fasten an arm chair to the ends of two beams, twelve or fifteen feet long, and parallel to each other, so that these two pieces of wood with their two ends, embrace the chair, which hangs between them upon a sort of axle, by which means it plays freely, and always remains in a horizontal position, that a person may conveniently sit in it, whether you raise it up or let it down. They set a post upon the bank of a pond or river, and over the post they lay almost in equilibrio, the two beams, at

the ends of which, the chair hangs just over the water; they place the woman in the chair, and so plunge her into the water, as often as the sentence directs, in order to cool her immoderate heat."

Gay in his third Pastoral, entitled 'The Dumps,' thus describes the Cucking Stool—

"I'll speed me to the Pond, where the high Stool  
On the long plank, hangs o'er the muddy pool;  
That Stool, the dread of ev'ry scolding Quæan."

#### CARDS AND CHESS IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

King Henry the Seventh appears to have diverted much of his leisure time in card-playing; the following are extracts from the household expenses of that monarch, and are highly illustrative of the royal moderation in the stakes at that period.

Jan. 8, 1492. To the King to play at cards, 100s. June 30. Item, to the King, which he lost at cards, 4s.

August 20, 1494. Item, to the King for playing at the Cards, 60s.

March 29, 1495. Item, for the King's losse at the Paune play [Chess], 7s. 8d.

May 24, 1496. Item, to the King's Grace to play at the Cardes, in gold, 20l. In grotts, 100s. In grotts, 19l. In grotes, 60s. in all 37l.

The king's ill success is here apparent, and the account is wrong; the nineteen pounds was probably but nine pounds, as otherwise, the above items amount altogether to forty-seven pounds.

Oct. 1, 1497. Item, for the King's losse at Cardes, at Tawnton, 9l.

Sept. 23, 1498. Item, to the King's losse at Cardes, at Hegecote, 3s. 4d.

Sept. 15, 1502. Item, to Weston, for the King to play at Cleke, at Burton-upon-Trent, 40s.

#### NAPOLEON.

[Apropos of the "Lines" on the first page of the present number of BIZARRE, the contributor thereof has penned the following.]

One more Napoleon now sad Europe wants,  
To right man's injuries and God's affronts,  
To play the chess men in approaching wars,  
And throttle temporising Kings and scheming Tsars.

#### SHAKESPEARE IN HUNGARY.

Shakespeare's Plays are being translated into the Magyar dialect, by the Hungarian poet Vorosmarty. "King Lear" already appears in that version, to be followed by "Romeo and Juliet," and "King Richard the Third."

## THE BEARD.

Not to cut off an ornament bestowed by nature for some useful purpose, seems in the eyes of some, actually human beings, a crime little less heinous than murder. Hear the following from a recent article upon the subject: "In England there are found highly reprehensible attempts of the clergy to wear a beard in the pulpit." (How shocking.) "A correspondent of the *Durham Advertiser* states, it is reported the clergyman at Cockfield has given so much offence to his parishioners by wearing his beard, that they have discontinued their attendance at church."

## THE KINGS AND GOUVERNOURS OF ENGLAND.

Two Wills, Hal, Stephen, Henry then againe;  
Dicke, Jacke, third Henry, Edwards three in traine;  
Second Dicke, three more Hals, Ned the fourth, and  
y<sup>o</sup>ther,  
Crumpe Dicke, seventh, elghth Hals, Ned, Moll, Besse noe  
mother;  
Jemmye, Charles, and C. and? may bee nere another:  
Parliaments five or six, Olluer and Red Jumps  
Instrument and Humblement, Richard and the Rumps.

*From a manuscript of 1659.*

## PEREA NENA.

The Paris correspondent of the *New Orleans Picayune*, says: "A new *troupe* of Spanish ballet dancers are now carrying all before them at the *Gymnase*. The chief attraction is Señora Perea Nena, a splendid creature, with dark, flashing eyes, raven hair and beautifully turned limbs. Her style of dancing is decidedly of the 'highfalutin' order. One of the Parisian critics, at loss for other, terms, says that she exhibits an elasticity and species of savage animation altogether indescribable. The term 'savage animation' suits her case exactly."

## THE SQUARE OF TWELVE.

Some persons retain the ruling passion that influenced their actions during life, to the last moment of their existence. M. de Lagny, a member of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, a great calculator, became in his last illness insensible, when M. Maupertius approached his bed, and in the hope of arousing him, said, "M. de Lagny, what is the square of twelve?" He replied, "An hundred and forty-four," and instantly expired.

## AN APOLOGY FOR ANTIQUARIANS.

D'Israeli says: "To know, and to admire only, the literature and the tastes of our own age, is a species of elegant barbarism."

## GRAVE OF HAMLET AT ELSINORE.

From a late English paper we obtain the following: "Many objects of interest present themselves to the stranger at Elsinore. Among them, more particularly, are the fortress, and the garden of Marienslust, where is to be seen what is traditionally said to be the grave of Hamlet. Yet, the interior of the fortress contains nothing remarkable; and the grave is a misnomer; for Hamlet lived, reigned, died, and was buried in Jutland. As the earlier chronicles relate, being apprised of the conspiracy against his life by his step-father and mother, he feigned imbecility of mind, and in a retaliatory revenge, destroyed them in their house, by blocking up the doors, and setting fire to it. Hamlet then reigned in quiet, maintained his dignity respectably, and died a natural death. Those who have wept over the sorrows of Ophelia, as portrayed by England's dramatic bard, may be relieved by the assurance, that the whole is a fiction by Shakespeare, and that nowhere, near Elsinore, is there any brook, with willows, in which Ophelia could have perished."

The grave of Hamlet, as shown in Denmark, is about a stone's throw distance at the back of the mansion of Marienslust. The sea is seen between a continuous clump of trees planted in a circle, and the grave is noted by some scattered square stones of small size, which appear to have once served, for a cenotaph, and stand on a knoll of rising mound covered and surrounded by beech trees. Nothing of their history is known, they seem to be little respected or thought about by the towns-people of Elsinore; but pious and romantic pilgrims from another fatherland, have borne off considerable portions as relics, and a few years will probably witness their total dispersion.

## CAR OF JUGGERNAUTH DESTROYED.

The world-known famous Car of Juggernaut of Mubes, near Serampore, so memorable in the idolatrous observances of the Hindoos, was totally destroyed by fire on the night of Monday, February 6th last. The "odekuries," or proprietors of Juggernaut, merged in grief, attribute the accident to the fury of the god, but for what cause they are not cognizant.

## NELL GWYNNE.

Among the curiosities dispersed at the sale of the Duchess of Portland's Museum, in May, 1786, N<sup>o</sup> 1119, was "an emerald and gold enamelled smelling bottle, formerly the property of Nell Gwynne." Bought by Jones, a jeweller, for 7l. 10s.

## DISSECTION OF LAURENCE STERNE.

A London paper contains the following: A manuscript note, in an old hand, at the end of a copy of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, printed for T. Becket, 1768, appears curious; it is as follows:

"Sterne died on Friday, March 18, 1768. He was buried at Marybone, but afterwards his corpse was taken up by persons employed by surgeons for this purpose, and, being sent to Cambridge, was known by the Professor of Anatomy, as it lay on the table ready for dissection. The Rev. M<sup>r</sup> Green, of Ferring, told me, that being at Cambridge a short time after, he saw the skeleton, and had the anecdote, that was in the public papers, confirmed to him by the Professor."

The facts are not very widely different from the substance of the note, but reliance may be placed on the following: Sterne died on the first floor of N<sup>o</sup> 41, New Bond Street, at four in the afternoon of the day above stated. On Tuesday, the 22d, he was buried, no one attending as a mourner, and in the most private manner, not at Marylebone, but in the graveyard of St George's, Hanover Square, in the Bayswater Road; and on the night of Thursday, the 24th, on the second day after the interment of poor Yorick, he was sacrilegiously stolen from his grave. His body was taken inclosed in a case to Cambridge, where a gentleman, who loved him while living, and lamented him when dead, was asked by the Anatomical Professor to attend a dissection. He went, and saw the body of his friend produced, and his senses instantly forsook him. This interruption was however merely temporary. That heart whose pulsations were benignity itself, and the hand never extended but in the act of benevolence, were each laid open to the gaze of inhuman curiosity. Each fibre of the heart, it was remarked, seemed relaxed and wrung with sorrow. What became of the mangled corpse the writer cannot say. Those were the particulars stated at the time. The Professor, C. Coignon, B.M., of Trinity; who lectured on the corpse, knew nothing of the identity of Sterne till after the dissection—he had received it as a nameless body, and the intimation that it was the corpse of the author of *Tristram Shandy* was only made known to him by his friend after the dissection was effected, hence the care in retaining his skeleton.

It may be asked, why Sterne's widow or daughter did not interfere—the circumstances could only be known when all was over, and their poverty would have prevented any interposition on their part; unhappily, too, they had long been estranged, and were absent when he died in London. No

sooner was he dead than his widow, to raise means, sold his books to Todd and Sotheran, booksellers at York, and their shop-catalogue, printed in 1768, ostentatiously announced in the title, it contained 'the library of Laurence Sterne, M.A., Prebendary of York, and author of *Tristram Shandy*.'

Sterne, in the autobiography, as printed, notices his amusements at Sutton were 'books, painting, fiddling, and shooting;' for fiddling read fishing; he was no musician.

## THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The words of the English Language are composed of several foreign languages. The English language may be looked upon as a complication, both in words and expressions, of various dialects. Their origin is from the Saxon language. Our laws were derived from the Norman, our military terms from the French, our scientific names from the Greeks, and our stock of nouns from the Latin, through the medium of the French. Almost all the verbs in the English language are taken from the German, and nearly every other noun or adjective is taken from other dialects. The English language is composed of 15,734 words—of which 6732 are from the Latin, 4312 from the French, 1665 from the Saxon, 1669 from the Greek, 691 from the Dutch, 211 from the Italian, 106 from the German (not including verbs,) 90 from the Welch, 75 from the Danish, 56 from the Spanish, 50 from the Icelandic, 31 from the Swedish, 31 from the Gothic, 16 from the Hebrew, 15 from the Teutonic, and the remainder from the Arabic, Syriac, Turkish, Portuguese, Irish, Scotch, and other languages.—*New York Tribune*.

## THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

The powerful lines with the above title, the refrain of each stanza of which is

"Rattle his bones over the stones;  
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns,"

and which has appeared at different times in every newspaper in Anglo-Saxondom, was written by M<sup>r</sup> Thomas Noel, an English gentleman. He resides upon a beautiful country seat upon the Thames, in the neighborhood of Maidenhead, near London.

## SUPERSTITION.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.—*Dean Swift*.

## THE QUEEN AND THE ITALIAN OPERA.

Elizabeth, Duchess of Orleans, in one of her letters relates, that during her abode in Paris, Christina, the abdicated Queen of Sweden, who was as peculiarly eccentric in her night-dress, as she was in almost everything else, and instead of some display of elegance in her night-cap, made use of a most unseemly linen wrapper; having spent a restless day in bed, at length ordered a band of Italian musicians from the Opera, to attend and approach the curtains of the bed, which were closely drawn, and endeavor to amuse her. Their attempts were for some time unavailing, until the excellence of one of the singers arrested her attention and afforded her so much delight, that loudly exclaiming, "Mort Diable! comme il chante bien!" she on the instant suddenly arose, and thrust her strangely attired head from between the curtains, to the astoundment of the submissive Italians, who, not hitherto accustomed to such a mode of royal applause, were struck mute, and unable to recover their surprise and terror of the object before them, were wholly silent for several minutes.

## THE WORD CARPET.

This word contains the following seventy-five other words:

Carp, verb.	Apert	Pear
Carp, subst.	Apter	Peat
Car	Art, subst.	Pera
Care	Art, verb.	Pert
Cart	At	Pet
Cap	Ate	Petar
Cape	Race	Prate
Caper	Rap	Ear
Cat	Rape	Eat
Cate	Rate	Epact
Capt	Rat	Era
Caret	Rapt, verb.	Tap
Cater	Rapt, subst.	Tape
Crape	React	Taper, subst.
Crate	Reap	Taper, adj.
Crept	Pace	Taper, verb.
Ace	Pacer	Tar
Arc	Pact	Tare, verb.
Are	Pater	Tare, subst.
Acre	Par	Tea
Act	Pare	Tear, verb.
Apt	Part	Tear, subst.
Ape, verb.	Pate	Trace
Ape, subst.	Pat	Trap
Apor	Pea	Trape

## CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE.

M'r and M'rs Florence commenced an engagement (their second we believe in Philadelphia), at the above establishment on Monday evening, and have performed all the week to full houses. We have no hesi-

tation in pronouncing M'r Florence the best personator of the Irishman now on the American Stage. He is inimitably, naturally droll, and withal *moderate* and refined in manner and action. M'rs Florence is a woman possessed of many varied accomplishments, and goes through, in the course of a single evening, enough exercise of various kinds to break down completely any ordinary specimen of her sex. She sings, with a powerful and melodious voice, and with science and taste, a variety of songs—in the orthodox costume of an artiste of the Grand Opera, in pink tights of glossy silk, and in a truncated satin skirt and embroidered petticoats, she executes the Cachucha and other grand *pas*—and in the various appropriate guises she impersonates the Yankee Girl, the German Woman, the Irish Peasant, the Old Woman, and the Walking Lady, and all in finished style. She is, it is stated, a sister of M'rs Barney Williams, herself trained in many heterogeneous accomplishments, and she somewhat resembles that lady in appearance. The difference between them, however, is sufficiently great to invest the subject of our article with many personal charms (particularly of contour) not possessed, or possessed in lesser degree, by her rival sister. She unquestionably excels M'rs Williams also in all the various theatrical accomplishments we have above enumerated, except in the delineation of the Ideal Stage Yankee; (we must so describe this Yankee, for that it is really the type of any class of people that does or ever did exist, we do not believe;) her performances in this character, so far as we have seen them, fall far short, in humor and peculiarity, of M'rs Williams's extravagant manipulation of the same subject.

We saw M'rs Florence for the first time whilst performing the part of a Bavarian Organ Grinder, and so true to nature did she set forth the Teutonic idiosyncrasies, so harmonizing to the character were her fair complexion, round face, blue eyes, and large red lips, that we have never been able to divest her of a German personality. It seems with us particularly to mar her efforts in the assumption of the Yankee *Gyrl*. Though we had never before seen or heard much of the lady, it would by no means seem that she was not well known and admired in this city, for her whole reception on Monday evening was one of the most enthusiastic we have ever witnessed, and at the close of her dance, without a word of that exaggeration, which journalists, we confess, are often prone to indulge in, at least *fifteen* or *twenty* handsome bouquets were cast upon the stage. M'rs Florence certainly cannot fail to retain a lasting and agreeable impression of this her present visit to Philadelphia.

# BIZARRE.

AN ORIGINAL, LITERARY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PART 18.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST FIFTH.

YEAR 1864.

## SCENES IN SPAIN.

[Extracts from an unpublished MS, entitled: "Two Years in Spain and Portugal during the Civil War. By Baron Charles Dembowski. Translated from the French."] "

"This evening we have had the very amusing spectacle of a country ball. You should have seen those lively Arragonesse peasant girls, in figure so flexible, of countenances so full of affection, dance the 'Jota' to the sound of two guitars, and triangle, and castanets, whilst the guitarists sang an amorous verse! The dance of the 'Jota' is so lively, and the song so full of fancy and originality, that if I were a physician I would order my patients attacked with the spleen to come pass a carnival at Ayerba. If they did not return home full of love of life, I would pronounce them incurable.

In returning this evening after my walk round Saragossa, I happened to encounter in the street a young bully, who was giving his fair one a serenade, singing and accompanying himself on a guitar, scraping with his nails, and striking from time to time with his thumb on the body of the instrument, by way of imitating the sound of the drum.

According to my guide's account, two years ago at most, before the police of the city was entrusted to the National Guard, it would have been impossible for us to pass along the street as far as where this young man had finished his *rendalla*; that is the proper name of the Arragonesse serenade. Then we should have found the friends of the amorous troubadour posted armed at each end of the street, and quite ready to dispute the passage of it, not only with us but even with the inhabitants of the district. So extravagant a claim often gave rise to bloody combats beneath the windows of the fair, for the singer's rival, if he piqued himself ever so little upon his courage, made it a point of honor to go and disturb the music. Sometimes the alguazils flocked together, and then the two guitarists suspended the engagement to repulse together the soldiers of the police, whose right to meddle in their affairs they never recognised. But now that

the alguazils have been replaced by the militia-men, the *rendalla* has lost its primitive character, for, not to run the risk of killing a friend or a relation who might be of use, the young lovers, although to their great regret, are now compelled to suffer a person to pass through the street, which they make resound with their amorous sighs."

"The persons attached to a Spanish diligence are a *mayoral* or driver, a *sagal* or assistant, both sitting on a very low seat, a young postillion and a *arri*, placed, as I have already mentioned, on the imperial. All wear in summer the costume of the Andalusian muletter, but to see them all covered, as they now are with sheep skins, they have the appearance of so many Robinson Crusoes. The team is composed of thirteen mules, baptized with nicknames, which they retain until death. They are all shaved to the skin, and the inexorable scissars of the gipsy, which goes over their bodies twice a year, has respected only the end of the tail, at the root of which it has spared by way of ornament two short tufts of hair, which remind one of the Hungarian moustaches. This light toilet must certainly be very comfortable in the midst of the very hot weather, but to-day, throughout a day's work in the month, formerly called *Pisones*, it cries for vengeance. All the mules are harnessed two by two, except that ridden by the postillion who goes in advance. The *Mayoral* has in his hands only the reins of the wheel-mules; the others are as independent as a tribe of Bedouins, and long habit alone keeps them in their places.

From the noise made in getting our diligences started, you might suppose that they were letting loose a pack of dogs in pursuit of some king of the forests. The stable boys raise a frightful hurra in chorus, the *sagal* seizes a wheel-mule, and by dint of blows, oaths and *arri! arri!* they get the coach going. The postillion for his part whips and drags along the mules in the middle. Then the *sagal* seizes the tail of the mule, whose bit he held, and with a nimble bound falls to the *mayoral's* left hand. He leaps to the ground with equal skill when the ranks are broken, and with the aid of some well

aimed stones he restores, changes, and gives the proper direction to the wavering team without there being ever any need, to assist his manœuvres, of stopping or even checking the progress of the coach, which is often driven at a gallop. Meanwhile the *mayoral* is not idle; he cracks his long whip, punishes the most stubborn of the mules, and keeps up with the members of his numerous family a conversation full of emphasis, in which each animal receives his nickname and the accent of threatening or satisfaction from his master. *Arri, Arri, la Provinciala! Ra, re, ri, la Estudianta! Yá, yó* (here a crack of the whip), *Pirón, la Portuguesa! Oh! la la! Alaa macho! Caballo perro!* (Pronounce the letter *r* as if you were imitating the rolling of a drum.) *Fo todas yo!* (Here a general flogging.)

Thanks to these apostrophies, to the crackings of three whips, to the stones, and to the admirable leaping of the *zagal*, our Spanish diligence goes as well as the best English mail-coaches when the road allows."

"The last days of the carnival have been very gay here. There was a crowd of handsome masks in the magnificent saloons of Oriente and Villa Hermosa. The costume which was most the rage was that of the sisters of charity. We counted so many ladies in this costume, that I thought for a moment that all the grey sisters of Spain had deserted their hospitals to taste of worldly joys for one night in their lives.

The balls which I found the most entertaining are those called *Bailes de la pinata*, kettle-balls. In the theatres at two o'clock in the morning, they bandaged the eyes of many of the maskers, and after having armed them with long rods, they turned them towards three enormous balloons (these balloons replace the ancient traditional kettle) full of dainties, and suspended from the roof of the hall. The music played louder and louder, as the rods came near the balloons, and then commenced a blind man's cudgelling, full of the most comical episodes. Those who struck a false blow gave up their rods to others, and so one after another until the most skilful had broken the balloons; immediately the crowd precipitated itself upon the sugar-plums which showered into the pit."

"At Madrid they distinguish by the names of *manolos* and *manolas* the men and women of the populace. *Manolo* and *manola* are corruptions of Emanuel and Emanuela, and as these names are very common, they apply them to the great mass of the population.

Nothing is more curious to behold than a group of *manolas*, clad in their long cloaks, and smoking their little *segars* in the sunshine. You would grow tired of observing

them before they would have quitted their grave innervably, before they would have cast a glance upon you. Upon what subject is their profound meditation exercised? Probably they are meditating on themselves, for not being in the world thinks of himself with more pride than the Castilian. Throw a cloak over the statue of silence, place a little *segar* between his lips, and you will have an emblem of Spanish gravity. You approach a *manolo*, he surveys you with distrust; you ask him a question, he scarcely deigns to answer you with a gesture, he rarely proceeds to a monosyllable. One thing alone decides him to enter into communication with you: if, for example, his little *segar* has just gone out. Were you a *grandee* of Spain, clad with all the insignia of your order, he would accost you without ceremony, and ask you to lend him that which you are smoking to relight his: this is an established custom: all classes border on and mingle with each other at the end of the *segar*. Beware of disputing with him the right hand side, if it belongs to him. The Count of S. M., minister from Sardinia, having been forgotten by his coachman at court, was one day obliged to return home on foot. On the way he met a *manolo* on the side-walk. For some moments they stopped, looking at each other. Then the count required the man of the people to give way to him. Little dazzled by the brilliancy of the minister's stars, the *manolo* answered him, "The right hand side belongs to me; I am, besides, as noble as you." It is unnecessary to add that the Count had to go into the middle of the street. The *manolos*, so haughty towards the upper classes, pique themselves upon an extreme courtesy among themselves; they never fail to salute each other by a *buenos dias, caballero; buenas noches, caballero; vaya usted con Dios, caballero*.

At the time of the war of Independence, the *manolo* still wore the three-cocked hat, and his hair confined in a long bag which hung down his back. At present his costume is composed of an Andalusian hat, which is a real turban of felt trimmed with velvet, a round vest which he never buttons, a red or yellow sash, and lastly very fine pumps, which he never leaves off, even in the midst of the mud of winter.

But what shall I say of the haughty *manola*, specimen of woman unique in Spain, and with which one can find nothing to be compared in any other country? The *manola* has a nose a little hooked, a pale complexion and admirable eyelids. Her figure is of good shape, and her dress which scarcely reaches below the calf, exposes a pretty foot covered with an open-work silk stocking, and neatly shod. She abhors a hat, and

dresses her hair in small braids, of which she forms a high basket. She frames with much art her expressive and impassioned physiognomy in a mantilla trimmed with velvet, and she struts slowly, with one hand on her hip, without a smile ever touching her lips. She challenges the person passing with a proud *qué hay?* what do you want with me? and turns her back on him with contempt, if she perceives any offensive coldness towards her charms. Fear to offend her, for she knows how to avenge herself. A great number of them still wear a knife in the garter of the right leg, or in a pocket concealed in the bosom of the frock, and which also serves to contain their savings.

The *manola's* neck often bears a scar, of which she is proud, for it is a proof that she has been loved with jealousy. Jealous and disinterested, she considers beneath her and unworthy of her love, every man who does not wear a round vest and his hat on one ear. Perhaps you may succeed in cajoling her with a Havana segar, seasonably offered, for it is surprising how many things one may procure in Spain with a leaf of tobacco: it blunts in a moment the distrustful susceptibility of the man of the people; in the muleteer's eyes it is more precious than a drink-money; and the peasant reveres it as much as the vicar's black robe, or the village-gentleman's coat of arms. The thieves themselves are sensible to this present; and I might relate you some charming little histories on this subject, if I were not in haste to return to the *manola*.

Saint Helen and Saint Anthony are the saints to which the *manola* has recourse in her tribulations. In a retired spot, every house has an image of the female saint, and a lamp burns before it, which the *manola* tends with as much zeal as ever the vestal tended the sacred fire. Besides this she does not forget to go every morning to throw her penny into the box of Saint Anthony's picture, which is painted on the walls of the street of *los Peligros*. The *manola* believes that meeting with a black dog is a good omen, that with a red dog is unlucky. Lastly she is passionately fond of sweetmeats and bull-fights, loves the fandango danced in the open air on the eves of Saint Peter and Saint John, and one is sure to meet her in the evening at the *Puerto del Sol* and the *Prado*.

"The *sereno* is a watchman, charged with announcing, to the reposing population, the hours and quarters which the clocks have just struck, and the state of the atmosphere. Under Ferdinand he added a homage to the absolute king. For example, *Son las doce! Estrellado y sereno! viva el rey neto!* It is midnight. The heavens are bright with stars, it is fine weather. Long live the ab-

solute king! At present he salutes the *Madonna*, then Queen *Isabella*. *Ave Maria purísima! Viva Isabel Segunda!* The *sereno* wears a grey cloak, and carries a lantern numbered and a pike, which he employs against the thieves and the authors of nocturnal disorders. If I may judge by the precautions which every one here takes, the intervention of the *sereno* must be often called for. Most of the houses of Madrid have no porter, and the lodger, to get in his house, strikes on the door the number of blows answering to his story. The domestic comes down, questions him through the door, and takes care not to open before having ascertained the identity of the person. During my stay in Madrid I have had but a single rencontre at all suspicious. It was with a person who stopped me at two o'clock in the morning, begging me to give him a pinch of snuff. I answered him, whilst raising my cane, that people did not take it at such an hour; and he went off."

"The *aguador* or water-carrier comes from the Asturias to lead a life full of suffering and labour around the numerous thin fountains of Madrid. It is he who takes charge of supplying the houses with water; the copper bucket which he uses, calls to mind certain Etruscan vases, known by the name of *urseus*. If a fire breaks out in his quarter, he is obliged to run thither with his bucket under the command of his fountain-captain. The *aguador* enjoys such a reputation for honesty that the bankers often employ him to carry money. Usually, an Asturian is believed upon his word. He has for his friends, the cooks, cats and dogs of his customers, and he shares with them the remains of the meals of the houses whose tables he clears off."

"I spoke to you just now of laziness; it prevails to the same extent in all classes. If you send for a workman he will often send word to you that you will find him at home. One day a tailor sent me his wife to receive my orders, and as we could not agree about the prices she required me to pay her for her useless journey. The political passions themselves do not triumph over laziness, and even state affairs drag on in insufferable length. The *mañana*, to-morrow, and the *no importa* of the Spaniards are as proverbial as the *dolce far niente*, with which the Italians are reproached, and nothing costs them so much as to do any thing immediately."

"In traversing to-night the cross-way of the *Puerta del Sol*, I chanced to fall in with a group of *manolas* who were dancing the fandango by moonlight. Three of them sung, playing the guitar, whilst the others, disguised as Andalusians, mimicked with inimitable whim their coquettish and swag-



gearing carriage. I presently perceived that a plot was brewing against the militia guard at the station; these did not long resist the seduction, and forgetting the military injunctions, they ran to mingle in the dance. A single *manola* remained without a partner. She came to me, her hand on her hip, and said to me with an air of reproach: *Pues no me convidais, caballero?* Don't you engage me then, sir? My only reply was to slip a little piece of money into her hand, begging her to drink a glass of aniseed cordial to my health, and to permit me to observe at my ease the curious spectacle which the Puerto del Sol presented at that moment. Picture to yourself the effects of a beautiful moonlight in the eleven streets that terminate at the square, the luminous disc of the clock of the church of *Buen Suceso*, appearing like a magic circle; this fountain of Mariblanca that Cervantes has rendered famous in his novels; lastly these dances, these Spanish songs breaking the repose of the night, and say if the picture is not delicious? The fandango being ended, the *manolas* evacuated the place, carrying with them many prisoners. I was still following with my eyes the joyous band who went away singing, when the voice of the *sereno* came to apprise me that the morning was approaching, and that it was at length time to regain my house.

This nocturnal scene may give you some idea of what the Puerta del Sol is in a fine spring night. Scenes of another kind are passing there in the course of the day.

At ten o'clock in the morning, the cross-way already swarms with people, and you see the military, the loungers, the usurers, the smokers of Havana segars, the ultras, the Carlists, each established at his usual post. The blind men are waiting in the sunshine, their violins under their arms, for the announcement of some wedding feast or of some foreign personage's arrival, whose benevolence they will go to hope for. The *manola* shews you her baskets of oranges, the Andalusian *calesinero* his empty cabriolet, and the air resounds with a thousand discordant voices, which are crying in every tone the great news of the day.

The dinner hour and the siesta clear the place, which remains deserted like a cloister until night. Then the activity recommences; the fandango is set up at the entrance of the street of la Montera, and by means of a penny, he who will dances with a *manola*. A little later a swarm of wandering candles lights up the cross-way, and the criers begin anew: "Oh! the excellent iced water!" "Who wants good pies?" "Segar-paper and choice tinder!" "New models of amorous letters for the use of lovers, the names are blank; every body, girl or boy, may put their own in!" Add

to this noisy medley the crowd of pedestrians, who are returning from the Prado, the elbowings of the nocturnal beauties, the blackguard boys who fall between your legs in offering you a segar match, and I shall highly esteem you, if flung into this admirable confusion, you do not lose your way."

## POPULAR SONGS OF SPAIN.

### XIII.

#### BISCAYAN SONGS.

After the deliverance of Bilbao, the Biscayans celebrated the event by a song in the Biscayan dialect, in which they put into Don Carlos' mouth these words of bitter complaint:

Charles the bearded  
Twisted his moustache,  
When the valiant  
Resistance he saw,

And said to the monk,  
Alas! father chaplain,  
The ladies of Bilbao  
Do not understand your mass.

Whilst the siege lasted, a poetical contest took place. Among the verses exchanged, are quoted the two following:

For the cure of tertian fevers  
There is nothing like quinine;  
And to turn Spain topsy-turvy  
Nothing like Queen Christina.

To which the Christinos replied:

If Carlos wishes a crown,  
Let him make himself one of paper,  
For the crown of Spain  
Is Queen Isabella's.

## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

### A SERIES OF LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

#### NUMBER XII.

M'r Editor:—In the present letter I have limited myself to transcribing portions of the utterances of the Spirits during our various conferences extending through several months. I have made no comment upon them, but I leave them to make their own impression. I am perfectly aware, that there is nothing in them either high, profound, or great. I know, that millions yet on earth are capable of uttering things far superior to these.

All such considerations, however, are utterly irrelevant to the case. The question is this—Was my pupil, being *what* and *such* as I have described him, and coming from the *press of his secular business* to sit an hour or two in my room, *likely* to have written down, *off hand* and without *one instant's pre-consideration*, answers like these to questions *put by me*, at the moment, on all kinds and varieties of topics? I would beg, that this point might be carefully and candidly pondered.

Again, it must be remembered, that my pupil solemnly declares, that of what he writes down he *knows only the word flowing at the moment from his pen, what lies before and what is to come after being alike a perfect blank*. If he, then, is the author of these sayings, he must have *lied without motive*.

#### UTTERANCES OF SPIRITS.

"W—— is a borrower of other men's thoughts. He is, to be sure, a bird of beautiful plumage, but the *down beneath* is all obtained from foreign sources. Watch him closely."

SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"Burns, the ever-green pine. Moore, the lark of Heaven."

SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"To the *material* man Heaven itself is an absurdity, and such it always must and will be. This very perversion of mind will constitute his Hell."

"The whole current of the Age is sweeping the dregs of sin and evil into the Sea of Oblivion."

"You, Z——, are a flower with its pistils hidden beneath the stem."

"Morris should be looked upon, as pre-eminently the Genius of Song. In the *lyric element* he transcends by far all other poets on this side the great waters. He knows not how deep is the well of Poetry in his heart. Down in its clear profundities springs of crystal waters are evermore gushing up, whereof he has never dreamed."

"It not infrequently occurs, that we cannot write through the medium, so that you can comprehend our meaning. There are numerous causes, which prevent this. And as the methods, whereby we communicate, are regulated by the Laws of *Harmony*, it follows, that *Unharmony* must produce mischief."

SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"In the influence of atmospheric phenomena is found the reason why Spirits can operate upon men at one time and not at another. Thus we cannot operate upon you, Z——, in the *present* state of your mundane atmosphere."

The reason is, that the nervous energies of your brain have become *non-arterialized*. Hence its powers are, as it were, enthralled to petty, common-place impressions, instead of being strung up to that pitch, which would enable us to draw high harmonies from their strings.

Therefore, whenever the mind has become subjected to *melancholy musings*, you may rely on it, that the cerebral energies have grown stagnant through the want of proper arterialisalation.

Philosophize as much as we may, there is a power in the atmosphere, which causes the mind to put on the garb of mourning, when, by simply removing to another locality, it becomes draped forthwith in bright and joyous thoughts and feelings.

Thus an atmosphere of smoke and fog will engender melancholy, while a pure, bracing mountain air will instantly disperse the megrims, which may affect the spirits."

DANTE.

"Had I clearly comprehended my mission, I would have surrendered myself to the *exclusive* control and impulsion of my Spiritual guides. Then the whole world would have gathered round my harp, and hung in ecstasie frenzy on the tones, that pealed from its strings."

BYRON.

"The garret of the poor man is *plenty* to the soul, which trusts in God."

The plenty of the rich man is wretched penury to the soul, that seeks not after God."

SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"You ask, *where* is the departed Spirit? We reply by the question, *where* is *Light*?

The light reaches the earth from its source with the speed of *thought*. So it is with the Spirit."

SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"The Spirit has a *body*—a glorious body—not, however, *material*, or to be described in language borrowed from material things. In its aspect it *resembles* the material body, but this is all."

SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"The deeper feelings of the soul were stirred into activity throughout the civilised world by the Poems of Byron. Sluggish natures were aroused and dormant energies were fully awakened."

BYRON.

"Doctrines are as numerous and diverse in the Spirit-world, as in the mundane sphere. Hence your mind would derive no satisfaction from fully elucidating the spe-

cial doctrine now occupying your attention. Let it alone."

## SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"Spirits delight to be present with those, who love to peruse the works produced by them, while on earth. The ground of this is *sympathy*, and sympathy is the bond of brotherhood universally and through all worlds and spheres."

## SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"Father Taylor was admirably qualified for the healing of diseased and perverted hearts. He was a genuine pillar of godliness, but the world at large is incapable of apprehending the true character of such men."

"See to it, that *you* always judge by the *fruits*, not endeavoring to discern the *heart* by scanning the *exterior*."

The name of the *Alanthus*, though poetical and beautiful, cannot prevent the disgusting odor emanating from its blossoms and leaves. Nor would the name of *gum-flower* prevent the Rose from sending forth a fragrance, which delights and captivates the senses."

## SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"Let your faith be ever in active exercise even when the dark clouds gather around and hang over you. There is no virtue in cherishing faith when all things are bright and propitious. But the faith to be prized is that, which holds fast to objects, even when they are shrouded in darkness."

## SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"You are in the situation of an Owl, who occupies his roost during the day and devotes the night to seeking his prey. The spectacle, presented in your last night's dream, seemed to you an *imaginative* scene. It was not such—it was the fruit of purely *spiritual discernment*."

In the mind are two prominent principles. One is the principle of *discernment*, which enables the mind to take practical cognizance of all things, that come before it.

The other principle, which is the dominant and guiding power of the brain, is called the *reason*. When the discerning faculty has enacted its part, reason, 'old fogey-like,' always steps forward, and calmly bids the vision stay, till it has passed muster.

Thus, in your dreaming instance, reason arrested the movement of the vision, and stayed the further action of the discerning powers."

## SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"Remonstrance and entreaty, *Z—*, effect nothing with us. On the contrary, they intercept the flow of the fluid, or *od*, force, whereby we communicate with you, and

prevent its running in the channel, where alone it can drive our earthly mechanism."

## SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"The view of the Spiritual world has heretofore been through the dynastic spectacles of the *few*. Now, the conception of the same is in the brain and heart of universal Humanity. It constitutes a link to unite all hearts in one. 'To the Poor the Gospel is preached.'"

## SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"Years exist but in the *idea*, and days are but the index of time pointing to eternity."

"Your eternal interests can be secured only upon the principle of *self-immolation* on the altar of *Spiritual progression*. The progressive stage is that, which will enable you to put off the *animal* and *beautify* the *Spiritual*. You are now in the proper course; see to it that you hold fast, and deviate not therefrom."

## SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"If we surrender the mind to one particular thought, exclusive of all others, such thought will eventually become its ruler and despot, to the injury alike of mind and body. This tyrannic domination of the soul by a single idea, is the great instrument of *Moloch*, in the work of man's destruction."

## SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"You say, it is the opinion of some, that Spirits occasionally make assertions—under pretext of imparting *intelligence*—which have no foundation save in the *imaginations* of such Spirits."

We reply, that there is a class of Spirits, whose endeavor is to *defeat* the teachings of Spirits more elevated in character than themselves."

## SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"God is all purity and holiness, and all things emanating from Him, or animated by His Spirit, must bear the same character. Thus you have an infallible standard for determining the *genuine quality* of men. Now, can you even *imagine* aught more *unholy*, than the character of many, who are *self-named*, or entitled by others, 'holy'?"

## SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"A perfectly *dry* atmosphere is conducive to the soundness of the *lungs*: whereas a humid atmosphere is injurious to the same."

The sun's rays penetrate the crust of the earth to some distance, and dry up the moisture therein deposited. For *this* reason it is, that sunshine is auspicious to health."

But the cracks and crannies of the earth-crust in the glens and narrow valleys of mountainous regions, such as the Alps and

Pyrexias, are left, perpetually reeking with humidity, since the sunshine cannot penetrate thither, or at least does so but slightly. Hence the diseases of *goutre* and *cretinism*.

The sunshine exerts great influence on the atmosphere. In its absence, the latter becomes *carbonized* to a greater degree than usual. Hence the denizens of the polar regions, during their long night, receive more heat from the carbon diffused through the atmosphere, than the inhabitants of more southern tracts of the globe."

D<sup>r</sup>s MORTON, &c., &c..

"The Spiritual eye needs no retina, for objects to be painted upon."

"You ask, if Spirits *respire*? Most assuredly they do. Neither is their respiration the quiet breathing of the sleeper, but resembles the breathing of a healthful, vigorous man, while in action."

SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"Greeley is a man possessing considerable originality of mind, but vastly more originality of character. Such thoughts as he has, he pours forth frankly and unrestrainedly, without pausing to calculate what may be the consequences of so doing, or indeed caring therefor. He writes very largely from impressions communicated by the Spirit of Fourier."

SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"The beauty of Love is not constituted by the external, material form, but by the intrinsic, Spiritual worth of the individual."

"The beginnings of things are ever small. Thus the acorn, the foetal germ of the majestic oak, may be torn from the soil by the meanest of animals. But if left to root itself thoroughly, the storms of ages strive in vain to pluck it up."

"The bright stream of everlasting purity invites you to lave in its waters. Therefore let your loins be girded with the dress of preparation, and then plunge into the silvery current."

"B——'s mission is sublime. It is to plant the standard of the Poets, so often dragged in the mire by the ignorance, the misappreciation and the malign envy of men, on the immovable rock of an acutely intelligent, discriminating and liberal criticism."

"The nobler excellencies and beauties of the mind, like the most precious ores of a mine, lie far beneath the surface, and can be brought forth only by delving deeply."

"Inanimate things cannot, of themselves, wake emotion in the Soul. But it is the unseen Spirit-world, lying behind the material universe, which, penetrating and pervading these lifeless objects, gives them the power of impressing."

SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"Let the wiles, the batteries, and the pleadings of your *internal foes* be encountered by a firm, persistent refusal to make any compromises, or hold the slightest terms with them. Let the Spirits that hover around you ever guide your footsteps. And so long as Earth shall claim you as a subject, oh! see to it that you never suffer yourself to be overcome by these mortal enemies!"

SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"For those languishing in physical debility, meats constitute the most suitable food, since the juices contained therein contribute muscle for the body. Stimulants are unwholesome and injurious, as may readily be perceived by examining the coats of the stomach."

D<sup>r</sup>s MORTON.

## CITY CHARACTERS.

### THE BAPTIST WATCHMAN.

It is scarcely necessary to say that George Munday, or the sobriquet which he delights in, the "*Baptist Watchman*," is a man not exceeding five feet four or five inches in height, and of middling stature. We should consider it unnecessary, at least for the present generation, were we not somewhat ambitious of handing to our successors an account of eccentric persons, that have given a tinge to local character—to say that George Munday never wears a hat—has long flowing hair, that gives him a patriarchal appearance—a tall, stern, intellectual countenance, that evinces an independent mind—and an iron will that neither place nor circumstances can affect. The more his countenance becomes furrowed with age—the more it boldly defines, in unmistakable language, the *iron will* and obdurate mind which his honor, ex-Judge Parsons, could not alter by frequent imprisonments.

We might be justified in holding up to censure a great many things which our hero has done, and shall point out some few which are in themselves highly pernicious—but for the present we will waive this part, and remark—that for any man to obtain such a notoriety, (though not to us an enviable one)—there must be material within him, that has more merit than we see generally exhibited—and if it had been properly directed, might have made him a second Diogenes. In reflecting on *historical parallels*, we have often thought that George Munday approached in character and conduct the nearest to the Philosopher in the Tub, of any eccentric we have either read about, or seen.

When Diogenes in his tub told Alexander to step out of his light, Alexander asked what light—he said the light of the sun—is no witlier, nor more characteristic than hundreds of remarks we have heard the Baptist Watchman make. We do not claim that large calibre of mind for our hero as the ancient philosopher portrayed in his life—but we do think that, if George Munday had lived in the days of Diogenes, he would have made a very respectable lackey for him—and in using these remarks, we do not use them offensively—for to be a lackey to such a man as Diogenes, must have guaranteed a large share of intellectual worth. The circumstances of every age give a peculiar character to its people, which it is impossible to imitate in any other age, though the most gigantic geniuses have attempted to make a copy of them. The human mind is so kaleidoscopic in its national character, that no mind has ever lived that could grasp it within its comprehension. Bacon may be said to have approached as near this as it is possible or necessary. He gave an impetus to the philosophy of induction, which is the great lever of modern society. We are apt to overrate all great men, and in this catalogue can be classed Bacon. He did not originate reasoning by induction; he only showed that if this method of reasoning were better understood, society would move on with more celerity. But we must not indulge too much on the metaphysical essences of past ages: suffice it to say, that if George Munday had lived in the days of Diogenes or Bacon, he would have made a more illustrious character than he now is.

Our hero has got strong powers of satirization, and no men have felt it more than John Chambers and ex-Judge Parsons. We are often amused at George—when phoenix-like he has risen from the Alms House, and not from the ashes, and parades the streets with his pungent wit and personal satire—in his paper called the "Baptist Watchman." His rhyme, not poetry, does not entitle him to be classed with the author of the "Essay on Man," but it fully entitles him to be placed in the "Dunciad." If George had exhibited more morality and sobriety with his eccentricity and ability, he might have exercised a good influence on society by his remarkable powers of satire and ridicule. He not only writes a nervous, bold, fearless style—but he speaks well—though his style savors more of the ranting preacher, than the finished orator. He writes more like Cobbet than Addison; and speaks more like John Randolph than Burke. But George is a man that by a false education has harped too much on one idea; a few years since the public savoured his *faux-d'esprit*—they con-

sidered them good hits on local society, and he could sell his papers very quickly—but by some infatuation, he can't leave his two favorites, John Chambers and ex-Judge Parsons—he has worn them threadbare, and hence his decline.

We have not seen George for the last few weeks, and suppose that his dissipation has driven him into the Alms House, till he recovers and makes the amende honorable—and then he comes again—by some means he raises the money, prints another paper, sells it off, gets drunk again, and then the officers are compelled to take him out of the streets, and there is no place for poor unfortunate George but the Alms House. What a great pity it is, that men who would be of some use in society should make themselves pests to every one around them! We expect that ere long we shall have to write the obituary of George Munday, who died at the Alms House from continued dissipated habits. We can only express a wish, that we hope to see the time when all such causes to dissipation will be destroyed, and then such evil influence will be out of the way of thousands of men who would not make any exertion to find them.

#### DRYBURGH ABBEY.

[The following poem by "Charles Swain," we find in our Scrap Book. It was published several years ago in a London paper.]

Twas morn—but not the ray which falls the summer  
boughs among,  
When beauty walks in gladness forth with all her light  
and song,  
Twas morn, but mist and cloud hung deep upon the  
lonely vale,  
And shadows like the wings of death were out upon the  
gale.  
For he whose spirit woke the dust of nations into life,  
That o'er the waste and barren earth spread flowers and  
fruitage rife,  
Whose genius like the sun illumed the mighty realms of  
mind,  
Had fled forever from the flame, love, friendship of man-  
kind.  
To wear a wreath of glory wrought, his spirit swept  
star,  
Beyond the soaring wing of thought, the light of morn or  
star,  
To drink immortal waters free from every taint of earth,  
To breathe before the shrine of life, the source whence  
worlds had birth.  
There was walling in the early breeze, and mourning in  
the sky,  
When with sable plume, and cloak, and pall, a funeral  
train swept by;

Methought 'Edith Mary' smiled as well, that other forms moved there,  
 Then those of mortal brotherhood, the noble, young, and fair.  
 Was it a dream? how oft in sleep we ask can this be true,  
 Whilst warm imagination paints her marvels to our view.  
 Earth's glory seems a tarnished crown to that which we behold,  
 When dreams enchant our sight with things whose meanest garb is gold.  
 Was it a dream? methought the dauntless 'Harold' passed me by,  
 The proud 'Ella James' with martial step, and dark intrepid eye,  
 That 'Marmion's' haughty crest was there, a mourner for her sake,  
 And she the bold, and beautiful sweet 'Lady of the Lake.'  
 The minstrel whose last lay was o'er, whose broken harp lay low,  
 And with him glorious 'Waverly' with glance, and step of wee,  
 And Stuart's voice rose there as when mid'st fate's disastrous war,  
 He led the proud, ambitious, wild and brave 'Vich Jan Vohr.'  
 Next marvelling at this sable guise the 'Dominie' stalked past,  
 With 'Bertram,' 'Julia' by his side, whose tears were flowing fast,  
 'Guy Mannering' too appeared o'erpowered by that afflicting sight,  
 And 'Merrilies' as when she wept on 'Elangowan's' height.  
 Solemn and grave 'Monkbarns' approached amidst that funeral line,  
 And 'Ochiltree' leant o'er his staff and mourned for 'Old Langkne.'  
 Slow marched the gallant 'McIntyre,' whilst 'Love!' mused alone,  
 For once 'Miss Wardour's' image left that bosom's faithful throne.  
 With coronach and arms reversed forth came 'MacGregor's' clan,  
 'Red Douglas's' cry pealed shrill and wild, 'Rob Roy's' bold brow look'd wan.  
 The fair 'Diana' kissed her cross, and blessed its sainted ray,  
 And 'Wae is me,' the Bannister sigh'd, 'that I should see this day.'  
 Next rode in melancholy guise with sombre vest, and scart,  
 'Sir Edward Laid' of Ellenslaw, the far renowned black dwarf,  
 Upon his left in bonnet blue, and white locks flowing free,  
 The pious sculptor of the grave stood 'Old Mortality'.  
 'Balfour of Burley,' 'Claverhouse,' the 'Lord of Evandale,'  
 And stately 'Lady Margaret,' whose woe might nought avail,  
 Pierce 'Bothwell' on his charger black, as from the conflict won,  
 And pale 'Habakuk Mucklewrath,' who cries 'God's will be done.'

And like a rose, a young white rose, that blooms midst wildest scenes,  
 Passed she the modest eloquent, and virtuous 'Jeannie Deans,'  
 And 'Dumbelikes,' that silent Laird, with love too deep to smile,  
 And 'Effie,' with her noble friend, the good 'Duke of Argyle.'  
 With lofty brow and bearing high, dark 'Ravenswood' advanced,  
 Who on the false 'Lord Keeper's' mien with eye indignant glanced,  
 Whilst graceful as a lonely fawn 'neath covert close and sure,  
 Approached the beauty of all hearts, the 'Bride of Lammermoor,'  
 Then 'Annot Lyle,' the fairy queen of light and song, stepped near,  
 The 'Knight of Ardenvoehr,' and he the gifted hieland seer,  
 'Dalgetty,' 'Duncan,' 'Lord Monteth,' and 'Ronald' met my view,  
 The hapless children of the mist, and bold 'Which Connel Dhu.'  
 On swept 'Bols Gullibert,' 'Front De Boenf,' 'De Brassy's' plume of woe,  
 And 'Cœur de Lion's' crest shone near the valliant 'Ivanhoe.'  
 While soft as gildes a summer cloud 'Rowena' closer drew,  
 With beautiful 'Rebecca,' peerless daughter of the Jew.  
 The high heroic 'Saladin' with proud and princely mien,  
 The rich and gorgeous 'Saracen,' and the fiery 'Nazarene.'  
 There 'Edith' and her Nubian slave breathed many a thought divine,  
 Whilst rank on rank—a glorious train, rode the Knights of Palestine.  
 Still far from east to west that train of mourners swept along,  
 And still the voice of vision of my waking dream was song.  
 I saw the courtly 'Euphuist,' with 'Halbert' of the dell,  
 And like a ray of moonlight passed the 'White Maid of Avenel.'  
 And she on whose imperial brow a God had set his seal,  
 The glory of whose loveliness grief might not all conceal,  
 The loved in high and princely halls, in lone and lowly eots,  
 Stood 'Mary' the illustrious, yet hapless Queen of Scots,  
 With 'Leicester,' Lord of Kenilworth, in mournful robes was seen,  
 The gifted great 'Elizabeth,' high England's matchless Queen.  
 Oh! mourn not, pious 'Cargill' cried, should his death be impart,  
 Whose cenotaph's the universe, whose alleg's the heart.  
 Still onward like the gathering night, advanced that funeral train,  
 Like billows when the tempest sweeps across the shadowy main.  
 Where'er the sager gaze might reach, in noble ranks were seen,  
 Dark plume, and glittering mail, and crest, and woman's beauteous mien.

Around in solemn grandeur swept the banners of the brave,  
 And deep and far the clarions waked the wild dirge of the grave.  
 As foes who meet upon some wild, some far and foreign shore,  
 Wreck'd by the same tempestuous surge, recall past feuds no more.  
 Thus Prince and Peasant, Peer and Slave, thus Friend and Foe combine,  
 To prove the homage of their heart upon one common shrine.  
 A sound thrill'd through that lengthen'd host, methought the vault was closed,  
 Where in his glory and renown fair Scotia's bard reposed,  
 A sound thrill'd through that lengthening host, and forth my vision fled,  
 But ah! that mournful dream prov'd true, the immortal Scott was dead.

### CURRENT LITERATURE.

*Gan-Eden, or Pictures of Cuba.* John P. Jewett & Co.: Boston: 1854. 12mo. Pp. 235.

This volume is by an incognito. Why it is so, we cannot imagine, for it is one of the most charming books we have read for months, not to say years. The style in which it is written, (to begin with) is most admirable. It is lucid, graphic, elegant, polished and energetic. What better could we say of a writer's mode of expression?

But, over and above the *style*, the thought, sentiment and feeling are delicate, elevated and noble, pervaded with *religion*, in the purest sense of that often misused word.

It is useless to multiply terms, but we can most cordially counsel our readers to obtain and peruse these beautiful pages.

*Substance and Shadows, or Phases of Every-Day Life.* By Emma Wellmont. John P. Jewett & Co.: Boston: 1854. 12mo. Pp. 320.

To ourselves, the name of this authoress is unfortunately new. We trust the *newness* will not be prolonged, for the lady has presented us with a most excellent book. She has given us a variety of essays, written in a clear, correct, and forcible style, and filled with thoughts of that acute, delicate character, which a talented woman alone can produce. Excellent sense, beautiful sentiment, and keen wit pervade her pages. Our friend-reader must forthwith procure it—and go through it from page one to page three hundred and twenty.

*The Knickerbocker.* August, 1854: Samuel Hueston: New York.

This number contains its usual interesting variety of literary matter. The principal feature of the number appears to be a Review by William Pinkney, of a Review of his book, entitled "The Life of William Pinkney, of Maryland, by his nephew, the Rev. William Pinkney, D.D.," which appeared recently in the *North American Review*. The Rev. author seems to take so much to heart the strictures upon his book, that we should judge it to have been his very first essay. A veteran writer is not much ruffled by what the critics that surround him say.

The comparison, entitled "Human Weakness," is very good.

As men tell up the mountain side,  
 The weary day;  
 And from the top behold the sky,  
 Yet far away—  
 So holiest men, from youth to age,  
 Make pilgrimage.

We may depart the valleys deep,  
 And high ascend,  
 But yet around us is the earth,  
 Until the end.  
 Ourselves, alas! we cannot raise  
 Above our days.

The Publisher announces a new Book, to be entitled "The Knickerbocker Gallery," as follows:

The array of talent, and a collection of portraits of American Authors such as has never been made before, it is thought is all that is necessary to induce people to subscribe for this work; yet the Publisher wishes to add a word, which could not, with propriety, be mentioned in the prospectus. While the Committee feel that they are but paying M<sup>r</sup> Clark a well-merited compliment, their primary object is, to render to him a *substantial benefit*. If the sale of this volume is anything like what its intrinsic value entitles them to expect, they intend to invest the profits in a neat cottage on the Hudson, near New York, that M<sup>r</sup> Clark and his family may have a permanent Home. The literary friends of the editor have come forward with unanimous alacrity to aid M<sup>r</sup> Clark; and if his numerous friends will manifest the same interest, the desired object will be speedily attained. In consequence of the number of plates, the work cannot be ready till October. In the mean time, it is *very important* to have the names of subscribers, and the publisher will be greatly obliged to all who feel an interest in the enterprise, if they will forward their names, and those of their friends who would like the work, *without delay*. Price, in Cloth, beautifully gilt, \$5. In Turkey Morocco, \$7.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

## COMPLIMENTARY SUPPER TO M'R STAG.

The copper-smiths of Philadelphia, and those engaged in kindred branches of trade, anxious to testify their regard for M'r Stag, who has lately become rich, "cut the shop," and become respectable, invited that gentleman to partake of a lobster supper. The invitation being (of course) accepted, the festival was held at Robinson and Brown's Hotel, a few weeks ago, when about seventy copper-smiths, tin-smiths, sheet-iron workers, dramatic poets, writers of history and biography, and a sprinkling of functionaries, sat down to a regular cram. The chair was occupied by M'r Brazier, supported by Messrs Solder and Spetter. The room was brilliantly adorned with tin and copper-ware, reflecting the brilliancy of a thousand gas-lights—indeed, if there was any fault about the supper, it was that there was *too much gas*. Over the chairman's seat was a banner bearing the Scotch inscription, "Caw me; caw thee," equivalent to our English phrase, "Tickle me, and I'll scratch you;" and it must be confessed that the tickling and scratching were never surpassed at any entertainment given in this city; and a spectator who had seen the parties present for the first time, could not fail to conclude that the popular idea that Philadelphia suffers from an excess of modesty in its F. M., (First Men,) was altogether "a vulgar error."

We have ample notes of the whole affair, but unless we were to issue an "extra," we could not do full justice to this most interesting occasion. After forty routine toasts had been disposed of, the chairman opened the real business of the meeting by an eloquent address, of which the heads were as follows:

"Complimentary lobster suppers all humbugs except this one—public disgusted with all the rest—pure motives for meeting to-night—disinterested—M'r Stag a good man—good as to his morals—good in bank—always have had a good time with him—M'r Stag made good copper-kettles, and shut up shop on Good Friday, like a good Christian—never lost any money by his religion—his coppers always held their own, and held water—now retired to rest from the fatigues of business—long life and good luck to him."

M'r Stag replied: "Unaccustomed to public speaking—happiest day of my life—eternal gratitude—like suppers better than public offices—never held any of the latter—good men present, very good, first rate—all getting rich, as I have done—useful to the community—fifty thousand lady's watering-

pots made in Philadelphia every month—sent to the Western country as the very last Parisian fashions—tin trade flourishing—copper-trade ditto—sheet-iron trade ditto—Philadelphia growing fast—copper-trade growing still faster—valued friends present—one has written a book on the political economy of the copper-smith business in general, and iron skilletts in particular—said to be a fine book—never read it myself, but am willing to take other people's word for it."

The following are the reporter's notes of another speech, but he has lost the memorandum of the speaker's name, and his head ached so the next morning, that he could not remember it:

"Kindness—partial feelings—money-making—science—fresh-water bivalves of the Ohio River—fresh-water good for bivalves—whiskey punch best for philosophers—midnight the time to write lively and interesting books—the mind is then fresh and vigorous—utility of science—free ticket to Wistar Parties at home—letter of introduction abroad—science has done me good—science introduced me to Smith, Brown, Jones, Robinson, Jenkinson, [seventy names omitted for want of room,] and others of the most eminent savans of Europe—all owing to science and the fresh-water bivalves—modesty will not allow me to enlarge—modesty my weak point—always suffered from it—will for the deed—deed for the will," etc., etc..

## ODE TO BOGLE.

A number of MS copies of this poem (printed in last week's BIZARRE,) are held by the acquaintances of the late M'r Nicholas Biddle, and none of them seem to be exact counterparts of each other. Our publication of last week has brought some of them to us—among others, one which from its history and from its very face would seem to have been copied directly from the original. It opens as follows:

## ODE TO BOGLE.

DEDICATED WITH PERMISSION AND A PIECE OF MINTSTICK TO META B., AGED FOUR YEARS.

"——— restituit rem cunctando."

*Enn. ap. Cicero.*

"Of Browns and of Boglis ful in this boke."

*Gavin Douglas.*

## L'ENVOI.

Meta, thy ripper years may know  
More of this world's fantastic show.  
In thy time as in mine shall be  
Burials and poundcakes, beaux and tea;



Rooms shall be hot and ices cold,  
And flirts be both as it was of old;  
Love too and minstrel shall be made,  
Some dearly bought, some lightly made;  
As true the hearts, the forms as fair,  
And equal joy and grace be there;  
The smile as bright, as soft the ogle,  
But, never—never such a Bogle!

The names designated by B—, S—, and C—, in our publication, are given in full in this copy. They are the names of three celebrated *belles* of the period, but as the ladies are still living, and may not care to be designated to the public, (although indeed we do not know why they might not be proud of the publicity of M<sup>r</sup> Biddle's compliment,) we shall not take the liberty of making this addition to our last week's publication—muchsoever as it is satisfactory to be able to read the lines with their full metrical effect.

Expunge the semi-colon after "thou;" at the end of the third verse.

Instead of this verse,

"Gainst the red Demon Anthracite,"

read

"Against the fire Sand Anthracite."

For

"His very smile sincerely stern,"

read

"His very smile severely stern."

And instead of

"When Rome was saved by wild delay,"

read of course

"When Rome was saved by wise delay."

#### ASSASSINATION OF KOTZEBUE.

The following is from a London paper:—May 19, 1820; will be long memorable in German history. Augustus Kotzebue, after the war of 1813, was accused, as a hireling partisan, of devoting his literary abilities to the subversion of the liberties of Germany in favor of Russia; and, like most persons perverted to wrong, he, notwithstanding frequent warnings, persisted; and accordingly, having become obnoxious to many of the secret associations then prevalent, was in most of them denounced. In one, that had the appellation of the Tugensbund, or Coalition of Virtue, his death, in 1817, was determined, yet some time elapsed before the casting of lots was effected, as to whose hand the perpetration of the deed should be committed. The chance fell to Charles Frederick Sand, a young man then about twenty-four years of age, of an ardent tempera-

ment, and anxious to avenge his country of one whose principles had excited so much hatred.

Sand set out from Jena on March 9, 1819, and on the 23d arrived at Mannheim, where at an inn he conversed with a country curate, till about five o'clock, at which hour, having resolved to perform his mission, he parted from the divine, and presented himself at Kotzebue's door. He was admitted by a servant, who conducted him to an apartment, with the assurance his master would shortly make his appearance. Kotzebue, on entering the room, was by Sand stabbed repeatedly, and he fell a corpse. A crowd was almost immediately collected, and Sand quietly passed into the street, kneeled down, and in an energetic tone, exclaimed—"It is I who am the murderer! May all traitors thus perish!" Then, with uplifted eyes, with much fervency, continued—"I thank thee, O God! for thy assistance in this work!"

Having thus avowed himself the murderer of Kotzebue, he bared his breast, and with the same weapon, inflicted a severe stab. In his hand was a paper, containing these words: "Sentence of death against Kotzebue, executed 23d of March, 1819;" and in his bosom was secreted a ribbon, with an inscription purporting that Kotzebue had been condemned to death two years before. Sand survived, but, as usual, his trial was delayed more than twelve months, when, at length, sentence of death was passed on him, and his execution fixed at eight o'clock, in the morning of May 19, 1820. The authorities seem to have been apprized that a rescue would be attempted, and that many of his friends would then arrive at Mannheim. At six o'clock, when all was mournfully silent, Sand was led forth to execution. He seemed calm and collected, his countenance void of fear; he appeared composed in mind, and wholly resigned to his fate. He held a rose, that he frequently raised, and seemingly enjoyed its refreshing fragrance. The execution was hastened, and at the moment the executioner held forth the severed head of Sand, his friends poured in from Heidelberg, and rushing to the scaffold, it was soon in their possession. Exasperated at his death, and eager to secure some relic of the martyr, they tore off his clothes in fragments, cut the hair from his head, dipped their kerchiefs in his blood, and evinced every possible demonstration of their regret and sorrow at his fate. To this day, these relics are preserved with religious veneration, and the name of Sand, the avenger of his country's wrongs, in the person of the Russian traitor Kotzebue, but alumbers, to awaken throughout Germany a direful vengeance on their oppressors.

## THE BEARD IN THE PULPIT.

Francis the First, disgusted with the prevailing practice in his day, of the clergy retaining their beards, obtained from the Pope a brief by which all ecclesiastics throughout France were compelled to shave, or pay a large sum for the privilege of appearing with a beard. The bishops and richly beneficed clergy readily paid the prohibitory fine, but the poorer sort, unable to comply, were reduced to the grievous necessity of surrendering this ornament of the chin. The license, obtained by compliance with the terms of the papal brief, was however secondary to the statute regulations of the Church, which in some instances were directly inhibitory of the bishop himself performing the service, unshaven; and of this fact, Duprat was in his person as a prelate, a remarkable instance.

Duprat, son of the Chancellor of that name, had naturally a beard that excited general admiration; and shortly after his return from the Council of Trent, where he had displayed his eloquence, and distinguished himself by his writings, was appointed to the see of Clermont. On Easter-Sunday he appeared at the cathedral to take possession, but found the doors closed. Three dignitaries of the Chapter awaited him at the entrance; one held a razor; another a pair of scissors; and the third, a book containing the ancient statutes of that church, in which, with his finger, that officer pointed out to the would-be bishop the words *barbis rasis*—no beard. In vain did Duprat endeavor to avoid that despoilment, and argued the sinfulness of doing any work on so solemn a day; but inexorably determined, those who held the razor and the scissors resisted his entering, and protruded their weapons in such guise, that the non-inducted bishop, to save his beard, fled in dismay, abandoned the honor, and grief in a few days rendered him for ever insensible to the advantages of a prelatical position, or the vain solicitude created by the unusual elegance of a beard.

## SINGULAR SUPERSTITION.

A notion is prevalent among the vulgar in some countries of Europe, that the wish of a person will be accomplished, if he can contrive to express it distinctly in words, during the interval between his first seeing a meteor shooting along the sky and its final disappearance. The same notion is popular in India; and serves, as a learned man of that country explained it, to inculcate a lesson of constant perseverance in endeavours to accomplish any favourite object, which ought to be on all occasions uppermost in the mind.

## "SMALL CHOICE AMONG ROTTEN APPLES."

The New York *Spirit of the Times* of last week gives the following:

Time, towards evening—Place, Forks of the Road, somewhere in North Carolina—Log cabin close by—Red-headed boy sitting on the fence whistling "Jordan." Enter traveller on an old grey mare, both looking pretty well beat "out."

Traveller.—"Say, boy, which of these roads goes to Milton?"

Stuttering Boy.—"B-b-both on 'em goes thar."

Traveller.—"Well, which is the quickest way?"

Boy.—"B-b-bout alike; b-b-both on 'em gets there b-b-bout the same t-t-time o' day."

Traveller.—"How far is it?"

Boy.—"Bout four m-m-miles."

Traveller.—"Which is the best road?"

Boy.—"T-t-they ain't nary one the b-best. If you take the right hand road and go about a m-mile, you'll wish you was in h-h—ll; and if you t-t-turn back and take the l-l-left hand one, by the time you have g-g-gone half a m-m-mile, you'll wish you had kept on the other r-r-road!"

## LOUIS, DAUPHIN OF FRANCE, 1792.

The Secret Treaty of Paris, in 1814, it is asserted, contained an article to the following effect: That although the Allied Sovereigns have no certain evidence of the death of the son of Louis XVI, the state of Europe and its political interests require that they should place at the head of the government of France, Louis Xavier, Count de Provence, ostensibly with the title of king; but being in fact considered in their Secret transactions only as ROYENT OF THE KINGDOM for the two years next ensuing, reserving to themselves during that period, to obtain every possible certainty concerning a fact, that must ultimately determine who shall be the SOVEREIGN OF FRANCE.

## JOSEPH MONIER AND THE LONDON CHRONICLE.

The London Chronicle notices a new volume of poems as follows: "Why people will publish poems it is impossible to tell. D'r Arnold wrote them on principle, but then he never published them. Tom Moore tells of a gentleman who, when he was short of money, always threatened his family with the publication of his poems. The immediate result was as much cash as he wanted. We suppose M'r Joseph Monier, author of *The French Revolution*, Canto II, has failed in getting any of his friends to purchase his silence. We can only say that we have not seen his first canto, and that we sincerely hope we may not see his third."

## THE BEGINNING OF MORMONISM.

The *Albany Evening Journal* of July 31st, says: "Twenty-eight years ago, 'Joe Smith,' the founder of this sect, and 'Harris,' his first convert, applied to the senior editor of the *Journal*, then residing at Rochester, to print his 'Book of Mormon,' then just transcribed from the 'Golden Bible,' which 'Joe' had found in the cleft of a rock, to which he had been guided by a vision.

We attempted to read the first chapter, but it seemed such unintelligible jargon that it was thrown aside. 'Joe' was a tavern idler in the village of Palmyra. Harris, who offered to pay for the printing, was a substantial farmer. Disgusted with what we deemed a "weak invention" of an impostor, and not caring to strip Harris of his hard earnings, the proposition was declined.

The manuscript was then taken to another printing office across the street, from whence, in due time, the original 'Mormon Bible' made its advent.

'Tall trees from little acorns grow.'

But who would have anticipated, from such a bald, shallow, senseless imposition, such world-wide consequences? To remember and contrast 'Joe Smith,' with his lousier-look, pretending to read from a miraculous slate-stone placed in his hat, with the Mormonism of the present day, awakens thoughts alike painful and mortifying. There is no limit, even in this most enlightened of all the ages of knowledge, to the influence of imposture and credulity. If knaves, or even fools, invent creeds, nothing is too monstrous for belief. Nor does the fact—a fact not denied or disguised—that all the Mormon leaders are rascals as well as impostors, either open the eyes of their dupes or arrest the progress of the delusion."

## SAMUEL FOOTE.

Shakespeare makes Falstaff not only witty, but the cause of wit in others; and Goldsmith said that no man could be in Caleb Whitefoord's company without catching the itch of punning. The English Aristophanes, as Foote was called, was one of these; and no greater proof can be given of his comic powers than in the following anecdote, related by D'r Johnson:—"The first time," said he, "I was in company with Foote, was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased,—and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him; but the dog became so irresistibly comic, that I was obliged so lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back in my chair, and fairly laugh it out. Sir, he was irresistible!"

## M. GUIZOT UPON THE EIKON BASILIKE.

It is to the "Eikon Basilike," that Charles I is principally indebted for the name of the Royal Martyr. The work is not by him; external testimony and internal evidence both combine to remove all doubt on the matter. D'r Gauden, Bishop, first of Exeter and afterwards of Worcester, under the reign of Charles II, was its real author, but the manuscript had probably been perused and approved, perhaps even, corrected, by Charles himself during his residence in the Isle of Wight. In any case it was the real expression and true portraiture of his position, character, and mind, as they had been formed by misfortune; it is remarkable for an elevation of thought which is at once natural and strained; a constant mingling of blind royal pride and sincere Christian humility; heart-impulses struggling against habits of obstinate self-consciousness; true piety in the midst of misguided conduct; invincible, though somewhat inert devotion to his faith, his honor, and his rank; and as all these sentiments are expressed in monotonous language, which, though often emphatic, is always grave, tranquil, and even unctuous with serenity and sadness; it is not surprising that such a work should have profoundly affected all royalist hearts, and easily persuaded them that it was the King himself who addressed them.

## ENGLISH ADVERTISEMENT.

The following appears in the *Clerical Journal*:—

Wanted, a Title for Holy Orders.—A Gentleman, unmarried, who has been a Dissenting Minister, is earnestly desirous of obtaining a Title for Holy Orders. As the Bishop of Exeter has kindly consented to ordain him Deacon, in the event of his being able to meet with a title, that diocese will be preferred. He can produce most satisfactory testimonials from the clergy in the parish in which he resides; and having had much experience in parochial work, he is willing and anxious to devote his whole energies to the service of God in the Church of England. *He has a loud voice*; and is not afraid of any amount of hard work. Stipend, though an important, yet not a primary consideration. Address "A. B.," 15, St David's Hill, Exeter.

## BETH GELERT.

The celebrated ballad with this title, in which the sad death of Llewelyn's noble greyhound is so affectingly detailed was written, though his name is seldom attached to the piece, by the fashionable English poet of the generation that has just passed away, William Robert Spencer.

# BIZARRE.

AN ORIGINAL, LITERARY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PART 19.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST TWELFTH.

YEAR 1854.

G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

I wish some philosopher would furnish a sufficient explanation of the undeniable fact, that Fiction has become the “Ruling Passion” of our Time; that, among the productive powers of our Literature, Imagination has acquired such an ascendancy, that all the other powers readily yield to her control and rejoice to win her companionship and aid for themselves. Little could Malthus, while propounding those terrible “Economics” of his, have dreamed the time would come, when a Lady would introduce those very dogmas into thousands of the family circles of two hemispheres, arrayed in the graceful garb of fictitious narrative. Nor would any one, forty years ago, have conceived the possibility of encountering, in a three-volumed Novel, an elaborate argument on the existence of a First Cause and on the origin of Evil!

A singular state of things this, and doubtless owing to the joint action of several causes. Without entering on a quest of these, I shall content myself with suggesting a single cause, which, in my view, had a principal agency in producing this result.

Thus, for half a century, Europe has been heaving incessantly with revolutionary agitations. Once and again it has seemed as if these movements were on the point of issuing in that “Golden Age” of liberty, fraternity and happiness for the masses, which has been the rapt dream of Humanity from immemorial time. But again and again these movements have ended in defeat, disappointment, despair. The gloom, however, of the present could not utterly extinguish the hope of a bright, though indefinite future. And so Europe has sought refuge from a sad reality in that realm of Imagination, where joy comes at the mere bidding. In a word, fictional literature has there been an anodyne to actual sorrow and desperation.

On this side the Atlantic, kindred results have flowed from antagonist causes. Before the American gleams a future of that stupendous possibility, which ignores his past, noble though this be. He, therefore, betakes himself to the Ideal or Imaginative, since

here alone is found the logical sequence of the powers he witnesses in action about him.

I know not, that my idea is very fully developed or clearly expressed. I trust, however, the reader may here find a hint, which will aid him in accounting for the tendency of the Age, on both continents, to the Literature of Fiction.

If popularity be fame—and what else is it?—then M'r James cannot complain of not having received from the world an ample measure of literary fame. Of an Author's success the most infallible of tests is, that his books circulate widely and are largely read. I know not the living writer, nor can I recall one among the dead, who can abide this test more triumphantly. The Circulating Library—in this country at least—furnishes the best evidence for deciding such a point. And having taken special pains to inquire in this quarter, I have been positively assured by proprietors of these Libraries, that M'r James's books are taken out three times, at the lowest, where any *others* are taken once. In this statement, not even Scott was excepted, though so generally counted the Sovereign of the Realm of Imagination.

As my own testimony speaks, at all events, for one person, I may say, that I have never yet encountered a fiction of James's, that failed to fascinate and hold me fast to its close. All his published Romances and Tales—except some one or two of the last—I have read once; very many more than once; and several among them again and again. For myself, this settles the point, that these works possess many of those qualities, which pertain to real and eminent genius alone. Landon who, despite his eccentricities, is undeniably a man of vigorous intellect, vast erudition and consummate critical ability, said, on the appearance of “Mary of Burgundy,” that “Scott must look to his laurels.” I thought he spoke with reason. For, although I have been through these volumes till they are hardly less familiar to me than the multiplication table, whenever I casually light upon them, I am strongly tempted to defer everything else till I have gone through them again.

I might say this of Philip Augustus, Richelieu, De L'Orme, Rabelais, Onein a Thousand, Henry Masterton, and I know not how many besides. Indeed there is to me a fascination in James's French Romances, which I cannot wholly explain. Possibly they may touch some hidden chord in me, which may not exist in others. That he is profoundly versed in French History; and that he accurately reproduces the France of successive eras, so far as concerns historic events, the aspects of City and Country at such eras, &c., &c., I have no manner of doubt. I do, however, doubt whether he has painted with perfect accuracy that most inexplicable of all beings, the Frenchman. But he *has* done what few, if any, of his insular countrymen ever did before—he has written of a foreign land, with its people and their annals, and most especially of France and Frenchmen, not only without prejudice and arrogant depreciation, but with an ungrudging recognition and a full appreciation of their claims to respect, and admiration. This magnanimous, cosmopolitan trait of our author at once secures our regard.

My own high estimate of M'r James's Romances is partly owing to an unusual test, to which I once subjected them—a test, than which I can conceive none more severe or more decisive of their power to interest. I was once prostrated, for some weeks, with fever, during which time the scorching heat and nervous excitement I was enduring made sleep or even the least quiet a total stranger by day and by night. As the least of several evils in relation to the accompanying mental perturbation, my physician allowed me to read *ad libitum*. The experiment then made taught me, that there were two writers only, who could fix my attention at all, or whose pages were in any wise tolerable under the circumstances, and these two were Scott and James. So I had all the Poems and Romances of the former and all the Romances of the latter brought to my bedside; and hour after hour through the whole twenty-four, for more successive days than I will imperil my credibility by naming, I was absorbed and quieted by their ideal scenes and incidents, to the tolerance and almost the oblivion of restlessness and pains, that narrowly missed of proving mortal. Now to say, that writings impregnated with *such* power,—a power, which, while delighting in health, can charm down the torments of disease itself,—are not the product of genius, is too absurd and idle to merit contradiction.

It strikes me as not a little singular, that while the attractive quality of these books is vindicated by proofs so various and cogent, the critics should say so little about them, and that little so inadequate and even irre-

levant. They are ever prompt enough to "buff" or to "cut up" books too essentially insignificant to merit either process. But in respect to a writer, who, for twenty years, has enchained the interest of hundreds of thousands, and in fact supplied a large share of their entire reading, I have never yet seen anything, wearing the least semblance of an appreciative, expository criticism.

Now I do not feel myself competent to fill this hiatus. But I can, in my humble way, specify some of the properties, that strike me forcibly and impress me agreeably in our author's writings. This I will now attempt.

These books are eminently healthy.—a tonic, by which I mean much both positive and negative. They are healthy, morally and intellectually. Morally, in that there is in them nothing, either manifest or covert, to corrupt or in any wise unsettle the principles of even the humblest mind. Nor this alone. Their uniform, pervasive spirit, as well as letter, is on the side of "whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, and whatsoever things are lovely," and acts very positively and efficiently in their behalf. Not, however, that there is, in their *form*, aught of that prominently didactic, moral-pointing aspect, which more repels than attracts in works of this kind; but that they seem the unconsidered, spontaneous efflux of a cleanly, balanced, morally-sound nature. To say this *truly* of a book—and most especially to say it truly of four-score or more volumes—is saying a vast deal; is implying one of the very highest of all eulogiums. How many, indeed, of those who have written a hundred volumes, would dare say, that among them all there is

"No line, which, dying, they would wish to blot!"

Our author, for one, might say it.

But our author's books are healthful, intellectually, as well as morally. By this I mean, that he does not abound in those unnatural, impossible creations, wherewith the copyists of Byron flooded the reading world some years ago. No chivalrous buccaneers, or amiable stabbers, or angelic trulls figure on his pages. Say what else you will of his characters, you must, *perforce*, say, they are veritable men and women, and nothing beside. This is saying much—very much.

And one other meritorious thing I will add in this connexion. James, with never an exception, gives due credit,—or having no tolerance of such a phrase, let me say, he renders *simple justice* to that sex, which conferred on you and me, reader, the benediction of a mother and sisters! What better credentials could I put in his hands?

And then, to complete this paragraph

touching James's intellectual heathfulness, I would remark, that he writes one of the most fluent, "tripping," easy, and limpid styles to be met with in the total compass of our English tongue. And here his very facility of speech furnishes occasion for the sole charge, which I, at least, can bring against him. He is now and then *verbose*, or, in Yankee phraseology, "tonguey;" and yet, how could he help being so? Traversing to and fro that long "study" of his, under the gentle instigation of that "matutinal cup of coffee," just prepared by his own hand, coupled with the secondary instigation of *muscular motion*, how could his immense organ of language be otherwise than profuse, lavishly prodigal? I feel constrained to tax him with this prodigality as an artistic sin; though, at the same time, I freely grant, that the words thus poured forth are among the purest either in Johnson, Walker, or Webster.

One of the few criticisms that have been made upon James at all, is, that the portraiture of character is not his strong point, and that the heroes and heroines of his earliest works, but faintly sketched at the first, have been repeated, with unimportant variations, through all that have succeeded, &c., &c.

Now, possibly, characterization may not be our author's *strongest* point; possibly his personages may not exhibit the prominence, the peculiarity of aspect, the vivid quality belonging to those of some other writers. But, touching this matter, should not the question be asked, whether his personages be not true to life and reality, as ordinarily coming before us: whether they be not *as marked, as individual, as pronounced*, as the same number of *actual* men and women would probably be on the average, if environed by the circumstances and moved by the impulses he supposes? If this question must be answered in the affirmative, (as many think it should,) then the charge against our author is null, unless fidelity to nature and truth be a literary sin.

But, waiving these considerations, let us examine somewhat in detail the charge, that "James is deficient in power of characterization." Not having by me a single page of his writings, I must draw on my memory for examples.

Note, then, his female portraits. I venture to affirm, that he has presented specimens of womanhood as strongly individualized and as delicately discriminated, as adherence to truth would admit. And I dare affirm, too, that in his purely *fictitious*, as distinguished from his *historic* female characters, he is, to say the least, in no wise inferior to the author of Waverley.

For example, Beatrice of Ferrara, in her

kind, is no less admirable than the universal favorite, *Die Vernon*. So Constance, in "*Darnley*," is among the loveliest of creations; and her friend *Katrine* is as life-like a specimen, as fiction ever exhibited, of that combination of all-surrendering generosity, and many noble qualities beside, with that teasing coquetry and those manifold whimsies, which have compelled many a harassed lover to say of his mistress, "there is no living with her or without her!" Again, *Pauline*, in "*Richelieu*;" *Helen*, in "*De L'Orme*;" *Marion*, in "*the Gipsy*;" *Juliet Carr*, in "*Morley Earnstein*;" *Alice*, in "*Mary of Burgundy*;" *Emily*, in "*Henry Master-ton*;" and *Clemence Marli*, in the "*Huguenot*," may all be named as genuine, life-like women, such as most persons have seen often and still oftener have wished to know.

I have named these simply as examples, and not because they are decidedly superior to others I might have specified; for of James's numerous books I do not remember having read one, in which I did not find women who were to me quite as real as those I have met in actual life.

In his historic woman, too, such as *Agnes de Meranie*, *Anne of Austria*, *Mary of Burgundy*, *Catharine de Medicis*, *Madame de Montpensier* and others, it passes my skill to explain how any candid man should fail to recognize skilfully limned and faithful portraits.

A character in which, I think, our author particularly excels, is that of the true knight of chivalrous ages; and here I cannot but hold him decidedly superior to Scott. True, the latter has portrayed vividly the knightly villain, as in *Bois Guilbert*, *Front de Bouef*, *Conrade of Mont Serrat*, &c., as he has also the historic *Richard Cœur de Lion*, the knightly monarch. But the first three of these are simply the villains of any and every age, possessing naught else of chivalry than its exterior trappings; and the main interest pertaining to Richard comes from his kingly rank and his qualities as a mere warrior, and not from his embodying the peculiar traits of chivalry. But in *Ivanhoe*, in the Knight of the Leopard and others, whom he designed as incarnations of the characteristic knightly virtues, I cannot but think he has signally failed, and has produced scarcely better than images of wood. They lack the semblance of life, and move before us more as automata, than veritable human beings.

Compare, then, with these, the *Thibalt d'Auvergne* and *Guy de Coucy* of James's "*Philip Augustus*." I know nothing in imaginative literature, and, I may add, in history itself, to compare with these two portraits, as bringing before us the "very

perfect, gentle knight" of the Middle Ages. Sharply individualized and strongly distinguished from each other, yet both are genuine men, and each is precisely what one thus organized must be, when moulded by the better principles of chivalry.

Numerous other specimens of the same character might be cited from our author; none wanting merit, though none, I think, quite matching these.

The truth of the case, I apprehend, is something thus. Sir Walter, with all his poetic endowment, was by temperament too much of the "cannie Scott"—alias the Caledonian Yankee—and by education too completely the "man of the world," to sympathize very heartily with the splendid aberrations and romantic self-oblivions of knight-errantry. It was, by consequence, more from the head than the heart, that he drew his "gentle knights;" and hence they are not so much real flesh-and-blood-men, as pictures or statues of the same.

But James apparently goes into this portraiture with a vivid, appreciative sympathy, and I should judge there was much in him of just that old chivalrous spirit. When, therefore, he deals with this theme, he is engaged in a "labor of love," and

"Speaks right on,  
And tells us that, which he himself does know."

In his historic portraits, too, M'r James has been very successful. Philip Augustus and Henry Fourth, whether regarded as knights, as monarchs, or as men, are among the finest specimens of characterization I have met, either in fiction or in history. Nor do I fear to set his Richelieu, Louis Thirteenth, Edward First, Francis First, Henry Eighth, and Wolsey, against the historic portraits of any fictionist within my knowledge.

But the same chivalrous spirit, which qualified our author to paint the knight, qualifies him also to portray the gentleman; for the knight was, in fact, the mediæval gentleman, as the modern gentleman is the knight unharnessed, and dealing with existing circumstances.

I am less familiar with those of our author's Romances containing specimens of the latter character, than with those in which the former are presented. I must, therefore, content myself with referring the reader to the Old English Gentleman, in the romance so named; to Colonel Manners, in the "Gipsy;" to the Abbé, in the "Ancient Régime," and to Lord Sunbury, in the "King's Highway." However, I would readily engage to find in every one of our author's fictions one or more examples of this "bright, consummate flower" of human development, which

all candid judges would unhesitatingly admit to be such. As it is an axiom—or *should* be such—that "none but a gentleman is capable of portraying the gentleman," this fact reveals to us one phase of our author's character.

For James's skill in painting the "villain," I need only point to Sir Payan Wileton, in "Darnley;" Earl Byerdale, in "King's Highway;" the Abbé, in "Henry of Guise;" Ganay, in "Mary of Burgundy;" and Marquis Saint Brie, in "De L'Orme,"—a list quite long enough to establish the point in question. There is in these creations an intense, terrific power; and yet the profound student of our nature, "so fearfully and wonderfully made," finds in them not "gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire;" not beings alike unexampled and impossible, but veritable sons of Adam, compounded of the same primordial elements with ourselves, and whose existing type of character is explicable on principles which we witness in perpetual operation about us. To portray such characters with life-like fidelity, is justly reckoned among the most infallible tests of original, creative genius, since the author is not likely to be the actual prototype of his sketch. He has within himself merely the elemental possibilities of the felon; and to follow these elements through that tortuous growth, whose consummation is the human fiend, or the actual human being exhibiting his total compass of intellectual and sensitive powers, as modified by *infernal* instead of *supernal* impulses, is mainly the work of imagination alone. To succeed *here*, therefore, proves decisively an author's ability. If James has not achieved *this* triumph, I know not who has.

Our author, moreover, has shown himself adequate to the creation of those personal anomalies, of which the world shows an occasional example; exceptional characters, who can be brought into the category of no genus, or even species, but each of whom is an individual without peer or similar. Scott's Dominic Sampson is one of these, and perhaps Flippertigibbet should be counted a second. Neither of these, in my view, matches James's Gallon, in "Philip Augustus," or Tim Meeks, in the "Old English Gentleman." These I reckon among the few literary "nonpareils." They are two bona fide *creations*, occupying opposite poles of humanity; both conceived and wrought out with kindred power and skill, the one stirring up from the very foundation of being the worse, and the other the better, elements within us. The only *adequate* thing to say about these personages is to refer the reader to the volumes describing them.

Among the numerous charming features

of James's books are his paintings of natural scenery. I am not quite sure, that his *pictorial* power in this regard matches his sympathy with the "Spirit of Nature." But quite sure I am, that the impression made on myself by his sketches of landscape and cloudland scenery is ever delightful and refreshing to the highest degree. As one example, I have never seen in print a description of a thunder-storm equalling that in the forest of Hannut in "Mary of Burgundy." Nor, in truth, do I recall one among his numerous volumes, in which may not be found more or less of this exquisite scene-painting; exhibiting in the author an habitual and familiar sympathy with all "growing and blooming things."

And now, that I am approximating my "Finis," is it absolutely essential, that I touch on "those two horsemen?" I think not, since I recall but *four instances*, where these personages open the narrative; one of which is in "Philip Augustus," where D'Auvergne and De Coucy figure in the first chapter, and the second in the "Gipsy," where Colonel Manners and his friend do likewise. So far, however, from "these horsemen" discriminating James from other fictionists, my impression is, that Sir Walter commences not only "Ivanhoe" and the "Legend of Montrose" with these identical "two horsemen," but sundry other of his Romances. And even were this *not* the fact, I know not where lies the *sin* of *thus* beginning one or a score of Tales, if occasion requires. The Sun rises every morning in this our nineteenth century, although it has done precisely the same thing for a period, "wherein the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." I think I have said enough on this point.

And now, in closing, I would express the hope, that this disquisition may meet the eyes of M'r James; mainly, that he may learn what a *manuscript letter* he has missed of receiving in England by his visit to this country. I think I must have taken pen in hand at least a half dozen times for the purpose of writing to him my thanks for the delight in health and the solace in sickness, which I had derived from his Romances. Fortunately for him, I never completed the epistle commenced. And now, with no special trouble to himself, he may see, if he will, what are the honest sentiments of one among the myriads of his American readers.

### THE WHITE ROSE.

[Written in the fifteenth century, and sent by the Duke of Clarence (of the house of York) with a white rose to the Lady E.

Beauchamp, an ardent adherent of the house of Lancaster.]

If thys fayre rose offende thye syghte,  
Plac'd inne thye bosomme bare,  
"Twyll blush to fynde itselfe less whyte,  
And turne Lancastrynne there,  
But if thye ruby lippe it spye,  
As kyss it thou may'st deigne  
With envye pale 't will lose its dye,  
And Yorkysh turne againe.

## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

A SERIES OF LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NUMBER XIII.

M'r Editor:—The reader may, perhaps, remember my remarking, in a previous letter, that the "Spirits" had employed many different species of evidence to correspond with the idiosyncrasies of the various individuals addressed by them. In this way I explain what otherwise were strange, if not entirely inexplicable; e. g. the use of *outrés* and *unintelligible* terms by the supra-mundanes even when they purport to be giving *practical* directions to be executed by those, with whom they are communicating. Thus, in a direction from Byron, previously noticed by me, he says, "I wish you to elaborate another most important feature of my poetical effusions; viz, the *condensive, climatic, infusive, parabolic* principles, wherein they abound."

Now why did the "Spirit" employ such *absurd-sounding* terms as these in a case of practical instruction? In the mouth of a *mundane* speaker, I should have ascribed them to a *quizzing* rather than a *serious* mood. In the present instance, however, there were no symptoms of quizzing. I requested *definitions* of the words, and they were immediately given. But no *reason* was assigned for employing such anomalous phraseology; and the discovery of such reason was apparently left to our own reflections.

The conclusion we came to was this; these terms could not be charged to my *pupil*, for they were not only utterly without a shadow of *meaning* to him, but his entire education and habits put them without the range of his *invention*, had he been disposed to *play false* with me. And then, on the other hand, they could not be supposed to be a *mesmeric transmission* from my mind to his, since, to my recollection, I had never, in my life, *encountered* either of them, and most certainly had never *used* either of them. No



alternative, therefore, was left but to impute them to the *source claimed*, and to ask their *significance*. If the reader, nevertheless, chooses to say it was *absurd* using such phraseology at all, I am under no obligation to contradict him. I have merely stated the explanation we adopted.

But this was not a solitary instance of the kind. Some time afterward, I was at my pupil's counting-room, where I chanced to be remarking on M'r Harris's marvellous poem, just out, entitled "The Epic of the Starry Heaven." Suddenly my friend was thrown into the *trancic* state, and announced to me that I was myself to be the "medium" of a poem by the supra-mundanes, of which the theme was to be "*the conception of the Ideal*." He went on to say from the "Spirits," that I should know when to *commence*, by the fact of being forcibly "*impressed*,"—that, on my part, I must use my utmost endeavor to be perfectly *passive*; must *not* think *what* I was to write, or in *what words* to express it, but note down whatever was vividly "*impressed*" on my mind, though it were but a *line*, or *half a line*, at a time, and precisely in the *form and phrase* wherein it occurred to me, and not otherwise, and then wait, however long it might be, for *further impressions*. Moreover, some pretty extravagant predictions, as I thought, were uttered concerning the high and worthy character of the poem, of which the promise was thus given.

After a somewhat protracted conference on the general topic, I asked in *what metre* the poem was to be written? The reply was, "*in catalectic hypermeter*!" It was in the highest degree gratifying to receive an answer so *intelligible* and *unequivocal*, since the school-boy versifier, just entering his teens, is *as* familiar with "catalectic hypermeter" verse, as the poet-laureate of three-score.

My pupil, however, having in time past directed his energies to other things than versifying, made rather bungling work in pronouncing these words for my edification, and I insisted on his spelling them, letter by letter. Though his *material* eyes were tightly closed, his *spiritual* eyes were open, and read off these words, which appeared to be written down before him, as I have transcribed them above.

Now, to "speak by the square," there was, in these terms, precisely as much and as little significance to me, as in the school-boy word, "Honorificabilitudinitatibusque," or the cabalistic term, "Abracadabra." True, from my faint recollection of my Greek of ages foregone, I could make out "hypermeter" to be ("*hyper metron*")—"above measure"—but what sort of metre *that* could be for poetry, transcended my conjectures.

"Catalectic," too, I thought, must be derived from the Greek, (*katalego*), but as this word meant, primarily, "to choose," and, secondarily, sundry other things not more relevant to the purpose, my etymology left me still in the dark. I begged, therefore, of the "Spirits" to declare, in simple, intelligible terms, what they meant, if indeed they had *any* meaning. They declined, however, and contented themselves with saying, that I "should learn in season."

On reaching my chamber, I turned first to Webster's large Dictionary, where I found "catalectic," as applied to metrical composition, to signify verses *wanting* either *feet* or *syllables*; and "hypermeter," to denote anything *greater* than the *ordinary standard of measure*.

Matters, on the first aspect, did not appear to be *very* clear even now. However, after some reflection, I came to *this* conclusion. Taking the "*ordinary standard of measure*" to be the old *heroic couplet of ten syllables*, immortalized by Dryden, Pope and Byron, I considered the "*hypermeter*," as some measure comprising *more* than *ten syllables*, and the "*catalectic*," as a measure of *less* than *ten*. So that, if my interpretation was reliable, I concluded that the poem *in futuro*, was to be written chiefly in *two metres*, one containing *more*, and the other *less*, than the *ten syllables* of the heroic verse.

"So far, so good." One or two weeks flitted away, without my feeling the slightest impulse towards the "*Ideal*." The world and life, whether past, present, or to come, were, for me, branded all over and saturated with *reality*. The fault, very probably, lay in the all but *impossibility* of my submitting myself *passively* to impressions made by *others*, whether such others were supra-mundanes or terrestrials. Want of *passivity*, indeed, has been a standing charge of the "Spirits" against me, and to *this* they attribute the *non-fulfilment*, as yet, of their announcement, a year and a-half ago, that I was to be a "medium," in the way of speaking, writing, *trancic clairvoyance*, &c.. No part of this annunciation has, up to this date, been accomplished to the letter.

About a fortnight, however, after the above interview with my pupil, I was one night going to bed, when a chaotic mass of *thoughts and words*, relating to the theme of "*the Ideal*," suddenly flashed upon and went whirling past my brain, though without impelling me to take pen and paper, or even to dwell meditatively upon them. I know not that I had once thought upon the subject during the fortnight, and why it thus occurred to me at this particular moment, I can no way explain, unless it may be supposed to have been suggested by the "Spirits."

Without doing aught in the premises, I retired to bed and slept undisturbedly. Next forenoon, while traversing the crowded streets, on my way to my pupil's counting-room, the same theme, without volition on my part, recurred to me, and some half a dozen lines seemed (so to speak) *to leap in a mass* from the black vacuity, and imprint themselves (for I had no agency therein) on the tablet of my mind. I hurried on to the counting-room, and seizing pen and paper I noted them down *verbatim*, (if I mistake not,) as I will, presently, transcribe them here. After passing some time with my friend, we parted with the agreement to meet, on the same evening, at the combined Menagerie and Circus in Walnut street.

At an early date of the evening's performances, and in the midst of all the bustle and noise attendant thereon, the phenomenon of the morning was repeated, and, seizing paper and pencil, I wrote down upwards of a dozen lines more, as rapidly as my hand could traverse the page, and with scarce anything akin to what we ordinarily call an act of volition. In some inexplicable way they seemed to be *self-inscribed* on my mind, and I did nothing else than perform the part of copyist. I will first present the whole fragment, and then subjoin two or three remarks thereupon:

#### THE IDEAL.

O Muse divine, who keepest watch eternal  
By the bright gates, that ope to realms supernal;  
Aid me to soar from this dull, troubled Real,  
To thy calm, Starry Home, the world Ideal;  
Aid me to hymn that all-benignant kindness,  
Which gave this light to our terrestrial blindness;  
Which gave us to behold a radiant Vision,  
That marshalls up and on to things Elysian;  
A Vision hovering o'er each lowliest duty,  
Showing its vital spirit to be beauty;  
Bidding along the gloomiest clouds of sorrow  
A rose-gleam shoot, pledge of a joyous morrow;  
That on the writhing brow of anguish lingers,  
Banishing pain with soft, caressing fingers;  
That from the lips of Death's so dreaded angel  
Proclaims in dulcet tones Heaven's blest avenged;  
And to the abyssal depths of Man's endurance,  
Carries of rapturous bliss the full assurance.

From birth to death this mortal life of ours  
Is wrought upon by viewless Spirit-powers;  
Wakes we or sleep, incessantly they ply  
For our behoof their gracious ministry.

\* \* \* \* \*

The first eighteen of the foregoing lines, the reader may perceive, are *eleven-syllabled*, or of one syllable more than the "ordinary" heroic metre, which is *ten-syllabled*; and may therefore be considered, as fulfilling the "*hypermeter*" condition of the "*Spirits*."

The remaining four lines are in the ten-syllabled heroic measure. So that, if the other, or "catalectic," condition of the "*Spirits*" is to be verified, it must be in some *after* portion of the poem.

Since these lines were thrown off, which must be three or four months ago, I have not been moved to pen a single additional line. I have more than once remonstrated with the "*Spirits*" concerning this *tardiness* of proceeding, and have expressed my utter skepticism as to the completion of a poem bearing the high character, which they predicted at the outset. Again and again they have responded, that "their original announcement should be *fulfilled to the letter*—that all should and would *come out right*—and that the sole cause of the delay was my *lack of passivity to their influence*." Of course, under such circumstances, there was nothing for me to do but *to wait*, and meanwhile put the strongest possible curb on my impatience.

Now, with regard to the verses above copied, I do not presume to claim for them any special merit. Most assuredly there is nothing in them, that should *necessitate* our looking to the Spirit-realm for a mind capable of producing them. *This* is not the point in issue. If these verses can prove any thing in reference to *Spirit-intervention*, it must be merely as constituting a part of a *considerable aggregate of circumstances*, all pointing in one and the same direction.

For instance. How account for this anomalous *trancie* condition of my pupil, into which he was cast, without a second's premonition and from the midst of his crowding forenoon's avocations? How explain his declaring to me, without anticipation on either of our parts, that I was destined to write a poem on a *specified theme*—that theme being as remote as possible from all his wonted associations? How explain his directing me to write in *two different metres*, and his specifying those metres in terms, which conveyed *no shadow of meaning either to him or myself*, and which ultimately were made to bear some meaning only after the examination of Dictionaries and no slight amount of consideration? How, in fact, account for these *outlandish-sounding* words, Greek derivatives from remote sources, having entered my pupil's head at all, at such a time and amid such conditions? And, passing onward, how account for the whole matter having lain in abeyance and blank oblivion for two or three weeks following, and then having *suddenly* awakened into a sort of *chaotic, inter-clashing vitality* on a particular night as I was retiring to rest? How account for the *co-instantaneous imprinting* of the first half-dozen lines on my mind next forenoon amid the crowd and

hubbub of the streets? How account for the like imprinting of the remaining eighteen lines on my mind, in the midst of the tumult and distraction of equestrian performances on the succeeding evening? And how account for the *bulk* of these lines, without any plan, forethought, or even *volition* on my part, falling into *one* of the metres, so *anomalously* specified by the "directing Spirits?"

Not the *poetic or literary merit* of the verses, therefore, is the point at issue, but several other quite different matters. Every one of the *dozen questions*, propounded above, will be found well nigh impossible of solution on any ground other than that of *Spirit-intervention*. If, then, the only conceivable solution in each case constrains us to appeal to Spirit-intervention, and if, in this latter, we do find a ready, a fully sufficient, and a probable solution, how strong and how inevitable becomes the argument, when thus *twelve times reiterated*, and each time having the self-same force?

I presume it is not to be expected, that evidence of this description should wear the same cogency to the casual reader, as to the eye and ear witness of the same. Still I cannot help thinking, that to one candidly and deliberately pondering and weighing the total circumstances it will appear to possess no slight force. Especially so, if he will permit it to come in with *all the other proofs* of various kinds before brought forward in these letters, and thus to constitute a portion of "*the evidence cumulative*" bearing on a single point.

### ENIGMA.

[Written by Miss Anna Seward, and found in her will with a direction to her Executor to pay £50 to the person who should discover the solution. It is said that it yet remains a mystery.]

The noblest object in the works of art,  
The brightest gem which nature can impart,  
The point essential in a Lawyer's lease,  
The well known signal in the time of peace,  
The ploughman's when he drives his plough,  
The soldier's duty, and the lover's vow,  
The planet seen between the earth and sun,  
The prize which merit never yet has won,  
The miser's treasure, and the badge of Jews,  
The wife's ambition, and the Parson's dues.

Now if your noble spirit can divine  
A corresponding word for every line,  
By all these letters clearly will be shown,  
An ancient city of no small renown.

### CITY CHARACTERS.

#### THE STATE HOUSE ORATOR.

Who in this parallelogramized city has not had his attention arrested when he has been passing down Chestnut street near Sixth, by the noisy declamation of an elderly man, whose white flowing hair shows that he has passed over sixty winters in this busy wicked world? You see a crowd—you pass on a little—you feel inclined to stop and hear what attraction there is to cause so many people to stand—for a while you are puzzled to find out the man, but in a moment, after the orator has taken his stately walk of five or six yards, he turns to the audience, and with gestures not so graceful as those of a Kemble, but with an eye that would have been an addition even to the superhuman qualities of Garrick, he hurls with a demosthenic action a whole tissue of statements against the parties in power, which evidently show that the white haired old man is laboring under some political mania. The authorities have had their attention directed to him, and he has had the honor of appearing before the Mayor for creating a disturbance of the peace—the poor old white haired man thought that he had the full right to denounce in this free country, any and every party he desired—but he has been taught that there is such a law as that of necessity, and in many cases is paramount over right. For our part we have watched very attentively the conduct of our hero, and though we confess that he is somewhat eccentric and oftentimes very pertinent in his remarks upon certain very distinguished personages, who know how to get offices and how to keep them, and care more for the money they can make out of them, than for any real love or patriotism they have for the State, yet we are often forced to confess that if it was not for such crazy old men—as some people call him—we should be robbed a great deal more than we are at present. We know they appear indifferent to the remarks made under such circumstances, but how often do we feel admonished even by a remark from a child, who has begun to perceive the meaning of right or wrong. And are not those men made of the same material as we are—though it is true to a great extent that once got into an office, your better feelings are rendered callous and selfish by the petty pilferings and schemes of roguishness which seem in this country concomitants of all State and Governmental offices. Though our hero has made himself very conspicuous by his eccentric and fierce denunciations of men in office, yet we think though in all deference to him, that he has come far short of the mark.

If there was needed a Junius in the reign of George the Third to denounce the corruptions of such men as the Duke of Grafton and the corrupt administrations of that period, what in the name of heaven do we need now? If we had a Junius in every State—and each State sent a Junius to Washington, to expose any mal-administration—would it not require for each Junius to have besides his wonderful talents of ridicule, and satire, and exposition, all the extraordinary comprehension of thought which distinguished Johnson, and the keen discernment that Cobbet has shown in his writings, and which Joseph Hume now daily exhibits in the English House of Commons? Should we not hear, if we had such a colossus as we have just described, a great deal about the mismanagement of the many cases that are heard before Aldermen, which are of a felonious character, and because they are *felonious*, in a great many instances, never are heard of again. Straw bail is given—a bonus accompanies it, and they are seldom again mentioned, unless public indignation is heard in the newspapers, and thus our Aldermen as a body are a set of the most corrupt men that ever disgraced Rome, Greece, or even the Court of the notorious Jeffreys. We speak advisedly when we apply such strong terms to a set of men who ought to be the bulwarks of the Commonwealth. Can a man be found in this city who has not been robbed, or whose friends have not been robbed by some of our Aldermen?

We can point to some men who have been elected Aldermen, and given up their offices—why? Thanks to human nature—for it is not yet all perverted—because they could not make as much money as they could at any mechanical business, if they did what was *honest*. The office of an Alderman is getting very intimately linked with that of a pilferer. But what can we say of our State Representatives and members of Congress, Senators, and Governors? How shall we assort them? or shall we throw them in one sack, and call them one compact body of money suckers?

It will require many *State House Orators* to reform the body politic, after ours has gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. We belong to no class of politicians—but we observe our public functionaries, and have had to note down the most flagrant acts of corruption which venality and meanness can stoop to. We are afflicted at this moment with criminals who are a disgrace to any country, whom honest juries found guilty of crimes, and whom our judges sentenced to different terms of imprisonment, but who, through the false mercy of a pardon, are mingling in our daily society, and with

their pestilential breathe are now boasting that it has cost their friends—five hundred dollars perhaps—to get them pardoned! There are such things as necessary evils, and our hero may be one who is bold enough, in defiance of the law, to persist in his vocation. If governors were honest, nay, if they only were as honest as that king, whom members of Parliament and the most respectable citizens of London, and the whole nation, entreated that he would mitigate the punishment of Dr Dodd from hanging to transportation! What did he say to all petitions? He told them all, that an honest jury and a pure judge had found him guilty, and sentenced him, in accordance with the law, to be executed; that it was impossible for him to be supreme over the law, and it must be carried into effect. What a commentary for a king to show such men as some republican Governors! But let us help and assist honest men to destroy all those corruptions, though we confess it almost a hopeless case.

## JOY.

Hear me, gracious  
Mistress, knocking at thy door—  
Grant a boon from out thy store  
Of Blessings.  
Hopeful, trusting, I have sought thee,  
Charmed and happy I have found thee—  
Thou art gracious!  
By a God-like instinct led,  
Sweetest friend, to thee I've sped,  
For Blessings!

Here, my gifts  
On thee winsome queen I press,  
Offerings to thy loveliness!  
Gardenias  
Pure, to crown thy stately head—  
Cardinals, ruby-red  
As thy lips—  
Lilies, which the wild Bee seeks—  
Roses, blushing as thy cheeks—  
Magnolias!

Heart-reviving  
Eyes, like deep wells full of thought,  
In my dreaming spells have wrought—  
Eyes how gracious!  
One rich blessing gave I of thee—  
Warmest Friendship seek I from thee,  
Earth-surviving!  
Hear me, kneeling at thy shrine,  
Hands of softness clasped in mine—  
But thou'rt gracious!

## TRIAL OF WILLIAM PENN:

Miss Mitford has been reading through "Hargrave's State Trials," and thus relates something amusing and interesting she found therein.

"One of these trials relates to a man about whom much has been written lately; and who certainly, although no doubt he had faults in plenty, was puffed up with vanity as your professors of humanity seldom fail to be; and took no small delight in courts and princes, as was to be expected from the leader of a sect whose chief tenet was an ostentatious renunciation of the pomps and vanities of the world—must be admitted to have had his merits also—among which I shall always include the manner in which he turned the Mayor and M<sup>r</sup> Recorder round his fingers. I am talking of William Penn, and the process in question is the trial of William Penn and William Mead for a tumultuous assembly, 22d Charles II (1670), before the Mayor, Recorder, and divers Aldermen of the Old Bailey.

I do not know any cause pleasanter to read than this, because from first to last the parties with whom our sympathies go have the best not only of the reasoning but of the result; such arrant blunderers were the whole of the court. To begin at the beginning:

*Clerk.*—Bring William Penn and William Mead to the bar.

*Mayor.*—Sirrah! Who bid you put off their hats? Put on their hats again.

Whereupon one of the officers putting the prisoners' hats upon their heads, pursuant to the orders of the Court, brought them to the bar.

*Recorder.*—Do you know where you are?

*Penn.*—Yes.

*Recorder.*—Do you not know it is the King's Court?

*Penn.*—I know it to be a Court, and I suppose it to be the King's Court.

*Recorder.*—Do you not know there is a respect due to the Court?

*Penn.*—Yes.

*Recorder.*—Why do you not pay it then?

*Penn.*—I do so.

*Recorder.*—Why do you not pull off your hat, then?

*Penn.*—Because I do not believe that to be any respect.

*Recorder.*—Well, the Court sets forty marks apiece upon your heads, as a fine for your contempt of Court.

*Penn.*—I desire it might be observed, that we came into the Court with our hats off (that is taken off) and if they have been put on since, it was by order from the bench, and therefore not we but the bench should be fined.

Then Penn, finding the advantage he had got, began to ask questions of the Recorder, much to the discomposure of that learned official. Here is a sample:

*Recorder.*—Sir, you are a troublesome fellow, and it is not for the honor of the Court to suffer you to go on.

*Penn.*—I have asked but one question, and you have not answered me, though the right and privilege of every Englishman be concerned in it.

*Recorder.*—If I should suffer you to ask questions till to-morrow morning, you would never be the wiser.

*Penn.*—That is according as the answers be.

Finally, although the real offence (that of preaching in Grace-church Street) was, I suppose, pretty clearly established, it was found absolutely impossible to get the jury to convict. They brought in a temporizing and modified verdict, which deprived the Court of the few wits with which they seem to have been originally gifted. The Mayor scolded, the Recorder stormed. The jury were locked up, sent back; sent back again, locked up again for something like two days; and must have been made of very stubborn stuff to have resisted the starvation. They did resist, however. The more they were pressed, the more favorable the verdict became, and the bench were at last compelled to accept a complete and triumphant acquittal.

## THE TOILET.

"Whatever it is worth while to do, it is worth while to do well."—*Rape of the Lock.*

For many an age the interwoven foliage of trees, or the skins of animals, were the only garments which clothed the inhabitants of plain or forest. Decorations were unknown, excepting the wild flower plucked from the luxuriant shrub, the berry from the bush, or the shell from the sandy desert. Nature was then unsophisticated, and the lover needed no other attraction to the soothing of his gentle bride than the soft blush on her cheek, the downcast brightness of her kindling eye. This was the golden age of poetry. In after, more iron periods, when avarice ploughed the earth and ambition bestrode it, the gem and the silken fleece, the various products of the loom, and the Tyrian mystery of dyes, all united to give embellishment to beauty, and splendour to dignity of station. But even at that period, when the East and the South laid their decorating riches at the feet of women, we

see, by the sculptors of old, that the dames of Greece, (the then famed models of the world,) were true to the simple laws of a just taste. The amply folding robe, wrapped round the harmonious form; the modest zone, clasping the bosom; the braided hair on the half-veiled head; these were the fashions of the wife of Phocion and the bride of Leonidas—a chastened taste presided at their toilets; and from that era unto the present, the forms and modes of Greece, have been those of the poet, the sculptor, and the painter.

Rome, queen of the world, and, in her day, the haughty dictatress in law and arms to Athens and to Sparta, did not disdain to array her daughters in the dignified attire of the country she had conquered. Indeed the statues of her virgins, her matrons, and her empresses, yet remaining, show in every portion of her ancient streets, the graceful fashions of her Grecian province; Agrippina and Julia, alike charmed in the attic zone,

The irruptions of the wild hordes of the north over these luxuriant lands of female loveliness and civilized society, made it necessary for the fair inhabitants to assume a more repulsive garb; a sort of Amazonian vesture. The flowing robe, the easy, unincumbered shape, the soft, unfettered hair, gave place to an apparel tight and shortened, for flight or contest; to the hardened vest, and head-gear, buckled in gold and silver. Hence, by a natural descent, we find the iron or whalebone boddice, stiff farthingale, and spiral coiffure of the middle ages. The courts of Charlemagne, and of Alfred to that of Elizabeth of England, all successively exhibit the figures of women as if in a state of siege. Such lines of circumvallation, and outworks! such impregnable bulwarks of buckram, wood, and steel! such insurmountable, or rather impassable mazes of silks, satins, flounces, and furbelows, met a man's view, that before he had time even to conjecture what kind of creature was so enveloped, she had withdrawn from his sight; and he only formed a vague wish of curiosity on the subject, by hearing, perhaps, of some kindly-intentioned brother or father, that the moving castle was one of the softer sex!

These preposterous disguisements of the loveliest of nature's works, vanished in England, soon after the restoration of the House of Stuart to its throne. But as revolutions of all sorts too generally run to extremes, in this case the unzoned taste of the English ladies thought no freedom too free. Their restraints were gradually unloosened of their braces, until another touch might have exposed the fair wearers to no thicker veil than the ambient air. Their, alas! un-

blushing shame asked no cloud for more!—But the matron reign of Anne, in some happy measure, corrected this indecency. However, it was not until the accession from Germany, that these free styles of apparel were finally exploded. The antiquated ways of female fortification again introduced the hoop, buckram stays, waists screwed to the circumference of a man's wrist, and the brocaded silks, stiff with gold, were the ensigns of a perpetual warning of, "Keep your distance!" Shoes, with heels so high as to set the wearer on her toes, were as sufficient disablers from sylvan walks in shady lanes, "for whispering lover made!" as if really in gyves,—and heads, for quantity of false hair, either horse or human, and in height to overtop a grenadier of six feet seven, finished the hideous spectacle, which then deformed lovely woman into the semblance of an ugly ogre, or giantess, going about with a *se fa fum* aspect, instead of one to attract and soothe, and captivate the soul of man through his eyes.

But, about fifty years ago, when the arts of sculpture and of painting, when the fine specimens brought for examples from the chisels of Greece, and the pencils of Italy, began to model the general taste of the public, with that of the student in particular, then the mould for the dress of female youth also gradually relaxed its "form and pressure." The health-destroying boddice was abandoned; brocades and whalebone disappeared; and the easy shape and flowing drapery, again resumed the rights of nature and of grace. The bright hues of auburn, raven, or golden tresses, adorned the head in native simplicity; putting to rout the fine powdered *toupées* which yet lingered on the frowning brow of prejudice and deformity!

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

*The Rural Life of England.* By William Howitt, author of *Visits to Remarkable Places, etc., etc.* From the Third London Edition, corrected and revised. 2 vols. Pp. 748. Parry & McMillan: Philadelphia: 1854.

We are perfectly aware that, save from duty to our friendly publishers, it were utterly superfluous appending anything, in the way of *exposition*, to the name of William Howitt. William Howitt? Pray, what *adult*, if not *juvenile*, reader has *missed*, of hearing, yea, and of loving those conjoined names, "William and Mary Howitt? What well-read person has been so unfortunate as to fail of gazing at those two noble

faces, some two years since, in Sartain's Monthly?

We *did* intend referring to certain fragments of these two charming volumes, but our spectacles are too moist to permit. Look, dear reader, at "Anhesley" and "Newstead," in volume first, and *then* look everywhere else, and find something *uninteresting*, if you can.

We elect saying to our readers, look through *all* those seven hundred and forty-eight pages, and do not distract *us* with the effort to discover what is *best*. Only let us remark, in closing, that the inseverable "*unity in duality*" of these admirable persons, from the date of their honey-moon foot-walk of some hundreds of miles, all through trials of the severest description, long afterwards, has ever seemed to us a benefaction to all so privileged as to hear of it.

*Graham's American Monthly Magazine.*  
August, 1854: George R. Graham: Philadelphia.

This is a fine number of Graham, and will any body tell us when there *chanced* to be a number *not* fine? Of what avail were it to *specialize*, and say that Headley's "Washington" continues intensely interesting? What of Headley's, *except* the "Sacred Mountains," *could* be otherwise? The most able man, out of his latitude and longitude, *shortens* to the ordinary stature. Why, either, need we say, that Miss Cheesebro's "Bernice Asherton" is *saturated* with power? The young lady cannot *help* it.

But we have no occasion to say more, than to counsel our reader to read the Monthly *all through*, and if he lights on an *indifferent* article, let him lay the whole blame on our shoulders. We are confident they are broad enough for *that*.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

### CIRCISSIAN SLAVES.

From a letter dated Trebizond, to a French paper, translated by the New York Tribune, we extract the following:

"A few days ago, there arrived at the quarantine of Trebizond about two hundred Circassians, with a live cargo of great variety, but which they found some difficulty in disposing of, by reason of the pecuniary straits in which purchasers are just now placed. The traders, who are steady friends of Shamy, the Mahomet of the Caucasus, and the bitter and determined enemies of Nicholas, whom in their figurative language

they call the vulture of the snows, had for sale forty packages of human flesh. They were made up of a dozen children of from four to eight years old, and of thirty females ranging between fifteen and thirty. One of these females was exceedingly beautiful. She might be fifteen or sixteen years old; the look she gave us was that of a proud and haughty soul, but in her manner there was nothing of that pensive agitation which we remarked in her companions, and even in the little children. Her large, open and lustrous eyes were expressive of a mind that was at once both bold and calm. She no doubt imagined that her beauty would be her protection, and that even her future master could not help but feel its influence. It would indeed be difficult to give anything like an adequate description of this woman. But I have seen portraits which have a strong resemblance to her: they were, however, the works of great masters, which I then believed to have been the creations of their fancy, and not the representations of any human being. A great master does not however deal merely in the fanciful; he delineates what he sees, or what he recollects that he has seen. What I admired in this young woman was not so much her exquisite proportions, her grace and her charming countenance, as her noble and queenly attitude. Her mien was something like that of Cleopatra; had she a diadem on her head, one could have taken her for one of those queens we read of in ancient history, or had she on an oaken chaplet, she might have passed for a priestess among the Druids. This lovely mountain maid, who had passed her life amid the snows of the Caucasus, and whose lot it may be to become one day the wife of a Sultan, wore a sorry garment of coarse blue cloth, which was faded and much stained. It was made after the Turkish fashion, open in front, and exhibited to view an under-garment very much soiled, but embroidered with silk of many colors. This garment showed so well the graceful development of the bust, that you would have almost sworn that it was pasted to her. It is quite clear that there must be some superior seamstresses in the Caucasus. She wore a white muslin veil cast back, which was stained and torn, but so attached as to envelope her like a vestal when she pleased. When we had contemplated this specimen of beauty, so rare in any country, we proceed to inspect the men who were the fathers or uncles of females and children for sale. The greater part of the Circassians speak and understand the language of the Turks, and it was in this language that the Doctor interrogated them, and received their answers. I shall merely give the translation of my guide:

'What is the price of this child?' said he to one of the Circassians.

'Three thousand piastres,' replied the other. [A sum equal to about 600 francs.]

'And what do you ask for the girl?' said the Doctor, pointing to the individual just described.

'Twenty-five thousand piastres, neither more nor less,' and seeing that the Doctor was saying something to me in a whisper, he added: 'That is not too dear, for her entire person is as free from defects as her face. When the quarantine is over, you may make yourself sure on that head. It is only a year ago since I sold her sister, who is not in any way her superior, and yet she brought me thirty thousand piastres. But as we are at present in greater want of money than we usually are, we have lowered the price to get away the sooner.'

#### THE WEST EMBRACES THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

Correspondence of the Western Christian Advocate.

DANVILLE, Ill., July 14.

The Lord has greatly revived his work on this circuit. Since the revival at Bethel, we have had a pleasant shower of divine grace at Brother Dopp's, and ten accessions. At Blue Grass we had a more copious shower; thirty-four joined on probation, and there were as many conversions. The meeting lasted two weeks, with increased interest all the time. I had to close to rest for an attack at Bun, which came off the week following, resulting in a complete victory on Israel's side. Several of the brethren and sisters had their cups to run over with the blessing of perfect love, in which blessing I shared largely. We closed with ten accessions, and as many conversions. There have been received up to this date, on this circuit, one hundred and seventy-six, and more than as many conversions. Our prayer is, that the Lord will continue to revive his work till the last sinner shall yield to be saved through Christ.

PETER WALLACE.

#### CURIOUS CUSTOM.

The causes for which a Mahometan woman may ask a divorce are clearly laid down in Koran; and her evidence is sufficient, because the Mahometan law supposes that a woman must be violently agrieved before the modesty of her sex will allow her to appear in public with such an application. So careful is the law to spare her feelings, that she is not required to recount her injuries, unless of her own free will; all she has to do is to place her slippers reversed, that is with the sole upward, before the Cadi, and the case is finished; the divorce is granted without further inquiry.

#### THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

That this opera was written to satirize the courtiers, through the medium of ordinary characters, both the songs and dialogues attest. The character of *Peachum* was drawn after the model of Jonathan Wild, a celebrated thief and thief-taker, who had suffered for his notorious villainies about three years before the production of this opera, and *Peachum* pursuing his Tyburn list, was no more than the daily practice of Wild. Gay, however, by frequently comparing highwaymen to courtiers, and mixing political allusions, drew the attention of the public to the character of Sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister, who like other prime ministers, had a strong party against him, who constantly took care to make or find a comparison between the two characters. A particular anecdote of this nature is told of Sir Robert. In the scene where *Peachum* and *Lockit* are described settling their accounts, *Lockit* sings the song, "When you censure the age," &c., which had such an effect on the audience, that, as if by instinct, the greater part of them threw their eyes on the stage-box, where the minister was sitting, and loudly encored it. Sir Robert saw this stroke instantly, and saw it with good humor and discretion; for no sooner was the song finished, than he encored it a second time himself, joined in the general applause, and by this means brought the audience into so much good humour with him, that they gave him a general huzza from all parts of the house.

But, notwithstanding this escape, every night, and for many years afterwards that the *Beggar's Opera* was brought out, it is said the minister (Sir Robert Walpole) never could, with any satisfaction, be present at its representation, on account of the many allusions which the audience thought referred to his character. The first song was thought to point to him; the name of *Bob Booty*, whenever mentioned, again raised the laugh against him; and the quarrelling scene between *Peachum* and *Lockit*, was so well understood at that time to allude to a recent quarrel between the two ministers, Lord Townshend and Sir Robert, that the house was in convulsions of applause.

Macklin was present at its first representation, and states its success to have been very doubtful until after the opening of the second act, when, after the chorus song of "Let us take the road," the applause was universal and unbounded. Notwithstanding, however, the adventitious circumstances which are stated to have originally promoted its success, there is no piece which enjoys more quiet possession of the stage, or which, when well cast, proves more beneficial to the treasury of the theatre; and



there is none certainly which has tended more to establish performers as favourites with the public, from the original *Macheath*, *Polly*, *Lucy*, *Peachum*, and *Lockit*, to those of our own day. The original *Polly*, Lavinia Fenton, was ennobled, being married to the Duke of Bolton.

To this opera there was no music originally intended to accompany the songs, till Rich, the manager, suggested it on the second rehearsal. The junto of wits who regularly attended, one and all objected to it; and it was given up until the Duchess of Queensbury (Gay's stanch patroness) accidentally hearing of it, attending herself the next rehearsal, when it was tried and universally approved of. The song, "The Modes of the Court," was written by Lord Chesterfield; "Virgins are Like the Fair Flower in its Lustre," by Sir Hanbury Williams; "When you Censure the Age," by Swift; and "Gamesters and Lawyers are Jugglers Alike," supposed to be written by Mr Fortesque, then Master of the Bolls.

The reception this celebrated opera met with in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, is too well-known to need recital. In London, nothing stopped its progress through the course of the season, but the benefit nights of the performers. Nor age nor time have been able to stale the character of this opera. Every species of performers have attempted it, from theatres royal to barn and puppet-shows. Not longer ago than the year 1790 it was played at Barnstaple, in Devonshire, when *Macheath* had but *one eye*; *Polly* but *one arm*; the songs, supported in the orchestra by a man who whistled the tunes, whilst the manager could not read.

#### CONFESSIONS OF A FRENCHWOMAN.

Born and bred in Paris, I became, in my earliest youth, the toast of my native city. Heartily tired of the praises of my beauty, repeated every day in verse and prose, in songs and poems, in companies and periodical publications, and calculating upon new fame and fresh admirers, I set out on my travels and quitted Paris and France. In Spain, in England, in Germany, in Italy; in short, wherever I went, I was disappointed in my expectations, and my pride was humbled. In every country I found a different standard of beauty. I resolved to leave this quarter of the globe, and journeyed to Asia. Here I fared still worse. I shall say nothing of Turkey, Persia, or Circassia, because, on comparing myself with the beauties of those countries, I could not help feeling my inferiority. But, when I reached China, I thought the people there would never have done laughing at my large eyes, my aquiline nose, my small ears, my apology for a

mouth, my immense feet, and my shoes, in each of which there was room enough for four Chinese feet. From China I proceeded to the Marian Islands. Here the natives laughed just as heartily at my teeth and my hair: for among them the height of beauty consists in black teeth and long white hair.

In Arabia I made no conquests, for I did not understand the art of colouring my eyebrows a coal-black, and of enlarging the eye considerably towards the temple by a stripe of the same colour; in short, I had not the excessively large, black, prominent eye, or the chalk-white complexion of the beauties of the East. As the natives of the Alps had wondered to see me without goitre, so were the Hottentots astonished that I had not a flat nose, a body as big and as round as a barrel, and half-putrid intestines of animals twisted by way of ornament about my arms and legs. In America, in the southern province of Cumana, they found fault with me because my cheeks were not hollow, nor my face long and narrow, and because I was not large enough about the hips; for there they compress the head between two boards, and fasten tight bandages above the knee to produce these peculiarities of conformation. In North America I witnessed a quarrel between a negress and a white woman on the subject of beauty. Both claimed the prize. "Only look," said the former, "at my black shining skin, my thick coral lips, my white eyes, my woolly hair; how can your pale diseased look, your sickly blue eye, your little pursed-up mouth, your lank hair, hanging as if it had just come out of the water, compare with these?" The white woman was about to reply, but I took her aside and taught her, by my own experience and example, that we must not look for a general standard of beauty.

#### EXTENT OF RUSSIA.

Russia is the greatest unbroken empire for extent that ever existed, occupying vast regions of Europe and Asia, and nearly one-sixth of the habitable globe. It is forty-one times the size of France, and one hundred and thirty-eight times that of England. Yet it was too small for the ambition of the Emperor Alexander, who is reported to have said: "I insist upon having the Baltic to skate upon, the Caspian for a bathing-place, the Black Sea as a wash-hand basin, and the North Pacific Ocean as a fish-pond." He "encroached on Tartary for a pasture, on Persia and Georgia for a vineyard, on Turkey for a garden, on Poland for a farm, on Finland and Lapland as a hunting-ground, and took a part of North America as a place of banishment for offenders."

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## BYRON AS MAN AND AS POET.

Such a theme as this, how often soever discussed, can never be exhausted. Like material Nature eternally rejuvenescent, the great poet is to the successive human generations a fountain of thought and emotion ever new and fresh. I care not for the storm of obloquy, that blackened and flashed and thundered over Byron's life, nor ceased to beat even on the grave digged by his own self-immolating toils. I fear not to say, that I *love* even more than I *admire*, the poet, Byron,—though my admiration transcends all measurable bounds,—but far more intensely do I both admire and love Byron, the *man*. My very soul burns, as 'twere stung with musketoes and nettles, when I remember the reception, which *such* an emanation of the Fountain-Life met with from the inferior participants of the same common nature. And what *was* the social fate of one instinctively just and illimitably generous; magnanimous in word and deed by an organic necessity; of him, whose thoughts were indestructible creations of Beauty, and whose impulses toward universal Humanity were like tiding seas or earth's galvanic currents; of that matchless creature, who, with an intellect penetrative and comprehensive almost beyond example, combined feelings absolutely childlike in their mobility, simplicity and directness; while at the same time standing alone in the fiery vehemence of his *executive energies*,—what, I say, was the doom pronounced upon him by a large class of his cotemporaries? Alas! it is too freshly remembered to need recalling. And what absurdities,—harmless, but for their malign and misleading falseness,—are even now cast upon his unresponding tomb by men of an age, that *should*, if it does not, know better?

Not long since I noticed, in one of our Monthlies, an essay, wherein Byron was stigmatized, as the chief *patron* and *exemplar*, if not strictly the *originator*, of what the writer termed the "Literature of Rascality."

Now, had not this essayist "defined his

position," I might have been embarrassed not a little to determine what *special department* of Literature he meant by the above designation.

Is it History—I might have queried—History, which is mainly devoted to eternizing the remembrance of the atrocities and horrors of War,—that is, of murder, robbery and incendiarism "on a grand scale;" and which lavishes its rhetoric enthusiasm on building up the renown of conquerors and military heroes,—alias, of murderers, brigands and oppressors "by the wholesale?"

Or is it,—I might have queried further,—the far-sounding immortalities of epic or tragic poetry, which deal mostly with the self-same agencies and materials; portraying the fiends of this earthly pandemonium, with their *exemplary* deeds, save when they expand their plumes for a flight into the still racier Hell of the immaterial spheres?

I might put many kindred inquiries touching the several departments of Literature, so-called. This, however, were needless here, since the writer referred to has told us unequivocally, that he means the Literature, which contents itself with employing for its purposes the *smaller* specimens of villainy and the *milder* types of imperfect, erring Humanity. And of *this* Literature, as I said, he proclaims Byron the patron.

Now were I *seriously* to undertake controverting such a charge as this, the Shade of the noble Bard, I am sure, would "rap" his indignation. I will, therefore, simply register my regret, that a writer, who exhibits considerable vigor both of thought and expression, should have been thus tempted to "follow the multitude to do evil." Could he but rid himself of a certain eternally goading appetite for what is vulgarly called "piling up the agony;" a proclivity to *emphasize* with merciless intensity on all topics and on every occasion; and learn, that *repose*, no less than vehement action, is of the order of Nature in Letters, as well as elsewhere; our National Literature might find in him a successful cultivator and worthy champion.

As it is, it can scarce be wondered at, that, in relation to our poet, he has "caught the

twang" of his birth-place. For he is believed to be a native and denizen of that City, which with much intelligence and culture, together with an ample measure of the more solid virtues, is yet the nursery and headquarters of "Cant." With all its practical energy and sturdy resolve, it has never been able to fling aside those *stays*, ribbed with whalebone and steel, which compress the normal, healthful beatings of its really capacious, magnanimous heart.

My present design is to speak of Byron, as man and as poet, and to indicate some of the effects produced by him in either capacity, on both his own generation and ours. With a theme so large, I must perforce select, for discussion, a few only of the numberless items comprised in it.

I shall therefore pass over, without formal notice, our poet's antecedents of lineage, birth, education, &c.—all which "the world knows by heart"—and commence with the period, when, having closed accounts with the University, we find him leading much the same amusement-hunting life with most others of his class and years.

Such a life, however, could not, even at nineteen, wholly content him; for the lava-elements of the future "Childe" and "Corsair" and "Bride of Abydos" were even then igniting and stirring within him. Accordingly, while yet a "legal infant," he sent forth his "Hours of Idleness." Most auspicious for both himself and the world were this publication and its sequences, though at the moment he thought the reverse. Its immediate result was, that from his semi-slumbering state he was stung into smarting, wide-awake life by a freezing, bitter blast from the North. The Edinburgh critique on his juvenile effusions was not very far astray in its judgment; but in its mode of expression it was insupportably insulting to the susceptible young author. That insult was to him a benefaction. For it was *that*, I suspect, which flashed into his mind his very first approximate conception of the mighty elements reposing therein, while it kindled emotions, that gave him his first glimpse of his wondrous executive possibilities.

Seizing his pen, he poured forth a flood of burning, scathing satire upon his formidable veteran assailant: thereby exhibiting a vigor of thought, intensity of utterance, and fertility of resource, which astounded all such as had known him merely as the idle young peer, and the author of sundry mediocre verses. Here was a fresh confirmation of the old adage, that the mind's supreme power and beauty and worth, like the most precious ores of the mine, lie far beneath the surface, and can be brought to light

only by deep delving, or by some grand upheaving natural convulsion.

But the self-knowledge thus acquired, never afterward passed into utter abeyance. His two years of European and Oriental travel, which soon followed this publication, besides accumulating a mass of most valuable material for subsequent use, produced the first two Cantos of "Childe Harold." The story is too trite for repeating, how the appearance of these Cantos—reluctantly assented to by himself—affected the Public so instantly and powerfully, that (in his own phrase) he "awoke one morning, and found himself famous." This distinction, super-added to that conferred by his personal advantages, and his high ancestral rank, inevitably made him, for a season, "the observed of all observers," a social "lion" of the very largest size.

Then came, first, his marriage; second, a single year of domestic and pecuniary difficulties combined; and, thirdly, an eternal separation between the matrimonial martyrs.

On the items of this portion of the hard's life, I have nothing now to remark. Whenever, as here, there is a "lady in the case," I find it safest obeying that universal instinct, which dictates that precious porcelain wares, as they are no less fragile than precious, should be handled gingerly—or, better still, not handled at all—since, if shattered, they cannot be repaired. As all know, however, the issue was the bursting upon him of a storm of censure so general and so violent, that, at twenty-eight, he quitted his native soil forever. But, lacerated and tortured as were all his domestic and social feelings, he did not succumb; but, for nine succeeding years, he poured forth, at brief intervals, poems of unequalled vividness, splendor and force. At the close of this term, he listened to the call of Greece, insurgent against barbarian oppression, and, at the untimely age of thirty-seven, sacrificed his life in her behalf.

And now, as I proposed, I would say something of him, as man and as poet, and of his action on the world in both characters. Enough has been prated, heretofore, of his personal faults and vices—immeasurably more, indeed, than *reality* ever warranted. These I have no call either to deny or defend, for neither denial nor defence can alter *facts*. Sufficient for me, if I can offer some suggestions, which may *expiate* these delinquencies, without supposing him deliberately, intrinsically evil; while specifying some good traits, and not a few important services rendered by him to mankind, which seem to have been commonly overlooked.

From first to last, if I mistake not, Byron

was essentially a being of impulses, intellectually and morally, while his impulses were alike easily moved and vehement in kind. It is chiefly through men thus tempered, that Providence works out large social changes, and bestows important benefits on our race; the subjects being usually unconscious of executing such mission at all, and especially unconscious of its magnitude and moment. Such a missionary was Byron, unknown to himself, and the ends he subserved I shall hereafter touch upon.

First, however, let me endeavour to explain briefly how his native temperament, acted upon by the anomalous conditions to which he was subjected, produced his delinquencies, as a well nigh inevitable, however deplorable, result.

That in his organization were mingled the nobler elements, in an eminent degree, is beyond question. But in what should be deemed the true outset of his career—the period succeeding the publication of the first two Cantos of “*Childe Harold*”—petted and idolized as was never man before: receiving, in profoundest measure, alike the smiles of the beautiful, and the homage of the distinguished and the great; breathing incessantly an atmosphere surcharged with enervating luxury, not to say moral miasma; what wonder that a being, by temperament wide “open to all impulses of soul and sense,” passionate and vivid, sensitive and fiery, with an early education, too, that more exacerbated and disturbed, than restrained and guided, should, while so noted upon in the very dew and morning flush of his youth, have temporarily “lost his head” and gone wild? Why marvel at any vagaries this sorely tried youth may have perpetrated? Pillowed thus on the lap and inebriate with the fumes of epicurism and adulation, the prospect was—despite the proofs he had given of extraordinary powers—that he was, for the future, lost to all worthy performance of whatever kind. Such beings, however, are not created for such a doom.

The sudden and total change, in his case, from universal adulation to universal vituperation, with his resulting self-banishment from England, was his true initiation into the work appointed him. It was, indeed, a revolution in life, for which I can recall no precedent, and its effects on one so constituted were of corresponding quality. The literary darling, as he was of Europe, of America, and even of the Orient—whose ferrid lines the unsophisticated, generous young of either sex and all degrees hung over in rapt love and admiration—it was certainly deplorable, though not unexampled, that the narrow-minded and petty-souled everywhere, who eternally reiterate the profligate feat of “straining at gnats and

swallowing camels,” should have let loose upon him their howling, whining, croaking, misailing moralisms: and especially that his own country, then bending loyally before the monarch, styled by the bard, “The fourth of the fools and oppressors, called George,” should have expatriated a creature so sensitive and rarely endowed, by an extremity of abuse unmatched in public or private annals!

I must, however, be allowed a brief episode to say, that a few even in his own land stood forth in high-hearted oppugnance to this general “hue and cry.” The magnanimous Scott, a more “perfect, gentle knight,” than was ever sketched even by his own magic pen, came out with a tribute not less just, than it was self-imperilling, to the atrociously abused poet. And the vivid-minded, gallant D’Israeli—in his “*Vivian Grey*,” that “first appearance” scarce ever paralleled for sparkling brilliancy and impetuous rush—cast his gauntlet at the feet of the chafing, yelping mob of nations, in frank, fearless championship of the vilified bard.

Such exceptions, however, were too rare to change much the general aspect of things. The majority, whether voiced by the Press or otherwise, were bitterly hostile to the poet, and set no bounds to their abuse of him. He says himself, that he was “compared in the journals to Nero, Apicius, Epicurus, Caligula, Heliogabalus, Henry Eighth, &c..” And, even after he had quitted a country so unworthy of him, the same immeasurable obloquy followed him to his foreign retreat, and never ceased to prowl hungrily about him, till the tomb had closed over the unbearing ear and the no longer vulnerable heart.

Now, however this state of things may have operated on the intellect, it certainly was not favorable to the moral state of one so peculiarly tempered, so educated, and so conditioned in all ways beside. Its instant, inevitable consequence, was to make him, for the residue of his life, a *solitary* in the midst of multitudes. Not a *voluntary* release either; in kindly accord with the world he no longer mingled with, but one upon *compulsion*—the compulsion of that very world’s unprovoked hate and calumny—he, the while, being never beyond audience of such hate and calumny in rampant, undying activity. Solitude, even when *peaceful*, has its numerous and peculiar perils, as the true history of monastic and conventual life would demonstrate. But Byron’s solitude, unnatural as it was and bristling with perpetual irritations, was far more perilous still.

Thus his many eccentricities, which the world regarded as the deliberate acts of a fearfully debased soul, would have been pro-

nounced, by a candid judge, the abnormal workings of a vividly sensitive, enthusiastic temperament, incessantly harassed and perturbed by the "war of the many with one."

His sexual license constitutes precisely one of those topics which the public is too delicate to hear discussed, as it might be, and as, for the general good, it should be. Without, therefore, either condemning or justifying, I would simply say that this, like most other of the poet's so-called vices, was the morbid action of a mind and body flung from their healthy equipoise by the wear and tear of a life so unnatural—unnatural in two ways—first, that, with strong social biases of all kinds, his domestic affinities were all severed, and he legally forbidden to form new ones; while, at the same time, he was cut off from social interchange in general, and thus his whole affectional nature was left to stagnate and exhale a moral malarial; and secondly, that, while thus conditioned, he must needs feel and brood over the insupportably cruel fact, that his ancestral land had cast him out as a foul, noisome thing; and not content with this, had pursued him to his far foreign seclusion with hisses and execrations. In abnormal conditions the passions, one and all, will, in the majority of cases, act abnormally. These hints may explain—I have nothing to say about *excusing*—Byron's alleged immoralities.

But, not to dwell longer on specialties, I feel bound to submit certain general considerations on this topic, though I fear they will not easily be digested by a large class of the community—the class which condemns Byron and his friend, Shelley, without qualification, and is rabidly hostile to all "isms," provided they are new.

To such moralistic civilizes I would say, then, that man is, and must be, virtuous or the reverse, as a *race*, and not as an *individual*. The destinies of our total kind cannot be separated. Together must all stand, or together fall.

True it is, that, by providential ordination, an individual does occasionally stand forth, as an *exemplar* of what all are capable of being, of what all *should* be, and of what (we trust) all will, eventually be—one in accord with himself, with other men, and with the great Author of life. Of this class, Jesus is the central representative and leading model. We discern in him nothing that reminds us of any particular nationality or age, or social condition. He is purely cosmopolitan—a providential character of the harmonic type—and therefore a fitting ideal for "all nations and kindreds and tongues."

Such persons, however, are exceptions; and

exceeding rare ones, to the mass of the Race. In general, the main difference between one and another individual of this mass consists in outward appearances, the result of various moulding conditions. With no single exception, all are effected more or less, and in one or another way, by the predominant social influences, be they good or bad. He whose impetuous constitutional daring prompts him to do, in broad noonday, what a second does, when he can shelter himself under covert of night, and to act out what the latter longs to, but dares not, cannot, in justice, be pronounced inferior to this latter in moral worth.

When men learn, if ever, that the Race is a unit,—a unit in its moral deservings, as in its destinies both present and ultimate,—then, too, they will learn, in obedience to the highest precepts, to "bear one another's burdens," whatever these may be, and so "fulfil the Law of Love." A precious kind of goodness *this*, who would *single* sneak into bliss eternal by bald favoritism, instead of absolute worth, and leave his own "slesh and blood," together with a measureless majority of his kind, to an inconceivably awful doom! Under intelligent impressions, men will frankly confess themselves accessories to the acts of those they call criminal and vicious; and take upon themselves a proportionate share of the blame-worthiness of the latter; since there is no one, who has not done somewhat towards creating the very conditions, which have made these delinquents what they are.

I am fully aware, that to many this will sound a strange and repulsive doctrine. I will readily surrender it, as false, when I encounter *one* man, who dares pronounce himself totally free from evil in some of its forms. But never yet have I met *one*, who, in his confidential moments, would not acknowledge, that *he* was far, very far, from this.

The truth undeniably is, that if one member of the great humanitarian body be sick or suffering, all the rest must perforce be sick or suffer with it. Such is the doctrine alike of Revelation and of common sense.

Such being the fact, what fairness in singling out *one*, as a target for universal reprehension and reproach? Not less justly and wisely might the brain instigate the tongue to curse the poor snot on account of the goat there located! Is that goat any other, than the outbreathing manifestation of a *virus*, wherein the whole system participates equally with the feet?

Thus, why isolate Byron for such a doom? Most especially, when *he* was, in all ways, one of the most superb specimens of the *possibilities* of our kind, and when *he* had, in fact, done so much to charm, to illumine,

and to rouse the nations to a fervor of emotion and an intellectual activity unexampled before! Were his alleged derelictions more flagrant than those of David or Solomon? Yet, in our houses of divine worship, we sing the lyrics of the one and listen reverently to homilies from the maxims of the other!

One of the world's pleasant peculiarities has been to look abhorrently on the *public executioner*, although the putative wise and good pronounce his office absolutely indispensable to the conservation of social order.

So, too, the *scavenger* is regarded with shrinking disgust and placed at the very foot of the societary scale, though the health and the very life of the community are universally declared to hang upon the faithful performance of his functions.

Now if, according to the world's conviction, these functionaries render services of such incalculable worth,—services, without which society must even *perish*.—then, I say, that in ordinary fairness they should be set on the summit, instead of at the base of the social column, and be awarded the wreath of honor, instead of universal abhorrence or disgust: And so they *would* be in any world, save one turned upside down!

Now, craving pardon of the poet's Shade for these unsavory illustrations, I would suggest, that he performed services to society not less important—however different—than the officials above named. For, alike in his character and in his writings, he exhibited, with matchless vividness and force, what human nature is in all its several elements and in its every various light and shade,—especially as that nature is modified by our existing civilization in its most advanced stages. If, then, he shared the same fate with the aforementioned public benefactors, it was through the same injustice of a subversive society, which puts "sweet for bitter and bitter for sweet," and where, full often, the last are ranked first and the first last.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

A SERIES OF LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NUMBER XIV.

M'r Editor:—I recur to a temporary continuation of my pupil's narrative of his experiences prior to his acquaintances with myself. The *conditions* of this continuation are identical with those twice indicated already.

"I have previously stated, that, for a con-

siderable time, even subsequent to the commencement of my 'mediumship,' I was beset with doubts of the spiritual origin of these phenomena, occasionally reaching utter skepticism. Yet, through this whole interval, I was favored with not a few manifestations both pleasing and instructive.

Thus, on one occasion, I met at a friend's, D'r T——'s, a company of about ten, who had assembled in the hope of obtaining manifestations. All being seated around a table and passively awaiting what might occur, my hand was convulsively shaken, and grasping a pen, wrote various communications, purporting to emanate from Spirits. While thus occupied, I requested D'r S——, a professor in one of our City Colleges, to examine the muscles of my arm from the shoulder downward, and that he might the more effectually do so, I threw off my coat. The D'r, who was a complete skeptic touching Spirit-intervention, commenced a rigorous examination at my shoulder, extending it gradually towards the wrist, and then returning to the shoulder, he severely scrutinized the muscles of the neck and back. After he had completed his inspection, I desired him to inform the company what set of muscles were contracted and relaxed in order to produce that movement of the pen on the paper, which he had just witnessed, while examining my arm. He replied, that he had been unable to detect *any normal* contracting and relaxing of the muscles, while my 'controlled' pen was traversing the paper; yet that, though he could not explain *how* such movements could be made without the *usual* muscular contractions and relaxations, he nevertheless was unprepared *as yet* to believe them of super-mundane origin.

The D'r then asked, if the Spirit of Swedenborg ever professed to communicate through me. I replied, 'yes.' Taking from his pocket a volume of the *Seer* and laying it on the table before me, he said, 'is there any matter on these pages, which you, their author, would correct, were you allowed to rewrite it?'

My controlled pen wrote 'yes.' And immediately my hand was impelled to take up the volume, and turn over several pages, when my pen wrote, '*herein* I erred and in this wise,—I condemned certain Spirits, who approached me, and set them down as *evil*, because they were unable to answer a question, which God alone could answer.'

The matter alluded to by Swedenborg was this; being accosted by several Spirits, he asked them to describe the *modus operandi* of the viscera in separating the fæces from the chyle, and they could not answer the question. 'Hence,' said he, 'I concluded, that if they could not answer a question,

relating to one of the meanest of nature's workings (i. e. the separation of the faces), they assuredly could not answer such, as concerned the highest of God's *spiritual* attributes.'

As previously stated, Swedenborg wrote, that 'he erred, while in the flesh, in acquiring of Spirits a knowledge involving the whole mystery of the creation of *fibrin*, and consequently of the creation of all creatures both animal and human,—a mystery, which God alone could analyse and solve. Hence the condemnatory judgment pronounced upon these Spirits was erroneous.'

Now mark, the book was produced at the moment, was a total stranger to me, and the explanation was written out by my 'controlled' pen in a few moments and without the slightest hesitation!

The D'r was greatly astonished at the affair and plied me with question after question. And although a person well qualified for the task, he soon discovered, that there was present a mysterious Intelligence, which suggested responses to all his interrogatories.

Much else of interest took place at this *séance*, which has escaped from my memory. One manifestation, however, of a physical nature I can recall, and I will record it before closing my account of this meeting.

I laid my arm on the table, while my body was in a *writing* position, and requested the D'r, who was a very large-sized, athletic man, to grasp it with his two hands and endeavor to prevent the Spirits from moving it. Or, if you choose, endeavor to hold it still. He complied, and in a moment my arm moved *laterally* and flung him with considerable force away from the table. Not thus to be vanquished, he made a second attempt, and, as before, he found a Power operating, which was superior to himself, and which, though acting laterally and thus at an immense disadvantage, was able to set at defiance all the strength he could put forth.

This manifestation puzzled him exceedingly, since being, from his profession, fully acquainted with the *organic* forces and *normal* movements of the body, he knew well that such an exhibition of strength on my part was little short of impossible to my *unaided* muscular powers, exercised in such a manner.

On another occasion, I was invited to call on a D'r M., which I did, and found several of his family assembled with himself to meet me. The D'r having placed a miniature in my hand, I remained passive a few minutes, and then passing into a 'trance,' I represented by pantomime the last sickness and death of some person. In this representation were exhibited the peculiar symptoms of the malady, as also particular actions of

the patient before she died. All these the family, with one accord, declared were *perfectly true to facts*.

After this, several miniatures and other articles belonging to various persons were placed in my hand, and from these I delineated the characteristics of the several individuals to whom they had belonged, in a manner which their intimate acquaintances pronounced strictly correct.

On several subsequent visits to the same family, the Spirit of the above-mentioned deceased person has communicated through me numerous facts, of which I could not possibly have gained a knowledge by any other means than Spirit-intervention. My experience of this kind with D'r M. would cover many pages, but the foregoing must suffice.

Again: I called one day on a M'r G., a complete sceptic as to Spirit-intervention. Sitting down beside him, and our conversation turning on that subject, he inquired whether I could communicate with any of his friends in the Spirit-world. I replied, I would take my pen and endeavor to learn whether any of these were present. He then put the question, whether a Spirit were present who would communicate with him. The answer was, 'yes.' 'Can you inform me of what malady my sister died?' Answer, 'yes.' My controlled pen then traced out the entire course of the disease, with the mode of its termination.

M'r G. then asked what Spirit had now been communicating. A response was given by my hand being carried to a *bill-file*, and taking therefrom a certain bill, headed by the name of M'r G.'s brother, which I handed to him.

M'r G. asked, 'where did you die?' Answer, 'in California.' 'Can you state the cause of the death of my child?' In reply, this cause and the accompanying symptoms were described.

'It is most astonishing,' exclaimed M'r G.: 'I really do not know what to think of it!' He then told me that the sister above spoken of, died suddenly in one of the New England States, and exhibited in her sickness and death the peculiar *symptoms* I had detailed, but that the attendant physicians, after a post-mortem examination, had decided that her death was from a *cause* different from that assigned by the Spirits. Part of this statement was obscure to me, and I begged him to explain. He replied, that several '*mediums*' had previously stated that she died of a malady producing certain *appearances*, which by her physicians were taken erroneously for the *cause*, instead of the *effect*. 'And, strange coincidence,' he added, 'your pen has given the same account of the matter, as the mediums

consulted where she died, all of you convicting the physicians of the self-same mistake! The death, too, of my child, with its attendant symptoms, were as you have described them. You have particularized many of these symptoms, with an exactitude perfectly astonishing. As regards, too, the brother above named, we have not heard from, or of him, for four years. We, indeed, casually learned that he was in California, but had no reliable testimony to the fact, and yours is the first information, purporting to be authentic, which we have received. Certainly I am strongly impressed that these manifestations are far beyond life's ordinary occurrences, nor can I conceive of any known law which will explain them. Though, however, I am at fault in accounting for their *origin*, it is quite undeniable that they are *facts*, and, as such, shall in future claim my earnest attention.

At a subsequent sitting at Goldsmith's Hall, Eighth Street, some things occurred which may be worth registry. The purpose of this meeting was to afford sceptics an opportunity of learning something of Spiritualism. Some twelve individuals, who had been invited to be present, were beheld seated around the room, all strangers alike to the rest of the 'Circle' and to myself. These were the supposed sceptical inquirers. The Circle, as usual, closed around the table. Mr Henry Gordon, a 'rapping medium,' constituted a member of the tabularians. Each individual was allowed five minutes for asking questions of their Spirit-friends.

After the company generally had used the privilege accorded them, I was moved to seat myself beside a Mr W., a perfect stranger to me, and place my hand upon his chest. My hand was *carried* (for I had no *volition* therein), in various directions over his person, and indicated the whereabouts of certain diseased spots, while, at the same time, I was 'impressed' to inform him orally of the *cause* of his ailments. In fact, there was thus communicated to him, by 'impression,' a complete diagnosis of his case, and he told me subsequently, that this my diagnosis was in perfect accordance with his symptoms; and, still further, that the remedies prescribed by the Spirits had proved efficacious.

But the most inexplicable manifestation of the evening was one occurring subsequently. In response to a *mental question*, put by a *stranger* who sat before me, I stated that certain *symptoms* were the effects of *specified causes*, which symptoms and causes were both detailed through me. I then said, 'Doctor, place your hand on this pulse.' (The gentleman proved to be a physician, though I knew it not when I so

named him!) On his taking my wrist, he was told to mark the pulsations. He did so, and declared that they had run up to *above one hundred and twenty per second!* Said the Doctor, 'I think this *must* be injurious to the brain.' The Spirits replied, 'No.' And, to demonstrate their complete control over me, *they instantly reduced my pulsations to less than fifty*—a phenomenon naturally enough astounding to the Doctor.

Here, undeniably, was a practical illustration of supra-mundane power. But *how*, it may be queried, were Spirits able to accelerate and retard the action of my heart? I have put this question to them, and they replied, if I have rightly recorded their answer, as follows:—

'The heart's  *motive power* lies in the contraction and expansion of minute vessels within it. These vessels form a nervous net-work, originating in the ganglionic branches, constituting the great intercostal nerve. Thence the threads of this net-work are carried through the *dura mater* to the *sensorium*, and, when there, are protected from the action of the mind by a sheath of *non-active* matter, which alone is open to be acted upon by the magnetic or odic force proceeding from the Spirit-world. Now, the workings of the heart are in this wise; the life-principle of the soul being given, there is imparted to the body a magnetic attraction, which draws into the human organism the odic force of the Spirit-spheres, which puts in action the placental pulsations of the germ. These pulsations cause the expansive and contractile vessels of the future heart to perform their office. The body of the germ, being then furnished with the prerequisites of existence, goes forward in the creative work, and through the fluids ejected into it becomes a complete human being. This being accomplished, the placental integument becomes a permanent arrangement in the body, and from it is extended the nervous sheath of the heart's contractile and expansive vessels, which are the motors of said heart, and the inciters of life. Now, in order that *extra-corporeal* Spirits may operate upon these *vessels*, they need only to operate upon the *non-active sheath* confining the nerves within the sensorium, and forthwith an action is produced upon the heart's expansive and contractile vessels. Thus Spirits are able to expand and contract them, and this action accelerates or retards the circulations, and hence the phenomena under review.'

But, it may here be asked, 'if Spirits possess this power, are not mankind liable to become subject to them; and their very lives put in jeopardy?'

Their reply is, 'No;—for, although, by



prolonged action upon the non-active sheath in the sensorium, we may be able so to contract the vessels of the heart, as to produce *apparent* asphyxia, yet we are not *in fact* able to contract them *so far* as to induce *real* asphyxia, because the cerebral nervous power, which is controlled by the *indwelling* Spirit, is, under God, able to countervail all such endeavors, by mere dint of *opposing* power.

Thus far, my friend. I have no room to comment *now* on these anomalous matters, but may hereafter do so."

### GILES COLLINS.

[Mr. Halliwell has lately given us a Copy of this Ballad among his "Nursery Rhymes of England;" and characterizes it as taking a little higher flight than most of its kind: but "many a time and oft the doleful burthen (he says) has found wandering sympathy in the memory better than clear intelligence any where else."

The "autient" transcript here written shows some differences from M<sup>r</sup>. Halliwell's copy.]

#### I.

Lady Annis she sat in her bay window  
A-mending of her night-coif;  
As she sat she saw the handsomest corpse  
That ever she saw in her life.

#### II.

"Who bear ye there, ye four tall men?  
Who bear ye on your shouldyers?"  
"It is the body of Giles Collins  
An old true lover of yours."

#### III.

"Set'n down, set'n down!" Lady Annis, she said,  
"Set'n down on the grass so trim;  
Before the clock it strikes Twelve this night,  
My body shall lie beside him."

#### IV.

Lady Annis then fitted on her night-coif,  
Which fitted her wond'rous well;  
She then pierc'd her throat with a sharp-edg'd knife,  
As the four pall-bearers can tell.

#### V.

Lady Annis was buried in the East Church-yard,  
Giles Collins was laid in the West:  
And a lily grew out from Giles Collin's grave,  
Which touch'd Lady Annis's breast.

#### VI.

There blew a cold north-westerly wind,  
And cut this lily in twain:  
Which never there was seen before,  
And it never will again.

### J. B. MACAULAY.

There is nothing so pleasing to a literary journalist, as to have the pleasure of announcing some new work, when it comes from such a man as Macaulay. Thousands in this country and England, nay, in all Europe, and wherever the English language is spoken, were electrified when it was announced that the great Reviewer was to write a History of England. Every one was on the tip-toe of expectation; it came, and never did book give more general satisfaction. We might mention the growing Croker, and see the demure Quaker shake his head at the exposition of Penn's character—but they generally were the only serious gumbler—Croker growled, and wrote a long article, showing, as he thought, the historical errors of the book, because he and the author were not on the best terms—and the modest Quakers shook their heads, because Macaulay had taken the trouble to ransack the State Papers in the National Archives, and found what he thought a different view of Penn's character than that which the public had generally believed.

The History of England, from the time of James the Second to the end of the Reformation, which is the period covered by Macaulay, was never so well understood as it is at this day, and chiefly through the instrumentality of Macaulay. He is the first historian that has considered it within the circle of the *dignity of history* to record facts that have occurred among the lower classes, as well as the doings of the courts. While some historians considered it out of the dignity of history to relate facts that occurred at the court of George the Third, and leave out the remarkable character of such a man as Whitfield, Macaulay would not only notice Whitfield, but he would consider it as far more essential to note down the vast unseen workings of society, than of the mere crusts which exist only at the courts, and among the aristocracy. He would be considered a very deficient historian at this day, that attempted to write a history of the United States, if he only noticed the great excitement which was caused by the Tariff-men and the Democrats, and did not notice the Philadelphia Riots of 1844. It is as essential to record the fact that thirty-five men and women were taken out of the dens in Baker street, in a beastly state of intoxication, and to state also that there are hundreds in that neighborhood that have neither homes, nor visible means of living, as it is to record the princely extravagance of our Councils. The meanest of facts are not too mean for the dignity of history.

The history of the philosophy of our social condition cannot be given, nor understood, unless future historians follow in the track of Macaulay. He deserves to be called the historian of the people; he has at all times been honest and bold enough to give his opinions far in advance of the age. Though an honest and conscientious Presbyterian, he has been honest enough to give the Catholics that due which thousands of his own school will not allow. We might write a lengthy article on this extraordinary man, but the intention of this is merely to make some inquiry about the future volumes of his History of England.

We have thought that the publishers were holding them back on account of the probability of the International Copy-Right Law being passed at this session: but we expect, to the disgrace of our country, that it is laid on the table. If such has been the case, will the Messrs Longman any further withhold such valuable treasures?

## NEW COATS VS OLD COATS.

"Look upon this picture and on that"—Hamil.

It is now six years since my deceased coat was first brought home. With what delight did I survey it! how eagerly did I listen to the exhortations of the tailor how to fold it up! how cautiously did I put it on, and how carefully did I secure the key, when I looked it up! Its colour was suitable to the tint of my mind—it was a bright green, with Waterloo buttons. Green coats were then the *sine qua non* of a beau. Black and blue "hid their diminished heads," or rather *hills*: and although now and then a brown appeared, it passed along amidst the neglect or censures of the multitude. The first year every thing went well. I stalked down Chestnut street at the full glare of half-past twelve; I feared not to meet the purse-proud stare, nor did I shrink before the glance of a first-rate Blood. The second year, in spite of all my carefulness and anxiety, an incipient whiteness began to appear about the cuffs and elbows. The buttons looked somewhat shorn of their beams, and the collar had been slightly annoyed by the too rude pressure of the hat. It had, however, not yet had a regular wetting, if I omit the baptizing it got from my gallantry to Miss Protocol, in giving her more than her share of my cotton umbrella. But the third year now fast approached; years rolled on, *et nos mudamur in illis*—and so did my coat. The thread of the lives of two of its buttons had

been snapped, one was wrenched off by a friend, notwithstanding my agonized looks, whilst he was telling me the fate of his condemned farce at the Walnut; and the other had fallen into a gradual decline, and died a natural death. Its primeval bright green had also faded, and had imbibed a tint of brown; the collar was dilapidated, and the cuffs were in ruins!

I struggled on, however, another year, but I left my former walks. I would go half a mile out of my way to avoid Chestnut street, or a mile rather than pass up Walnut street on a Sunday. Three more buttons had disappeared under the scythe of time, and it was now evident that something must be done, and that immediately. I sent it to be repaired, and when it was returned, I hardly knew it again! The Waterloo buttons once more dazzled by their brightness; new cuffs and collars had sprung up like phoenixes from the ashes of their fathers; and though the fashion of coats had somewhat altered, yet I held an erect head, for mine was more than passable. But alas! this was but a deceitful splendour, a glimpse of sunshine on a rainy day; the constitution of the coat was ruined, and it soon suffered a relapse!

At last my resolution was taken—a new coat must be ordered. It was a precept of my late respected Uncle Nicholas, that one good dear garment is always worth two bad cheap ones; and I constantly set up to it. I therefore walked up boldly to the "Fashionable establishment" in Chestnut street; and although I met with some good broad stares at my entrance, yet when my purpose was known, everything was respectful attention to my wants and my wishes. With what elevation did I survey myself in the double mirror close to the window! With what hauteur did I bid the tradesman be punctual as to the hour! and how fiercely did I brush by the beaux in my return, with the delightful thought that I should soon have it in my power to cut them all out. How many, said I to myself, are the advantages of a new coat! A new pair of trousers rather serves to contrast the oldness of the upper garment with its own novelty; but a coat diffuses its splendour over the whole outward man; it brightens a withered pair of pantaloons, and revivifies a faded waistcoat; it illuminates a worn-out beaver, and even gives a respectable appearance to an antiquated pair of gaiters. A man in a new coat holds his head erect, and his chest forward; he shakes the pavement with his clattering heels; looks defiance to every man; and love to every woman; he over-comes little boys, and abuses hackney coachmen; if he enters a tavern he calls justly for his drink, and knocks the waiter down if he

does not bring it soon enough. But a man in an old coat hangs his disconsolate head, fumbles in his moneyless pockets, and stumbles at every third step; he is scorned by the men, and unnoticed by the women; he is jeered at by children, and hustled by negroes; at a tavern, he enters the parlour with a sheepish face, fearing his very right to be there may be disputed; the waiters snigger, and the landlord bullies him. Such then is the difference which the outward man makes; and so true is the French aphorism, that "L'habit, fait, sans plus, le maitre et le valet."

### CURRENT LITERATURE.

*Off-hand Takings; or, Crayon Sketches of the Noticeable Men of our Age.* By George W. Bungay. Dewitt & Davenport: New York: 1854. 12mo. Pp. 408. For sale in Philadelphia by T. B. Peterson.

This volume reminds us forcibly of a pair of volumes published, some years since, by George Gilfillan, a "canny Scot," purporting to Sketch the Notabilities of Great Britain. Almost the self-same criticism would fit both equally. In the very style there is a strong resemblance between the two, both alike being somewhat dashy, flashing, sketchy, often graphic, ever aiming at the epigrammatic and sparkling, and thus, though for a time uncommonly attractive, and fascinating the attention, yet, after a time, fatiguing the reader by an appearance of perpetually straining after brilliant effect and its unvarying, unshadowed glare;

"Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,  
Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendor."

In the long run, we, and we suspect, most men, longer and better relish a more subdued, quiet, calm-thoughted mode of expression.

Nevertheless, it is an exceedingly entertaining and useful book. It furnishes us some knowledge of seventy-four individuals, who in one way or another have become persons of greater or less mark, and of twenty-six of these it has given us portraits, which are quite fairly executed, and, some of them at least, faithful "presentments" of their originals. A portion of these sketches are of foreigners, though most of them describe our own countrymen.

We are greatly indebted and grateful to the author for putting in a portable shape so much information concerning the worthful and the able of our country and time. He

enables us to judge what is the existing amount of our intellectual and moral treasures, and therefore what we may rely upon for our social exigencies. A vast deal of labor is involved in the accumulating of the materials for such a volume, and quite as much for putting them in a proper shape. We trust, therefore, the author may be amply remunerated for his labors by both gold and fame, especially the former, which is the more solid of the twain.

The writer intimates the possibility of continuing these sketches. We earnestly hope his thoughts on this matter may become deeds.

*History of Cuba, or Notes of a Traveller in the Tropics, &c., &c.* By Maturin M. Ballou. Phillips, Sampson & Co.: Boston: 1854. 12mo. Pp. 230. For sale in Philadelphia by Messrs Smith & English.

This is veritably a most charming volume. It were difficult finding crowded into so small a compass so large a diversity of interesting matters. True, the theme itself is an unusually inspiring one, but not every one, and not many, could have rendered it such ample justice.

The author has first given us a summary and lucid history of this Queen of Isles, from its discovery down to the present moment. This he has followed up with a vivacious account of those almost innumerable topics of interest, which would naturally attract an intelligent visitant, whose "heart was in the right place." His remarks on the myriad curious social phases of the island are lively and sensible, and will hold the reader engrossed from beginning to end. Nor have we ever obtained elsewhere such an overwhelming idea of the opulence and beauty, which a benignant Nature has showered on this second Eden. And we now, as never before, can share in that fast-growing indignant feeling, that a wretched, trans-Atlantic Tyranny should, by the Sword, hold such a region merely as a source of wealth for its own base uses.

Wisely governed and with its resources in all kinds fully developed, Cuba would be a magnificent empire of itself. And now a few hundred thousands of all colors constitute its entire population, and its riches of every description have scarce begun to be brought to light. How could they, when nigh 30,000 foreign troops, with a large navy, are thought requisite for retaining the island, as a Spanish dependency? The enormous expense of this force, together with the \$15,000,000 annually transmitted to Spain, would utterly exhaust the resources of any region less prodigally dowered. Most especially when it is considered how

wretchedly managed is production in all its branches.

A multitude of reflections touching the destiny of this island were suggested by our author's volume. This, however, is not the place for presenting them.

It remains only to say, that our author writes in a lively, clear, fluent style, which never permits you to mistake his meaning or your attention to flag. We give him our cordial thanks for the entertainment and instruction he has afforded us, and trust he will not suffer such a pen to lie idle long.

*A History of the Irish Brigades in the Service of France from their formation, A.D. 1690-92, to their dissolution, A.D. 1792.* By John Cornelius O'Callaghan, Esq.. William B. Kelly; Dublin: 1854. 8vo. Pp. 500.

This is the title of a new and very interesting Book that may be bought of, or ordered through Messrs John Penington & Son.

Every student of history is aware, that from the period of the War of the Revolution in Ireland, large numbers of Irish, attached to the house of Stuart, entered the principal Continental services, but especially that of France; and that the distinguished conduct of those corps attracted the notice of Europe, and added an influence to the cause of the exiled royal family, which it would not otherwise have possessed.

The officers of those Brigades were generally members of the oldest families of both races in Ireland. But, although the biography of the more eminent among them constitutes one of the most attractive portions of Irish history, no detailed or accurate work has hitherto appeared on the subject.

To the biographical and historical details connected with the Irish Brigades in the French service, which form the basis of the present work, the author has added a comprehensive appendix, illustrating various important portions of Irish national and family history, &c.; including notices of natives of Ireland, or their descendants, distinguished for their military achievements, in other armies besides those of France.

*Putnam's Monthly.* August, 1854: G. P. Putnam & Co.: New York.

We suppose it very unlikely the mass of our readers should ever have heard that *recherche* anecdote of Athenian Aristides, who, being banished, was told by one of his ostracisers, that he thus voted, because "he was tired of hearing Aristides every where called the Just."

Well, we are, just now, somewhat in the mood of this worthy citizen—"we are tired

of being incessantly compelled to praise." Honestly, in our reviewing capacity, we have done little else of late. And here comes Putnam to re-impose the same task upon us. It is a positive fact, that out of eleven articles, there is but one, which we did not read with hearty interest. All these are not merely *well written*, but most of them have a pith and cast of novelty, often of absolute *originality*. In truth, this Journal is very unlike any other we know, and we hail it, as of most auspicious omen to our American Literature. The old *stereotyped* amatory tales of the Magazines have here no place, and yet love is by no means discarded here. Poetry is not Putnam's "strong point," and yet his specimens are often fair. Neither do the Editorial Notices altogether overwhelm us.

However, success to the Journal! And, by the way, a most Oriental effigy of Bayard Taylor adorns the frontispiece, and his Arabian Nights' tale is the veritable thing.

*Westminster Review.* July, 1854: Leonard Scott & Co.: New York. For sale in Philadelphia by Getz & Buck.

We have found the present number of this staunch Journal an unusually entertaining and instructive one. The reader, we think, will fully agree with us herein.

Nº 1, is a *reconsideration* of the life and character of Cardinal Wolsey, the idea of whom most persons, we suspect, have gathered more from Shakespeare, than from any History. The reviewer has shown, we think, that Shakespeare's view of the great Churchman and Statesman was erroneous, because drawn from invalid authorities. He has brought forward facts, which satisfy us that Wolsey has been grievously belied, and that he was, for his age, a *great and good* man. So it is, that the "whirligig of Time brings about the *revenges*" of the calumniated and blackened of ages foregone!

Nº 2, "The Beard," is a pleasant disquisition, exhibiting the condition and fate of this facial appendage, from the earliest times till the present, though not pronouncing a judgment on the existing controversy between *beard and no beard*.

Nº 3, "The Civil Service," is *local*.

Nº 4, "Parody," is a light and pleasing essay, which may enliven a few leisure moments.

No. 5, "The Russo-European Embroidement," contains numerous valuable facts, which make it worth perusal, and not a few comments and speculations, all which, however, do not shed very profuse light on the *things to be*.

Nº 6, "Wycliffe and his Times," as one

might gather from the title, comprises numerous items of interest relating to an age of stir and struggle. Wycliffe himself is a majestic figure, and undoubtedly was the precursor and prototype of Luther.

N'o 7, "Comte's Positive Philosophy," will undoubtedly please those who can get through it, and have a taste for such matters.

N'o 8, "The fact and principle of Christianity," is not suited to *light readers*, but will be found surcharged with important topics and reflections by those who have a penchant for themes of this description.

N'o 9, and last, "Contemporary Literature," is a species of article which most people glance over with curiosity, and in this case, we venture to say, they will not be disappointed.

*Chambers's Journal.* August, 1854: P. D. Orris: New York.

We have so often and so fully spoken before of the general features of this Journal, and so often noted its sterling excellencies, that we will not repeat ourselves here.

It may suffice to say, that the present number fully sustains the established reputation of the serial. There is the wonted admixture of articles suited to all diversities of taste, and we perceive M'r Chambers himself continues his plain, common-sense account of "Things as they are in America," begun some time since. "The Glories of Sydenham Palace," the reader will find extraordinarily interesting, and will probably agree with us, that this Edifice is a *nonpareil* in the history of our world.

However, we need not specify articles. We have found none indifferent, but all worthy of perusal. We can honestly recommend the Journal to all families, and indeed to all individuals.

One recommendation of it is its marvellous cheapness.

*The Edinburgh Review.* July, 1854: Leonard Scott & Co.: New York. For sale in Philadelphia by Getz & Buck.

Article 1st, is "The Diplomatic History of the Eastern Question," which contains little new. Article 2nd, is on "Teetotalism and the Liquor Trade," in which there is much to interest. The Reviewer seems half a convert to the principles of the Maine Law. This article is one of the sigas innumerable of the great change taking place in the minds of rising men in regard to inebriating drinks; the time has not long passed since the very idea of teetotalism was enoered at. It was fanaticism, folly—now all men acknowledge it to be a subject of interest.

"The Cape Policy, and the Kafir War," is a melancholy account of how the natives are oppressed and shot-down like beasts of prey by the colonists, and which the Government has so little power not to prevent. The British "Orders in Council on Trade during the War," is the subject of a very learned discussion on the rights of neutrals, belligerents, &c.: as becomes this Review, it takes the side of liberality and right. Story, Wheaton, and other writers on International Law are liberally quoted. The article which seems to us the best, is that entitled, "European Emigration to the United States;" it is able and discriminating, and affords one of the best specimens of how a liberal-minded Englishman thinks of us. We wish we had the space to quote some of his truthful and vigorous remarks. The concluding article is on "The Russians and the Eastern War;" the subject is getting stale—the time has come for the allies to fight not to talk: nevertheless the article is able and instructive.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

### A NOTE ON BEARDS.

At a visitation of Oriel College, Oxford, in 1581, by Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, he ordered one of the fellows, a priest, to abstain, under pain of expeulsion, from wearing a beard and pinked shots, like a haic; and not to take the liberty, for the future, of insulting and ridiculing the governor and fellows of the society.

About the eleventh century, and long before, beards were looked upon by the clergy as a secular vanity, and accordingly were worn by the laity only. Yet in England this distinction seems to have been more rigidly observed than in France. Malmesbury says, that King Harold sent spies into Duke William's camp, who reported, that most of the French army were priests, because their faces were shaved. This regulation remained among the English clergy at least till the reign of Henry the Eighth. Among the religions, the templars were permitted to wear long beards.

There was a species of masquerade, celebrated by the ecclesiastics of France, called the *Show of Beards*, entirely consisting of the most formidable beards. Gregory of Tours says, that the Abbess of Poitiers was accused of suffering one of these shows, called a *Barbatoria*, to be performed in her monastery.

Hearne endeavours to explain an injunction in the statutes of New College, against a mock ceremony of shaving, on the night preceding the solemn act of magistratation, by

supposing that it was made in opposition to the Wickliffites, who disregarded the laws of scripture, and in this particular instance violated the following text in Leviticus, where this custom is expressly forbidden, xix. 27, "Neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard." "Nothing," says Warton, "can be more unfortunate than this elucidation of our antiquary. The direct contrary was the case, for the Wickliffites entirely grounded their ideas of reformation both in morals and doctrine, on scriptural proofs, and often committed absurdities in too precise and literal ascription of texts. It is styled *Ludus*, a play, and is to be ranked among the other ecclesiastic mummeries of that age; for one of the pieces of humor is the celebration of the *Tête des Foux*, in which they had a bishop, who was to shave the preacher in public, on a stage erected at the west door of the church."

## WALPOLE'S GRANT.

As a matter of interest in connection with the letter of Thomas Walpole, published in Part 8 of *Bizarra*, we reprint the following from W. Walker and Son's last catalogue of autograph letters:

Franklin (B.). Letter, dated 20th February, 1770, signed Thomas Walpole, J. Sarjeant, B. Franklin, and Samuel Wharton: addressed to Thomas Bradshaw, Esq..

This letter presents the great philosopher and distinguished patriot, in, as we believe, a new character. By it we learn that Franklin had associated himself with the Hon. Thomas Walpole and others, in forming a Company for colonizing lands in North America, one object of which was the obtaining a grant from the British Government of a large tract of land beyond the Alleghany Mountains, and for which they had offered £10,466; but Arthur Lee and others of the Mississippi Company, and Colonel Mercer and others of the Ohio Company, had applied to the Board of Trade, for a stay of the grant. The letter enforces the claim of Franklin and his associates, in most energetic terms, and there can be but little doubt, from internal evidence, that it was drawn up by Franklin himself—three years afterwards the American Revolution broke out.

Important Document. 5 pages folio, unpublished, £5 15s.

## THE RICH AND THE POOR.

Paley quaintly observes that the difference between the rich and the poor, is simply this. The poor have plenty of appetite, but nothing to eat; the rich have plenty to eat, but no appetite.

## THE STORY OF CINDERELLA.

The origin of this nursery tale is thus given by a French journalist. About the year 1730, an actor of equal talent and wealth, named Thevenard, in passing through the streets of Paris, observed upon a cobbler's stall the shoe of a female, which struck him by the remarkable smallness of its size. After admiring it for some time, he returned to his house; but his thoughts reverted to the shoe with such intensity, that he re-appeared at the stall the next day; but the cobbler could give him no other clue to the owner, than that it had been left in his absence, for the purpose of being repaired. Day after day did Thevenard return to his post to watch the re-integration of the slipper, which proceeded slowly; nor did the proprietor appear to claim it. Although he had completed the sixtieth year of his age, so extravagant became his passion for the unknown fair one, that he became (were it possible for a Frenchman of that day to be so) melancholy and miserable. His pain was, however, somewhat appeased by the avatar of the little foot itself, appertaining to a pretty and youthful girl in the very humblest class of life. All distinctions were levelled at once by love: the actor sought the parents of the female, procured their consent to the match, and actually made her his wife.

## CELESTE MOGADOR.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune gives us the following: The "Memoirs of Celeste Mogador," to be completed in eight volumes, of which five are already on sale, are having a wider circulation than any two works together have enjoyed since the publication here of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Villemessant says, in his weekly review, "the event of the week is the publication of three new volumes of these Memoirs; if you wish to know the success of the book as a speculation, I can tell you that the Librairie Nouvelle (a bookshop on the Boulevard des Italiens,) sells each week one volume of the Memoirs of Francis Arago, a man of science and of letters, and two hundred volumes of the Memoirs of Celeste Mogador"—an ex-prostitute and high-flying korette. No lecture-room in the Latin-Quarter, no meeting of the Academy of Sciences, draws half the number that meet nightly at Mabilles or the Château des Fleurs. At these dancing places Celeste Mogador was, some six or eight years ago, one of the topmost, flaming, flaring, high-flying celebrities. Her beauty, boldness and vivacity won her the admiration of the crowd, and the abundant largesses of rich fools, whose vanity was immensely

tickled by the reflex glory that shone around their title of accepted lovers. At last, one more foolish than the rest, a scion, or rather a sapling of a noble house, one of the real old families of the aristocratic Faubourg S't Germain—made her a present of his worthless heart, head and hand. Celeste is now a Countess. The afflicted family sent her and her husband out of Paris, to rusticate into a sort of respectable oblivion, or into a sort of oblivious respectability. But Celeste has no favorable opinion either of oblivion or respectability. Desirous of reviving the souvenir of her old fame, she adds to it the new fame of literature. She furnishes copious notes of her experience in the life of harlotry, dissipation and ambiguous fashion, of which she was once so brilliant an ornament, to a literary hack who licks them into presentable shape, and sends them forth to the world under the title of *adieux* to the world. What sort of character the authoress is celebrated in, I have already said. In the days of her celebrity she came into relations of one kind or another, with all sorts of improper persons, male as well as female. It is her indiscreet disclosures regarding the former, many of whom—as for instance the drunken Academician Alfred Museet, to whom she devotes fifteen pages of wretched scandal—are high placed in the literary, or political, or social world; her allusive lubricities, and her more or less warmly-colored sketches of loose life in Paris, that make up the attractiveness of her memoirs. That a moral may be drawn from all this wretched stuff is true, as bits of silver are drawn from the London sewers by the wretches that risk their lives in seeking for them. I was bound to mention the book, for it is the literary event of the day.

#### VAGARIES OF THE IMAGINATION.

Every newspaper we meet contains some new fangled heading to its department of little items. All of the following are actually copied from a pile of papers around us.

'Quirks and Quiblets,' 'Sands of Gold,' 'Nibbles for the Million,' 'Jumbles,' 'The Junk Shop,' 'Phacts,' 'Phun and Philosophy,' 'A Jovial Mess,' 'Diamonds and Pearls,' 'Wayside Gatherings,' 'Jewels of Journalism,' 'Inklings and Brevities,' 'Brillianta,' 'News Brevities,' 'Bird's Eye Glances,' 'Crumbs for all Kinds of Chickens,' 'Paragraphic Pudding,' 'Spice Isles passed in the Sea of Reading,' 'Pen, Paste and Scissors,' 'Quill and Scissors,' 'Passing Topics,' 'Our Mosaic Work,' 'Our Foreign Spices,' 'Our Personalities,' 'Forecastle Yarns,' 'Stellar Whereabouts,' *et ad infinitum*.

#### A LONG TITLE.

The following is the title of a book we have seen:—The Merry Mountebank; or the Humorous Quack-Doctor: Being a certain, safe and speedy Cure, for that Heart-Breathing Distemper, commonly call'd or known by the Name of Hypochondriac Melancholy. Containing various never failing Receipts against Spleen and Ill-Nature; exemplified in a choice Collection of Old and New Songs; and compiled with Great Judgment, *secundum Artem*. By Timothy Tulp, of Fiddlers-Hall in Cuckoldshire, Esq'r, a Well-wisher to the Mathematicks. Figur'd for the Harpsichord, and directed for the Flute. The whole revised by several knowing and unknowing Musicians, Poetasters, Balladmongers, and Harbardashers of Small-wares. London: Printed by W. Pearson, in Aldergate street, for A. Holbeche, at the Bible and Crown in Barbican; F. Jeffries, at the Bible and Crown in Ludgate street, and C. Pickman, in Ratcliff-Highway. 1732.

This singularly quaint title-page is followed by a Preface "set to Music by Peter Preleur." To which succeeds forty-two songs and duets (accompanied with the music) by the following authors: D. Parcell, Hayden, Weldon, Carey, Handel, D'r Croft, Leveridge, Ecoles, &c.. The whole consists of 132 pages in 8vo.

#### COMFORT FOR SOLDIERS.

Flavius Josephus says: "What man of virtue is there that does not know that those souls which are severed from their fleshly bodies in battles by the sword are received by the ether, that purest of elements, and joined to that company which are placed among the stars: that they become good demons and propitious heroes, and show themselves as such to their posterity afterwards; while upon those souls that wear away in and with their distempered bodies comes a subterranean night to dissolve them to nothing, and a deep oblivion to take away all the remembrance of them?"

#### STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

Dubuisson, a dentist of Edinburgh, on the day preceding the death of President Blair met him in the street, and was addressed by the president with a peculiar expression. On the day before the death of Lord Melville, the dentist was met by him exactly at the same spot, and accosted by my lord in the very same words. On the death of Lord Melville, Dubuisson exclaimed that he should be the third. He became immediately indisposed, and died within an hour.

# BIZARRE.

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YEAR 1854.

## BYRON AS MAN AND AS POET.\*

But it is quite time I say a few words of Byron, the poet. So small is my space, and so much smaller my ability, that I must beg of the reader not to look for either amplification or consecutiveness. I would simply utter, sententiously, a few thoughts on what the ablest intellects of the generation, just past, expended scores of pages.

And here, as before, I must, perforce, commence with an examination of virtual negations.

Thus, all through the bard's autorial career, "*egotism*" was charged upon him, as a *literary*, as well as *personal* sin. And yet, by all the abler kind, it was freely admitted, that this very so-called "*egotism*" was the peculiar and principal charm of his writings. Thus, I remember Margaret Fuller saying, more than once, that Byron's *egotism* was the "*soul*" of his genius." She judges perhaps more wisely now.

But is it not singular, that the most efficient spring of those poems, which fascinated and thrilled the whole world and made their author the never-wearying theme of universal interest, should, by grave judges, be condemned, as a gross fault? Who, even of these judges, ever "gathered grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" Why denounce, as derelict, *that*, which instantly rivets the interest of all,—the denouncer himself not excepted,—even when the individual concerned is not, personally, very attractive? Still more unpardonable is such denunciation, when one of those extraordinary minds, which appear but once in centuries, is moved to reveal undisguisedly the profoundest depths of his individuality and to image forth his most personal thoughts and feelings. For, in such revelations, men may learn more of human *possibilities* and more of what may actually lie *perdu* within themselves, than from a life-time's *unaided* self-probing and self-scrutiny.

It is a very common hypothesis, that Byron

was unfortunate in his lineage, his education and the circumstances of his life. My own opinion accords with that of the Ancient (if I do not misremember), who said, "let no man be pronounced *fortunate* until after his death." So far, as concerned his *immediate happiness*, perhaps the above hypothesis was true. Still, *but for* these identical conditions, each and all, I am confident he would never have become the literary *nonpareil* he did, or competent to fulfill the momentous mission assigned him. The stimulus of a pain, amounting to agony, was indispensable for enkindling that fiery energy, which set the world on conflagration. It was because *thus* incited, that, though again and again dashed prostrate, he arose, Antæus-like, again and again with redoubled vigor and efficiency. But I may have a word more to say, further on, touching this matter of *egotism*.

Ancillary to this central charge of *egotism*, the popular impression concerning Byron, as poet, seems to have been:

1st, That his poetic imagination was kindled into activity by debasing thoughts, harbored and habitually cherished, as bosom companions;

2nd, That what were, in fact, the spontaneous outpourings of a genuinely spiritual character, were but the aimless vagaries of a pent up, heated, morbid heart.

I shall endeavor, in a curt, fragmental way, to note his characteristic poetic excellencies, as also to exhibit the incitements, that instigated and guided their production. I may also say a word,—and a word only will be needed,—touching the *causes* of that anomalous mixture of good and bad, superior and inferior, in some of his finest poems, which gives them the aspect of masses of rock interstreaked with veins of purest gold.

The true secret of his poetic power seems to have been, that, being organized as he was, he wrote as the bird sings,—naturally, and in careless or defiant disregard of the cramping and insolent canons of Art. Hence his effusions, though never unaccordant with *some* mood of multiplex Nature, often made sad havoc with the traditional dogmas of

\* Concluded from Part 20, of BIZARRE.



Criticism. In his Dramas, indeed, he endeavored,—it may be, successfully,—to maintain the “unities” prescribed of old. But his Dramas are the least popular of his writings. Elsewhere, whether in melody or rhythm, in cadence or verbal expression, he alike obeyed his spontaneous impulses, and “passed by on the other side” of conventionality, without even pausing to glance at it.

And writing as the bird sings, he uttered the thought and feeling of the moment, be they what they might, with neither reticence nor qualification. This fact it was, which gave to “Childe Harold” and “Don Juan” their tortuous, episodic character; and from this, too, flowed the passages reckoned so censurable in the latter. Striking, from no impulse save Nature’s own, a harp strung with the wires of vivid, intensely mobile affections,—affections strong enough to uphold a world and deep enough to float its nations;—gifted, moreover, with a radiance of imagination and a potency of expression, whose magic set all analysis at defiance;—how could he but take captive the universal heart?

When I say, he wrote as the bird sings, I do but merely repeat what I said, some pages back; that, whether as poet or as man, he was throughout a creature of *spontaneity*. Bearing this ever in mind, it is easy to read the causes alike of his eccentricities of life and of the diversities of manifestation in his several poems.

Thus, so long as luxury seduced him to repose his head on her lap, his harp “hung idle on the wall.”

But when fell adversities roused him from this aimless indolence, the reaction woke the activity of his higher self. Then, his harp, as if struck by angel hands, sent forth tones, which the world stood still and held its breath to hear. But, ere long, stung to frenzy by the monstrous calumnies heaped upon him without stint, he would strike, from the same chords, tones of wrath and scorn and fierce defiance. Whatever, in short, his mood was, he forthwith gave it utterance.

Hence, in the mournful, gloomy strains of his tragic Muse, you witness his bitter and oftentimes despairing struggles with the never-dying remembrance of his disappointed loves and of his “shattered household gods.”

His tenderly pensive effusions chronicle the musings of those intervals, when his exacerbated passions and his goading memories were lulled into temporary repose; and the dark, turbid, retorting Past rose up, as a theme for reveries, “pleasant, yet mournful to the soul.”

His farcical and comic sallies are, mostly,

records of the bacchanal orgies of his passion’s perversities.

His prideful, defiant passages are the utterances of a soul rising in the grandeur of its indwelling might and the firmness of an invincible self-reliance, and striving to fling off the accumulated load of anguish, that eternally pressed so heavily upon it.

His loud crashing bursts of metrical thunder are the indignant, challenging roars hurled against the world, to him so ruthlessly unjust and abusive, by the lion—caged, indeed—but unvanquished and undaunted still.

Of Byron’s larger poems I need not particularly speak. As *objective* creations—that is, as literary productions, considered in themselves, and without reference to the author—they have been, heretofore, sufficiently discussed, and have received something like justice. As my chief purpose, from the outset, has been to delineate the *man*, and as I have spoken of the poems mostly as illustrative of the *man*, I will here dismiss this topic, with the simple reservation of suggesting a few remarks on “Don Juan,” further along.

As regards his lyrics and shorter poems generally, it seems to me that their exquisite qualities have never yet been appreciated. They are, indeed, gems of inestimable worth and transcendent beauty; but, in the far gleaming splendors of his larger poems, so thickly studded with brilliants of “purest ray serene,” these minor effusions, less imposing at the first glance, save to the careful observer, have comparatively been overlooked and underprized.

And here I must set down what my oracle whispers, viz: that the melodies of these shorter poems remind one of the warblings of the smaller of the feathered songsters: while those of his discursive poems reproduce the clear, full bugle notes of the nightingale.

But the multiplex melodies of his verse are not illustrated by one or two comparisons. If we say we hear sometimes the shrill, ear-piercing whistle—again the martial, rousing tones of the clarion—upon the soul-touching cooings of the turtle-dove, so like those of a happy babe—and once more the ever-changing, ineffably sweet strains of the air-smitten æolian; even then we have far from exhausted the topic. Of all these poems, Don Juan most completely verifies these illustrations.

But time wears and space contracts, and I must hasten to say a few words on Byron’s services to the world.

And first, and perhaps most important among these services—though in this regard acting unconsciously—he rendered and tore, with a red-hot plowshare, through the ex-

hausted superficiality and imbecile, though pretentious, unbelieving materialism of his age; and while turning up to the sun the underlying richness of the soil, fired, at the same time, the rank surface-growth of foul weeds into ashes, for its further proliferation.

Not Napoleon himself did more for after-political progress, when

"He cast the kingdoms old  
Into another mould,"

than Byron did in the intellectual world, by upheaving its elements from their lowest depths, and setting them all in vehement commotion. Could we see with the vision of Spirits, we should perceive that not only the profounder and more vigorous character discernible in our literature, but the inventive activity and the progressive impulse manifest in all spheres of life, which are so rapidly changing our chaotic world for the better, are, in a large measure, traceable to Byron, the "Agitator."

Moreover, the poet, from first to last, was a staunch friend to popular freedom, and the uncompromising foe of despotism and hereditary privilege. This, I am aware, is denied on the alleged ground that his tastes and habits were aristocratic; that he pertinaciously insisted on the prerogatives of his patrician descent, &c., &c..

Now, even if these things were so, and were in themselves reprehensible, I might plead, in his behalf, the proverbial inconsistency of man. But there is no need of this plea. It may rationally be queried, whether even the sincerest advocacy of popular rights must needs exact that the advocate should put off the *gentleman*, and sacrifice the tastes created by culture and refinement, engrafted on an unusually delicate organization. "Birds of a feather flock together"—not the newest, but one of the truest of proverbs. For one, I prefer the companionship of those whose pursuits and modes of life are akin to my own, nor am I advised of any sound reason for my being forbidden to manifest this preference. I love not dirt, coarseness and incultivation, *per se*, or the intimate society of those to whom these pertain. What more cogent proof could a person of refined tastes and uses give of his *sincerity*, than by laboring earnestly to vindicate the rights and secure the elevation of those masses, whose manners and ways of life are to him personally offensive? The equitable rule is, that we do what and all we can for these masses—even mingling freely with them, if so their weal requires—but that we, at the same time, insist on our right to select our own private associates and friends.

In all countries alike are found multitudes of what, in England, are named "tuft-hun-

ers"—persons who incessantly strive to win an entrance into social circles higher, in the common estimation, than their own. Their instrumentalities are obsequiousness, fawning, flattery, and a host of kindred arts, too familiarly known to need enumeration. To this class Byron, as a noble, and yet more as the most *distingué* of living poets, would naturally be an object of extraordinary interest. Nothing, save a "cordon sanitaire" of forty-fold rigor could protect him from their insufferable intrusions. To mingle with them, on "free and easy" terms, was to subject himself to their disgusting familiarities, as also to be "lionized," for the gratification of their vanity. Byron was not the man—and who would have had it otherwise)—to tolerate this; and therefore, for *self-conservation*, he planted himself on the ground of his hereditary rank and title, and assumed a manner which certain "loafers" pronounced "aristocratic and haughty." "Any port in a storm," is my construction of the semblances that originated this paltry charge.

But that Byron was a *genuine liberal* in politics, and a staunch friend of popular rights, is proved to demonstration by his writings, from first to last—by his brief parliamentary career—and by the enterprise which finally wrought his death. The Liberals of our day are doubtless sufficiently advanced to appreciate his services to their cause, as also his whole-souled sincerity in this behalf. From the pressure, however, of immediate solitudes, they seem to have overlooked these services, and thus failed to render justice to one of their ablest, early champions. I trust that this essay, however imperfect, may do somewhat towards disabusing both them and the public at large, on this as well as on other points respecting the poet, though I could wish the task had fallen to abler hands.

His genuine liberalism, as already suggested, may be read in his poems, from beginning to end, culminating, perhaps, in that matchless lyric, in "Don Juan," commencing with

"The isles of Greece—the isles of Greece."

He did not, however, limit himself to mere poetic effusions, however stirring. As all know, in alliance with Shelley and Hunt, he commenced a Monthly, entitled "The Liberal," for the express purpose of propagating the opinions indicated by its title, sustaining himself most of its pecuniary charges. Though exhibiting extraordinary ability and interest, this Journal did not long survive. Had there been no reasons else for the failure, it had been reason sufficient that its three conductors were all singularly wanting in *business aptitude*—while in no enter-

prise is such aptitude more indispensable, than in establishing and raising to prosperity a Periodical—most of all, a Periodical of this class.

But, finally, to set the seal to the honesty of his political professions, he threw both himself and his fortune into the cause of Grecian liberation; and, after breasting every species of vexation, solicitude and toil, at last yielded up his life in that behalf. I know his vilifiers attribute this enterprise to egotistic, self-aggrandizing motives on his part. Of such motives, however, I detect no proof. Nor can I but deem it juster and fairer to believe him actuated by the simple, sincere desire to redeem the sons of Immortal Sires from the barbarous oppression of centuries.

I am fully aware that I should here say "*Finis*," for the twofold reason, that my "linked sweetness" has been "*long drawn out*;" and that latterly, as I strongly suspect, I have been growing dull. But I feel inclined, to add a few words, touching "*Don Juan*;" first, because this poem has furnished the grounds of many of the most virulent charges against its writer; and, secondly, because I think the Critical Public has not looked at it from the right point of view.

I freely acknowledge, that there is much in this poem which affronts my sense of delicacy and propriety; and I must perforce regret, that a work so prodigal of beauty, of brilliant wit, of manliest, noblest sentiment, and of thought alike piercing and robust, should be thus marred and disfigured.

I acknowledge, too, that I am often disturbed at encountering the ostensibly playful, yet acridly sarcastic passages, which, in this poem, incessantly succeed its exquisite portraiture and descriptions and its elevated sentiments, the seeming product of a serious mood.

Nevertheless, I cannot but think the latter were serious in fact, as well as a faithful transcript of what was in the author's soul.

The former, too, I believe were not less serious, though of a different tone. They were effervescences of that acrimonious, gnawing wretchedness, which the outrage inflicted on all his most vital affections had made a "child of the house" in the bard's susceptible heart.

But are not these frequent and rapid alternations true to nature? Who of us is not, at briefest intervals, subject to all varying and even antagonistic moods? And are not our profusest jests and most irrestrainable laughs often the mere bubbles on the brim of a fountain of blackest despair? And was it not part of the office of a poet, commissioned as was Byron, to exhibit to

man his own nature in all its diversities of mood?

For myself, I cannot but be thankful, that once in human history a man of supreme genius has been an unresisting, passive medium of all impressions, from whatever source; and that thus he was made (if you insist on the title) an *egotist*, who, in embodying his own feelings and thoughts, without the slightest self-warding prevision, displayed to the universal Race the infinitely multiplex nature of Man—of Man, at least, as modified by our pretentious civilization. Human thoughts, imaginations and feelings, alike permanent or evanescent, and in all their diversities of complexion, are pictured in a life-like, most vivid manner, and without the smallest heed to a possibly harmful reaction against himself.

Thus, would you really know what civilized Man is in his *wholeness*, you cannot do more wisely than to study Byron—to study him everywhere, but especially in the poems, which have been most severely condemned. Censure him, if you will, for turning "*State's evidence*," but yet behold *yourself* in his revelations—your *possible*, if not your *actual*, *outwardly manifested self*.

And, to utter my whole thought, I believe a main cause of the outcry against "*Don Juan*" was, that its writer was too honest and frank—speaking aloud and unqualifiedly the *prevailing* thoughts, imaginings and desires, to which the majority forbore giving expression, "for the sake of appearances." And if to this characteristic of the poem we add a single other, that it is a perpetual protest against hypocritical formalism and cant, in all their varieties, I believe we shall come nigher to an intelligent appreciation of it, than has heretofore obtained.

## MEMENTO MORI.

When you look on my grave  
And behold how they wave,  
The cypress, the yew, and the willow;  
You think 'tis the breeze  
That gives motion to these—  
'Tis the laughter that's shaking my pillow.  
I must laugh when I see  
A poor insect like thee  
Dare to pity the fate thou must own:  
Let a few moments glide,  
We shall lie side by side,  
And crumble to dust, bone for bone.  
Go weep thine own doom,  
Thou wast born for the tomb,  
Thou has lived like myself but to die.  
Whilst thou pity'st my lot,  
Secure fool! thou'st forgot  
Thou art no more immortal than I!

## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

A SERIES OF LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## NUMBER IV.

M'r Editor:—As you well know, I do not profess to be a *champion* of Spiritualism. My original purpose in addressing you was to record certain strange phenomena, which had been passing under my own observation. What the *conclusion* is, to which these phenomena have brought me, it were superfluous now to state. One thing, however, now and always and everywhere I do dislike, and that is cant, calumny, unfairness, and their whole serpent train.

I have recently seen in several papers, and some whereof I should have hoped better, manlier things, a heading of an article like this: "Shocking Superstition or Blasphemy of *Spiritualists*."

Now, the *subject* referred to I know nothing of. But the leading *man*, thus stigmatized, I did use to know, and a purer, more disinterested, philanthropic person, setting aside his being a shrewd, "long-headed" Yankee, I do not remember ever having known. Is *such* the man to be taxed, a priori, with "blasphemy and superstition?" But let this pass now—I may recur to the matter hereafter.

I wish, at present, to account for what follows. Yesterday morning (this is Friday, August 18th), my pupil entered my room just as I was finishing dressing. He came to say he had been ill, and to assign that, as the reason for having been absent so long. He sat down by my desk a moment to make his explanations, when, contrary to his own anticipation and wishes, as well as to my expectation, he was forthwith cast into a "trance," from which he did not emerge till the clock struck twelve! During all these hours he was either speaking *continuously*, or responding to specific questions of mine. I have presented below to the reader a portion of his consecutive utterances. Whether the residue of his sayings shall be offered, is as yet uncertain.

Meanwhile, I being little other than an amanuensis here, what follows is the reader's affair no less than my own.

## TRANCIC VISION.

"I see two poets, who on earth are ranked among the Immortals. I give *you* their names, but their request is, that, in this narration, their names be omitted. They are standing together and pointing to some object in the distance. This object approaches nigher and nigher, and *now* I perceive, that

what at first wore the aspect of a *cloud* is an innumerable company of *Spirits*. They approach with great rapidity, and forming themselves in an octagon shape, they alight, as well as I can judge, about one hundred feet from where the two poets are standing. Beautiful, very beautiful, they are in aspect. Each one, I perceive, carries in his hand some particular implement of the kind adapted to *manual labor*.

Some of them, I see, are felling trees and hewing them into various shapes. Others are levelling a plot of ground and delving holes in certain parts of the same. Now I see a number take the hewn trees and set them upright in the cavities prepared for their reception. These posts, I remark, are arranged in the *octagon* form, and are connected with each other by beams fastened to them by the *keying* process at the several points of intersection. This keying process is a curious one, note it, Z—! The extremity of one beam is shaped like a *dove-tail*, while the beam, into which it is inserted, is *wedged out*, and thus is constituted a *double dove-tail*, whereby the compagination is made immovably firm.

Thus the *foundation* is laid. On this substructure they raise beams, eight in number, and apparently twenty feet in height. On these, again, they rear another superstructure, still maintaining the *octagon* shape. Their work advances with magic celerity.

On, on, I see it go, till a tower is raised of the height of *two hundred and fifty feet*, the summit of which is one foot square. On this summit is placed a bell-shaped object, which looks to me as if composed of brass. It is three and a half feet high. In one side of it is an aperture six inches square, and in this aperture is inserted a cylindrical glass tube, which fills it as completely as a cylinder can fill a square opening. This glass tube is surrounded with brass and the vacant *corners* of the opening are filled close in with the same material.

This tube, I see, is carried from this tower half a mile to a mountain. This mountain is composed of magnetic ores, and to one side of it, about fifty feet above its foot, I perceive, there are attached wires resembling those of our telegraphs. These wires are so intertwined as to constitute a metallic rope large enough to *fill* the glass cylinder, which itself completely occupies the six-inch-square aperture at the tower's summit. This metallic rope, stretching from the mountain's side to the tower's top, passes through the cylinder into the interior of the structure. On entering it is wound round a cylinder, and thence carried down through the centre of the tower into a pit at its base and therein firmly fixed. Into this pit are flung masses of stone and clay sufficient to cover the lower

extremity of the wire cable therein planted. From this cable arises a wire one-eighth of an inch in thickness. This passes through an opening on one side of the structure, and on issuing is wound around a glass cylinder, and being thence carried onward, is placed in the hands of the two poets named at the outset.

This magnetic wire, as they tell me, they are to carry to earth and place it in the hands of a heaven-predestined *magnetic agent*. This agent will conduct the magnetic attraction contained in this wire into material substances, which shall thus be saturated with attractive properties causing them to be operative agents in propelling material objects.

This structure and its appendants, I am told, are the invention of a certain class of Spirits, of whom the two poets, above mentioned, are chiefs. Its design is to further the views of these Spirits with regard to mankind, and to convince men of the soul's immortality, as also of the power of the supra-mundanes to act upon and to move material objects. Ere long there will be witnessed the movement of *counter forces* by Spirits, so adjusted as to act in complete accordance,—a spectacle, which will fill the world alike of learned and unlearned with amazement, and cause skepticism universally to hide its head.

An example of the operation of these so named *counter forces* may be found in the walking of Christ upon the waters of the Galilean Lake. On the one hand was his corporeal weight, according to which he should naturally have *sunk*, while, on the other, was a counter force, which *neutralized* this tendency. The result was that *harmonized* condition, which enabled him to traverse this *fluid* plain, as though it had been a granite pavement.

The above-described magnetic wire, (which to the material eye will be *invisible*,) descending from the higher Spirit-spheres, will be attached to an elect material man, who will be able to transmit its power to objects both animate and inanimate. This man will be named the *Spirito-Physico-Motor*. His sole parallel and similar, in the globe's history, will have been He, who, nineteen centuries ago, stood upon the apex of the world, and beholding the entire human race heaving and tossing beneath him, in the awful restlessness and anguish of their moral depravation, said to the fiercely-vexed billows, 'peace, be still,' and was instantly obeyed!

In truth, the advent of this 'Motor' will be the oft-times predicted '*second coming*' of Him, who, at that period, gathered about him a spiritual mantle, and was ushered into the light of material day in the manger

of Bethlehem. The conceptive power which shall impart vitality to the Motor, will be identical with that which gave life to Jesus, the Nazarene. In short, there is to be, in the not far-off future, an actual, positive birth of a human being; and this being, in virtue of having attached to himself the before-described magnetic wire, connecting the spiritual and terrestrial spheres, will be the 'Motor,' at whose properties I have hinted. In other words, I repeat, he will be the Christ of the '*second advent*'—that crisis so long and so often foretold, and whose nature and consequences have been so grievously misapprehended. Nineteen centuries ago Christ came to earth to *bring*, or, rather, *to be in himself*, a *Spirit-Motor*. He is now to come for the purpose of *bringing*, or rather, of *being* to material Humanity a *Material-Motor*. Man's redemption can be consummated only when the *matter which enters into his composition, and in the midst whereof he exists, is not less fully redeemed than his spiritual part*.

The magnetic wire, so repeatedly spoken of, is composed of magnetic threads, fused by the phosphorescent action of the atmosphere of the higher Spirit-spheres. When the '*fulness of time*' for the advent of the *Material Motor* has arrived, this wire, (*invisible*, as I have already said, to *terrestrial eyes*,) will be attached to a foetal germ, and, of course under divine supervision and influx, will transfuse into it an *active etheriality*, which will specially modify it for its future offices. This germ, grown up to man, and become the *Material Motor*, will be able, through *simple contact*, to impart to others, whomsoever he will, the powers lodged in his own person.

Christ restored the normal power of the paralyzed optic nerves of the blind who were brought to him, by direct *spiritual excitation*. So, moreover, he reproduced matter, in the form of bread and fishes, for feeding the famishing multitudes, by a special creation of matter through the energy of Spirit. Again, he resuscitated the four-days dead, by transmitting to such, in the tomb, precisely the same spiritual element, whereby the foetal ovum is vivified in the uterus prior to the primal birth.

Now, this *Material Motor*, or Christ-Man, will exhibit to men's inspection the spectacle of the operation of the counter-forces above named, through the agency of the apparatus which I have already described at some length; that is, he will be able to restore the palsied powers of the optic nerve in the blind, by imparting shocks to the cerebral organs of such blind, through simple contact with his own person. These shocks, in fact, as in ordinary cases of electricity, would reach the person to be healed,

through a line of human beings in personal contact, whether numbering two, a thousand, or even more. So, too, a wheel might be set in motion, however rapid, by *others*, but the Motor, by simply laying a finger on its nave, could impart to it a counter-motion of fully corresponding celerity. Again, an apple dropping from a tree, by the mere touch of the Motor's finger, would remain suspended *where* he touched it. Through the same potent influence the fishes, whose normal element for swimming is water, may be made to swim, or, more strictly, to *fly* in the air.

But the most important, and what is in fact the essential mission of the Motor, is to diffuse through our terrestrial atmosphere the *light* shed down from the Spirit-spheres. So tempered and modified will be earth's atmosphere by this light, that, as a first condition, men can live on, in defiance of death, not merely the prescriptive 'threescore and ten,' but the divinely voiced 'one thousand years!' The total face of nature will be changed, and all her *now* known powers and properties will be subordinated to the will of man, *then* no less changed than herself. The earth will, without tillage and spontaneously, bring forth whatever can minister to the necessities and the guiltless enjoyments of man. All in vain will the mountains *hold back* those gushing streams which satisfy human thirst. Such will be man's *attractive* power, that he will absorb from the circumambient atmosphere moisture sufficient to supply the *want* of the mountain-born rivers and brooks, and even of the frequently recurring rains themselves!

Man, in a word, will grow up into *such* a being, that his material body shall be completely pervaded and suffused with *Spirit*. Under these conditions, earth's teeming millions will become *so far* developed by an influx from the upper spheres, that even the angels, in their first estate, shall seem but as babes in the comparison!"

So spake my pupil. I have recorded, I presume, not more than half of his utterances during this extraordinary sitting. It may be, that, on some after occasion, I may register, for the reader's examination, a portion, if not the whole of the remainder. I am sure it is so graven on my memory, that I am not likely to forget it. But, what I have here presented, is transcribed from fullest notes taken while the medium was speaking, and, in fact, I have here done little else than insert the connecting links of his description, omitted while he was speaking.

Now the sense or nonsense, the value or worthlessness of what is here narrated, are not with *me* the point in issue. That point is, *whence came this description?* My pupil,

in his *normal* state, could not have *invented* it to save his soul! From *him*, therefore, completely tranced as he was, and not even now knowing one item therein contained, it did not come. From myself to him it *could not* have passed by mesmeric transference, for the sole and adequate reason that such things were never *in* nor ever *approached* my mind.

Whence, then, came this description? Had *you*, reader, sat by that medium three hours, in my place, my impression is, you would have little doubt on the subject—most especially if, for a year and a-half, you had witnessed like things over and over again!

## THE SPIRITS.

*Literally translated from the Russian of Pooshkeen.*

The clouds are fitting, the clouds are whirling; the invisible moon lights up the snow-flakes; the heavens are dark, the night is obscure. I see, I am crossing a flat country. A bell, ding, ding, ding. . . It is strange!—it is frightful to be forced to rove across unknown plains.

"Well, driver, go on!" "It is impossible, it is too difficult for the horses, Sir; this whirlwind of snow blinds me; the roads are impracticable. If you were to kill me I could not see the track; we are lost. What is to be done? The Demon is urging us over the fields, and makes us turn in every direction."

"Look, that is it; he sports, he blows, and now he spits upon me; see him, he pushes my frightened horses towards a precipice; now he rises as if a post before me, then he shines like lightning, and now he disappears in the darkness of the night."

The clouds are fitting, the clouds are whirling; the invisible moon lights up the snow-flakes; the heavens are dark, the night is obscure. We have no longer the strength even to turn back upon our road; the bell is silent; the horses stop. . . "What is there on the plain? Do you know? A stump, or a wolf?"

The weather is angry, the elements moan; the intelligent coursers snort; there he is again, down there; his eyes scarcely shine through the darkness! The courses gallop on again; the bell, ding, ding, ding. . . I see the Evil Spirits are assembled upon the white plains.

Deformed, innumerable, the various Spirits whirl, in the dim light of the moon, like leaves in the month of November. . . How many are there? Whither are they hurrying? Why do they chaunt so sadly? Are they at a Nightmage's funeral, or at a Sorceress's wedding?

The clouds are fitting, the clouds are whirling; the invisible moon lights up the snow-flakes; the heavens are dark, the night is obscure; the Spirits rise in masses through the air, and rend my breast with their cries and frightful moans. . .

## OUR SCIENTIFIC CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of BIZARRE :

I have read with much interest the notice of the mimic battle between the hornet and the locust observed by the *Ledger's* correspondent A. C. on the 15th ult., and also his observations thereon to-day. An old naturalist, I have often watched with pitying curiosity these savage conflicts among insects, which generally are pursued with a sanguinary bitterness, shocking to our better feelings. I can therefore confirm the probability of his singular story. Indeed it was but the other day that walking along one of our railroads, I picked up the dried bodies of two of our *dinornis superb.* or wood locusts, closely locked in what had been for both a mortal combat. As these insects were both of the same species, and therefore could not have been actuated by a desire for food, we must suppose that rage or jealousy had driven them to the duello, to revenge their fancied wrongs.

With regard to the protracted retention of vitality observed by A. C. in the hornet after its decapitation, I may remark that such phenomena have long deservedly attracted the attention of scientific men. The most recent and plausible explanation which they have received is that of M. Joseph Citrouillard, a distinguished French savant. He is of opinion that the brain, or the superior nervous ganglion which corresponds to it in insects (for A. C. is mistaken in imagining that he discovered in his hornet a true brain with lobes), is in a permanent state of negative electric polarity, which disguises, as it is termed, the induced electricity of the next nervous centre (always *below* the neck, as A. C.'s friend justly observed), and is itself disguised thereby. When the head is severed from the body, the positive electricity of induction is liberated in this latter nervous centre, in a sufficient amount generally, to communicate a spasmodic action to the body and limbs, like that arising in the well known galvanic experiment on frogs. The direction of this action is usually that which was going on at the instant of decapitation. (*Le Cornichon Scientifique*, for 1852, p. 384). This does not usually continue more than an hour or so; but A. C. probably left his hornet upon some insulating substance, which prevented the gradual escape of the free electricity.

This spasmodic action has been observed also in animals who have suffered decapitation. A writer on this subject relates that when the corpse of Louis XVII was lifted from the guillotine some minutes after the fatal knife had fallen, the right arm of that unhappy monarch suddenly extended itself

with such violence, as to strike and nearly overturn Talleyrand, the pious bishop of Autun, who was attending in disguise on the last hours of his sovereign.

With esteem, thy reader,

GURNEY F. JONES.

BYBERRY, 8th Mo., 17th, 1854.

## EPILOGUE.

[On opening the theatre at Sidney, Botany Bay. Spoken by the celebrated M'r Bar-  
rington. From an original broadside.]

From distant climes o'er wide spread seas we come,  
Though not with much *clat* or beat of drum;  
True patriots all, for be it understood,  
We left our country, for our country's good.  
No private views disgrac'd our generous seal,  
What urg'd our travels was our country's weal.  
And none will doubt but that our emigration,  
Has proved most useful to the British nation.  
But you enquire what could our breasts inflame,  
With this new passion for theatric fumes,  
What in the practice of our former days,  
Could shape our talents to exhibit plays;  
Your patience, Sirs, some observations made,  
You'll grant us equal to the scenic trade.  
He who to midnight ladders is no stranger,  
You'll own will make an admirable "Ranger;"  
To see "Macheath" we have not far to roam,  
And sure in "Flick" I shall be quite at home.  
Unrival'd there none will dispute my claim,  
To high pre-eminence and exalted fame.  
As oft on Gadshill we have ta'en our stand,  
When 'twas so dark you could not see your hand;  
Some true bred "Falstaff" we may hope to start,  
Who when well bolstered, well may play his part.  
The scene to vary, we shall try in time,  
To treat you with a little pantomime.  
Here light and easy "Columbines" are found,  
And well tried "Harlequins" with us abound;  
From durance vile our precious selves to keep,  
We often have recourse to the flying leap;  
To a black face have sometimes owed escape,  
And Hounslow-heath has proved the worth of *crumpe*.  
But how, you ask, can we e'er hope to soar,  
Above these scenes, and rise to tragic lore;  
Too oft, alas, we forc'd the unwilling tear,  
And petrified the heart with real fear;  
"Macbeth" a harvest of applause will reap,  
For some of us I fear have murdered sleep;  
His lady too, with grace will sleep and talk,  
Our females have been used at night to walk.  
Sometimes indeed, so various is our heart,  
An actor may improve, and mend his part.  
"Give me a horse," bawls Richard like a drone,  
We'll find a man who'll help himself to one;  
Grant us your favour, put us to the test,  
To gain your smiles we'll do our very best,  
And without dread of future Turnkey Lockits,  
Thus in an honest way still pick your pockets.

## HUGH GROTIUS.

In turning over, the other day, one of the recent volumes of De Quincey, from the press of Ticknor & Co., we were surprised to find a writer who usually exhibits a sympathy with every species of greatness, however intolerant he may be of what he deems error, indulging in coarse but piquant sarcasms, in flippant and witty but unjust and unappreciative comments upon Hugh Grotius—in some sort the founder of International Law—whose name stands charactered on the page of history in unfading splendor. We were at once reminded of the beautiful and noble tribute to his memory, pronounced by Sir James Mackintosh, in the presence of a distinguished and admiring audience. The passage is one of the finest in the English language, and we are confident we shall win the thanks of our readers by recalling it to their attention. It occurs in his celebrated Lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations.

"The redaction of the law of nations to a system," says Sir James, "was reserved for Grotius. It was by the advice of Lord Bacon and Peiresc, that he undertook this arduous task. He produced a work which we now indeed justly deem imperfect, but which is perhaps the most complete that the world has yet owed, at so early a stage in the progress of any science, to the genius and learning of one man. So great is the uncertainty of posthumous reputation, and so liable is the fame even of the greatest men to be obscured by those new fashions of thinking and writing, which succeed each other so rapidly among polished nations, that Grotius who filled so large a space in the eye of his contemporaries, is now perhaps known to some of my readers only by name; yet, if we fairly estimate both his endowments and his virtues, we may justly consider him as one of the most memorable men who have done honor to modern times. He combined the discharge of the most important duties of active and public life, with the attainment of that exact and various learning which is generally the portion only of the recluse student. He was distinguished as an advocate and a magistrate, and he composed the most valuable works on the law of his own country; he was almost equally celebrated as an historian, a scholar, a poet, and a divine; a disinterested statesman, a philosophical lawyer, a patriot who united moderation with firmness, and a theologian who was taught candor by his learning. Unmerited exile did not damp his patriotism; the bitterness of controversy did not extinguish his charity. The sagacity of his numerous and fierce adversaries

could not discover a blot on his character; and in the midst of all the hard trials and galling provocations of a turbulent political life, he never once deserted his friends when they were unfortunate, nor insulted his enemies when they were weak. In times of the most furious civil and religious faction he preserved his name unspotted, and he knew how to reconcile fidelity to his own party, with moderation towards his opponents. Such was the man who was destined to give a new form to the law of nations, or rather to create a science, of which only rude sketches and indigested materials were scattered over the writings of those who had gone before him. By tracing the laws of his country to their principles, he was led to the contemplation of the law of nature, which he justly considered as the parent of all municipal law. Few works were more celebrated than that of Grotius in his own days, and in the age which succeeded. It has, however, been the fashion of the last half century to depreciate his work as a shapeless compilation, in which reason lies buried under a mass of authorities and quotations. This fashion originated among French wits and declaimers, and it has been, I know not for what reason adopted, though with far greater moderation and decency, by some respectable writers among ourselves. As to those who first used this language, the most candid supposition that we can make with respect to them is, that they never read the work; for if they had not been deterred from the perusal of it by such a formidable display of Greek characters, they must soon have discovered that Grotius never quotes on any subject till he has first appealed to some principles, and often, in my humble opinion, though not always, to the soundest and most rational principles.

But another sort of answer is due to some of those who have criticised Grotius, and that answer might be given in the words of Grotius himself. He was not of such a stupid and servile cast of mind, as to quote the opinions of poets or orators, of historians and philosophers, as those of judges, from whose decision there was no appeal. He quotes them, as he tells us himself, as witnesses whose inspiring testimony, mightily strengthened and confirmed by their discordance on almost every other subject, is a conclusive proof of the unanimity of the whole human race on the great rules of duty and the fundamental principles of morals. On such matters, poets and orators are the most unexceptionable of all witnesses; for they address themselves to the general feelings and sympathies of mankind; they are neither warped by system, nor perverted by sophistry; they can attain none of their ob-



jects; they can neither please nor persuade if they dwell on moral sentiments not in unison with those of their readers. No system of moral philosophy can surely disregard the general feelings of human nature and the according judgment of all ages and nations. But where are these feelings and that judgment recorded and preserved? In those very writings which Grotius is gravely blamed for having quoted. The usages and laws of nations, the events of history, the opinions of philosophers, the sentiments of orators and poets, as well as the observation of common life, are, in truth, the materials out of which the science of morality is formed; and those who neglect them are justly chargeable with a vain attempt to philosophize without regard to fact and experience, the sole foundation of all true philosophy.

If this were merely an objection of taste, I should be willing to allow that Grotius has indeed poured forth his learning with a profusion that sometimes rather encumbers than adorns his work, and which is not always necessary to the illustration of his subject. Yet, even in making that concession, I should rather yield to the taste of others than speak from my own feelings. I own that such richness and splendour of literature have a powerful charm for me. They fill my mind with an endless variety of delightful recollections and associations. They relieve the understanding in its progress through a vast science, by calling up the memory of great men and of interesting events. By this means we see the truths of morality clothed with all the eloquence, (not that could be produced by the powers of one man, but) that could be bestowed on them by the collective genius of the world. Even virtue and wisdom themselves acquire new majesty in my eyes, when I thus see all the great masters of thinking and writing called together, as it were, from all times and countries, to do them homage, and to appear in their train."

## LETTERS FROM CHINA.

### NUMBER VI.

UNITED STATES STEAMER QUEEN, }  
Canton River, May 2nd, 1854. }

Information was received here a few days ago that a battle had been fought between the Imperialists and the people, from the English and American Men of War at Shanghai, in which the former were defeated, and their forts and camp destroyed. It originated from the Chinese maltreating a party of merchants, who were taking their

usual exercise on the race-course. Four men were killed on our side, and one or two officers wounded. The English suffered a larger loss. An apology was made afterwards by the Chief Mandarin, but I cannot say what action will be taken upon it. The Suesquehanna sailed two days ago, with M'r M' Lane, our minister, on board, for Shanghai; and I suppose he will investigate the matter. Since my last nothing new has occurred, excepting that our ship has been rechartered for three months, from the 16th of May. This has been done on the supposition that Commodore Perry will not be down from Japan before the last of June; but those who ought to know, say that the trouble at Shanghai will hasten his departure from there, and that he may be expected by the last of May. I hope it will be so, for our stay here will depend entirely upon the absence of the Commodore; and I am dreadfully tired of a Canton life. I have for nearly six months been out of the vessel after 10, P. M. but a very few times; and with the exception of my visit to the library, and occasionally attending service at the house of D'r Williams, the Missionary, I am very little on shore during the day. So you can judge what sort of pleasure I have here. I feel content, however, considering all things; and if I could walk into the country, would be quite pleased with Canton. That however cannot be, as I have no idea of being choked by the Celestials just yet, though I can regard their abuse with perfect indifference; of course I speak of the rag, tag and bobtail, from which no large city is free.

I was on shore yesterday, and, looking about for knick-knacks, I met with some of the most splendid shawls of a new pattern. Price from \$38 to \$54 here; at home, I suppose, \$75 and \$120 would be asked. I can get matting for 9 cents per square yard; but it is so bulky that I could not find room for it, or else I would bring some hundred yards of it home.

I intend, if I can, to bring two or three shawls home; but if my money will not reach, I shall get silk, grass cloth, nankeen, and silk handkerchiefs. Handkerchiefs are only \$2 60 for a piece, or 10. I am exceedingly anxious to get something for every body, and hope to succeed in doing so; all however depends upon my stay here.

If some of our women folks could have an opportunity of shopping in Old or New China streets, I think they would find greater bargains than they ever dreamed of before, besides being bewildered with the vast variety of goods opened to their inspection. The Chinese outrival our own shopkeepers in civility, and will, even if you tell them you do not want any thing, clear their

shelves, and lay open the most costly goods for you; and as it is well known silk is easily damaged, it argues greatly in their favor.

They are deep fellows though, and are very apt to beguile you into an investment before you know where you are. Whether you have money or not makes no difference—any time will do. I deal with one man, who gets me any article not in his stock, I may want, without extra charge; his name is Eyuck. He would certainly make a fortune in Philadelphia, as he is very good looking and a capital salesman.

As soon after the arrival of the Commodore as possible, I will endeavour to ascertain what is to be done with me, and write immediately; as if I remain out I shall want all the books ordered by me, which have come since my departure, sent out to me by ship; and for fear I should forget it, next time I want a note enclosed in the parcel or box, directing that it may be returned to your address, in case I shall have left the station. I went on shore yesterday, and ordered a shawl and a set of chessmen. Who are to be the fortunate possessors, is a mystery to me as yet. Money is high here, a dollar being worth \$1 30, when obtained on bills of exchange on the United States. At Shanghai, it is still higher.

It is very warm—the thermometer usually standing at about 90°, although so early in the season—and what it will be in July and August, the Lord knows: the mosquitoes also trouble us a great deal, and compel me to resort to my old habit of reading in bed, which is well fortified by a net from their attacks.

On Sunday evening last, I attended service at the house of D'r Williams, and had the pleasure of hearing D'r Smith, the English Bishop preach. In the course of his remarks, he stated that he had just received copies of various parts of the Scriptures, which had been published by Ty-ping Wong, the pure Chinese candidate for the throne,—and there was a remarkable circumstance connected with them;—it was, that the name of God was placed three lines above that of the Emperor, which is contrary to the style heretofore followed. The very fact of their publishing the Scriptures themselves is remarkable, and holds out great encouragement to the idea which seems to prevail here, that a sudden and mighty movement is in course of fulfilment, which will astonish the whole Christian world.

To-day I had a visit from a brother of one of the provincial governors, who was accompanied by two friends. They had never been on board of a steamer before,

and seemed to be much surprised at what they saw. When we parted, they wanted my name. Luckily, having cards with my last name written in Chinese, I was able to gratify them. The Governor's brother had nails two inches in length, though nails of four or five inches are frequently seen. When this is the case, slips of bamboo are used to support them. Long nails mark the gentry in China; for it would be impossible to perform manual labour with such delicate appendages to the digitals. Some I have seen, wear the nail of the middle finger long, the rest being of the usual length. Next to the tail, the nails seem to be of most importance. The insurgents, however, have dispensed with the tail altogether, and wear their hair as we do; and I think, before another year rolls by, that the Canton folks will be adopting the same fashion, if Ty-ping Wong acts as energetically as heretofore. It is high time something was done to root out the corrupt system under which the present government maintains its rule. The Emperor is as innocent of what is going on as a baby, and thinks, to this day, that the English were driven out in the opium war of 1840. All sorts of smuggling is going on right under our noses, and by the connivance of the Mandarins, who receive a percentage. In coming off to the ship last night, I saw a large number of cases shipped, of course without the payment of duty; and, with this sort of work, the government must lose enormously. With the opium it is the same, although the laws are so stringent concerning its importation into the empire. I send you a few tea-leaves, which were gathered near the walls of the city, a few days ago. I seal this with my name in Chinese.

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## CURRENT LITERATURE.

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*The London Quarterly Review.* July, 1854: Leonard Scott & Co.: New, York. For sale in Philadelphia by Getz & Buck.

The Quarterly comes to us richly laden with good things. There are indeed some articles which afford truly splendid evidences of scholarship and ability. One of the best is the candid, judicious, and discriminating review of "Milman's Latin Christianity." At the present time there is probably no one so fit in every way for the great work of giving us an impartial history of the early Church, so Catholic in spirit, yet so opposed to priestcraft, so just to his opponents, so just to his friends, as the learned Dean of Saint Paul's, and the Reviewer is just to his

labours, and loves him apparently for his work's sake. Another article kindred in spirit and kindred in ability to the above, is that on "Christianity in Melanesia and New Zealand." Its account of the conversion of the most of the native tribes from the vilest cannibalism and barbarism to Christianity, their high intellectual capabilities, their advance in all the arts of civilization, is exceedingly interesting and delightful. "Queen Elizabeth and her Favorites," is rather an interesting defence of the "virgin Queen." The Reviewer labors diligently in her behalf, but as we deem without much success; according to his own showing, the good lady was very far from being a saint, but withal he makes a very readable article. "The House of Commons," is an account of the New Houses of Parliament, and how business is transacted, with some notices of the leading men; it is readable and instructive. The fifth article, "The Electric Telegraph," is also worthy of perusal. This number is far above the average; it also begins the volume for the year; and the London Quarterly is undoubtedly among the cheapest and best periodicals to be had.

*Godey's Lady's Book.* September, 1854:  
Louis A. Godey: Philadelphia.

This number contains many well-written and useful articles; particularly, the "Every-day Actualities," and "Life of Columbus." It embraces also its usual variety of steel and wood engravings—the features perhaps which have given the magazine its great popularity throughout the broad South and West.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

GEORGE BARRINGTON.

A correspondent has sent us a copy of the Epilogue spoken by the celebrated George Barrington, at the opening of the theatre at Sydney, Botany Bay. It is now seldom met with, and will be a novelty to most of the readers of the present day. This distinguished depredator was born about the year 1755, in the town of Maynooth, Ireland. His father's name was Waldron, which the son afterwards changed for that of Barrington. His parents were respectable people; and, as Barrington possessed abilities of a very high order, with the advantages he enjoyed he might have attained a respectable position in society. When in his sixteenth year, he attracted the notice of a dignitary in the Church of Ireland, who offered to educate him for the

University, and with that view made him a liberal allowance. His evil propensities, however, led him into indiscretions, by which he forfeited the favour of his generous patron. He left the school, and abandoned his family and friends. He associated himself with a company of pick-pockets, and in that profession attained distinguished skill. He soon made his own country too hot to hold him—for at the races in the county of Carlow, he was detected picking the pocket of a nobleman—but, upon returning the property, his lordship declined to prosecute, and he left Ireland for England, where he made his first appearance in 1773. Some of his exploits are very amusing, and evinced a fertility of resource which gained him great notoriety. Among other devices, he assumed the garb of a clergyman, and in that character appeared at Court, where his skill in manipulation enabled him to reap a golden harvest. He was several times taken in custody, but, either from the lenity of the prosecutors, or his own ingenuity, he managed to escape conviction. After running a career perhaps longer and more prosperous than ever before attended a gentleman in his line of business, he was finally apprehended for picking the pocket of Henry Hare Townsend, Esq., at Epsom Races. For this he was tried at the Old Bailey, September 1st, 1798, and found guilty (although he made an able and ingenious defence), and sentenced to transportation to Botany Bay for seven years. While there his conduct was marked by such undeviating rectitude as to obtain the esteem of the Governor and the officers. He was appointed High Constable of Paramatta, and was complimented by the Governor on the faithful discharge of his duties. In this situation he continued for some time, but in 1801, he was a mere living skeleton, and having lost his mental faculties retired on a pension. He died in 1804, a melancholy instance of perverted talents; and it is supposed that his mental imbecility was brought on by remorse, and conscious sensibility operating on a mind capable of better things.

## ANECDOTE OF SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare was performing the part of a king. The theatre was small. Queen Elizabeth's box was contiguous to the stage; she purposely dropped her handkerchief upon the boards at the feet of Shakespeare, having a mind to try whether her poet would stoop from his assumed majesty. She was mistaken. "Take up our sister's handkerchief," was his prompt and dignified order to one of the actors in his train.

## DISORDERED VISION.

A scientific writer thus explains some matters that have no doubt at times puzzled all of our readers:

Coloured vision may arise from permanent defect or from acute disorder; from some peculiar refraction of a ray of light on the lens of the eye, or by the optical laws of the accidental colours.

The ray of white light consists of the three prismatic or primitive colours. Now, if the eye is fatigued by one of these colours, or it be lost, mechanically or physiologically, the impression of *two* only will remain, and this accidental or complementary colour is composed of the two remaining constituents of the white ray. Thus, if the eye has been strained on a *red* colour, it is insensible to this, but perceives the *blue* and the *yellow*, the combination of which is *green*. So, if we look long on a *green* spot, and then fix the eye on *white* paper, the spectrum will be of light *red*. A *violet* spot will become *yellow*; a *blue* spot *orange-red*; a black spot will entirely disappear on a *white* ground, for it has no complementary colour, but it appears *white* on a *dark* ground, as a white spot will change to black.

By this law I may explain the impression made by black letters on the red ground of a play-bill, which appeared *blue*. The accidental colour of *orange-red* is *blue*; that of *black* is *white*. By looking on this, the black letter first becomes *white*, and the accidental colour of the red—*blue*, is transferred to the white ground of the letters.

## GREAT VALUE OF ADVERTISING.

Some seven or eight years ago, says the *New York Mirror*, one of our largest hotels was losing money for the proprietor. Knowing from experience that he had one of the best houses and tables in the world, we advised him to advertise. He adopted the suggestion, and gave us a *carte blanche* to make the "New York Hotel" known to the public through the columns of the most respectable newspapers in the country. We selected twenty-five papers, and requested them to copy an advertisement, six months, and either copy at the same time from our columns an editorial notice of the Hotel, or write a better one. The bills were sent to this office and paid, the aggregate sum not exceeding four hundred dollars. The consequence was this:—The Hotel immediately filled up with the best class of people, and from that time to this, the proprietor has been making from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand dollars a-year out of his business.

## A MADMAN'S LETTER.

From a curious English publication we obtain the following:

"December 4th, 1832.

"To ———, Esq..

"I am Lord President of the Council, a most honorable situation, and the richest gift of the Crown, which brings me in seven thousand pounds every year. The Council consists of Three Secretaries of State, of which I am one, and the Paymaster of the Forces. When the King William the fourth shall die, then shall be crowned King of England, and be crowned in Westminster Abbey, By The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. I shall, on the occasion of my coronation, have placed in the different street of London one thousand pipes of wine for my people, and at night in the of Hyde the Park a magnificent display of Fireworks, and one hundred pieces of Artillery shall fire three rounds for the amusement of my people and subjects. I have only now to give you a list of my titles and honors:

"King of England.

First Heir Presumptive to the Crown.

Major-general and Field-martial.

Duke of Leitzep.

Prince of Denmark.

Lord-president of the Council.

Knight Banneret.

Lord-treasurer of the Exchequer.

Lieutenant-colonel ———, Lord and Baronet.

Aid-de-Camp to the King.

Champion of England.

"Dear ———, I wish to acquaint you that Windsor Castle belongs to me, that the palace of Brighton also belongs to me, also I purchased from the Duke of Wellington the splendid park and Palace of Stratfieldsea, wherein there are very extensive Forests of Oak and of Pine trees, together with a magnificent sheet of Water containing Ells and Salmon Trout.

"Dear ———, I have to beg that you give my love and duty to your wife—and give this letter to read, I pray you, according to my desire and wish."

BEN JONSON AND CANARY.

"Ben Jonson," writes Aubrey, "would many times excede in drink; Canarie was his beloved liquor; then he would tumble home to bed, and when he had thoroughly perspired, then to studie."

THE ASPEN.

In Denbighshire, England, the prevalent belief is, that the *shivering* of the aspen is from *sympathy* with that tree in Palestine, which was hewn into the true cross.

## THE CYCLOPS' FURNACE.

Camden, in his "Britannia," informs us, "In a rock in the island of Barry, in Glamorganshire, there is a narrow chink or cleft, to which, if you put your ear, you shall perceive all such sorts of noises as you may fancy smiths at work under ground, strokes of hammers, blowing of bellows, grinding of tools." At Worm's Head, in the peninsula of Gower, in Glamorganshire, these sounds are, even now, often heard; and it requires but a moderate stretch of imagination to create all this cyclopean imagery, when the sea is rolling in cavities under one's feet, and the tone of its voice is magnified by confinement and reperussion.

Baron Humboldt heard the strangest subterranean sounds among the granite rocks on the Orinoco; and at the palace of Carnac, some of Napoleon's *savans* heard noises exactly resembling the breaking of a string. It is curious that Pausanias applies exactly this expression to the sounds of the Memnonian granite, the colossal head of Memnon, which was believed to speak at sunrise. He writes: "It emits sounds every morning at sunrise, which can be compared only to that of the breaking of the string of a lyre."

## A MINIATURE WORLD.

A late scientific writer says: Science has thrown even a *poetry* around the blue mould of a cheese-crust; and in the bloom of the peach the microscope has shown forth a treasury of flowers and gigantic forests, in the depths of which the roving animalcule finds as secure an ambush as the lion and the tiger within the gloomy jungles of Hindostan. In a drop of liquid crystal the water-wolf chases his wounded victim till it is changed to crimson with its blood. Ehrenberg has seen monads in fluid the 24,000th part of an inch in size, and in one drop of water 500,000,000 creatures—the population of the globe.

## OMITTED VERSE IN GRAY'S ELEGY.

P. T. P. says, in an English Journal, that the author's Manuscript of the Elegy, or Stanzas written in a Country Churchyard, has the following verse, which is omitted in all the printed editions,—

## XV.

Some rural Lads, with all conquering charms,  
Perhaps now moulders in this grassy bourn!  
Some Helen, vain to set the fields in arms,  
Some Emma dead, of gentle love forlorn!

## XVI.

Some village Hampden, etc.

## HORRIBLE EXORCISM.

Some years since, on the demesne of Heywood, (as we learn from an old number of the "Tipperary Constitution,") the death of a child, six years old, was accomplished with a wantonness of purpose almost incredible. "Little Mahony" was afflicted with spinal disease, and, like many other deformed children, possessed the gift—in this case the *fatal* gift—of acute intellect. For this quality, it was decided that he was not the son of his reputed father, but a fairy changeling. After a solemn convocation, it was decreed that the elfin should be scared away; and the mode of effecting this was by holding the child on a hot shovel, and then pumping cold water on his head! This had the effect of extorting a confession of his imposture, and a promise to send back the *real* Johnny Mahony; but, ere he could return to elf-land and perform this promise, *he died*.

## MYSTERIOUS BREAD.

Chance may involve a seeming mystery of very awful import. Some years ago the town of Reading, England, was thus bewildered. On the loaves were seen the most mysterious signs: on one, a skeleton's head and cross-bones; on another, the word "resurgam;" on another, a date of death was marked in deep impressions. The loaves of course were, by some mysterious influence, the vehicles of solemn warning from the Deity.

The baker was churchwarden of Saint Giles's: his oven needed flooring, and, winking at the sacrilege, he stole the flat, inscribed tombstones from the churchyard, and therewith floored his oven. From the inscriptions of these stones the loaves took their mystic impressions.

## POETICAL SIGN.

At the little village of Stretton, in Cheshire, England, is a well known and long established inn, called the Cat and Lion; having over the doorway a painted sign, depicting a cat and a lion in anything but good humor towards each other, with these lines,—

The Lion is strong, the Cat is vicious,  
My Ale is good, and so is my Liquors!

## THE CID AND THE JEW.

The body of the Cid, Ruy Diaz, as we read in Heywood's "Hierarchie," sat in state at the altar of the Cathedral at Toledo for ten years. A Jew one day attempted, in derision, to pull him by the beard; but on the first touch the Cid started up, and in high resentment scared the Israelite away.

# BIZARRE.

AN ORIGINAL, LITERARY GAZETTE.

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## ALFRED TENNYSON.

It is a prevalent impression, that in the present world we do not see Truth always triumphant or "even handed" Justice invariably awarded. Says the Royal Sage, "the race is *not* to the swift nor the battle to the strong," but "*time and chance* happen to all men." The sentiment of this utterance has been assumed, as a fact characterising our mortal state, and they, who have taken upon themselves to be *champions* of the supernal Providence, have reared thereon many a towering structure of argument for an *after* life, that shall rectify these irregularities and give to Justice and Truth an *unqualified* triumph.

I am not here to contest this assumption. I may remark, however, in passing, that I suspect this notion is much exaggerated, even if granted partially correct. One thing, at all events, is certain, which is, that few spectacles are more pleasing, than the signal and complete victory of such Truth and Justice,—most especially in some instance, where, for a season, they had been overcast by misapprehension and misappreciation, or seemingly blotted out by falsity and wrong.

Not a few eminent examples of this description have been witnessed in our day. Even such of us, as are not yet in the "sere and yellow leaf," may recall the time, when "Lake Poets," or "Lakers," was an epithet of contempt and measureless ridicule, at which, following the lead of the keen, but oft-misjudging Edinburgh Review, multitudes of penny-a-liners felt bound to shoot their tiny bolts.

And who *were* these so derided and besquibbed "Lakers?" Why, no other than Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth! And which of these had not, even prior to his death, been added to the "Band of the Immortals?" *Lake-Poets* they *were* in very truth, for like the surface of their favorite Westmoreland meres, their poetry gave back an image, alike veritable and graceful, of whatever was presented to its mirror, whether it were the varied splendors of Earth or the flashing glories of Heaven!

The sapient Critics, however, were not content with affixing to this bardic triad an appellation designed as one of reproach. They must needs baptise them, also, as founders of a *School* of Poetry, designated the "Lake-School." A blunder so strange, as to verge on stupidity, since it were not easy finding, among British Poets, three more *radically unlike*, than precisely these three! And to place their error beyond recall, they must include, as *pupils* in this ridiculous School, Leigh Hunt, Keats, Landor, Shelley, Lamb, and, finally, Tennyson! Whoso considers how these persons stand *now* in the general estimation, will scarce venture to swear by the *infallibility* of Reviewers, or deny, that Justice is, at least, *sometimes* dispensed here on earth.

Not, indeed, that the strictures of the Critics were *wholly* baseless. And had they been as open-eyed to the merits, as to the faults of those, on whom they animadverted, it had been well enough. For, I must frankly confess to having scarcely more sympathy with certain eulogists of these bards, than with their decryers. Especially with regard to Wordsworth have these champions emulated, and even transcended the assailants in absurdity. Not content with claiming admiration for his incontestable merits, they have vehemently challenged it for what, at the very least, must be pronounced eccentricities, and what, too, most persons of taste invariably find revolting.

Take, for instance, the Poem to Peter Bell, commencing with

"I wish I had a little boat,  
In shape just like the crescent moon,"

and who would not suppose he was reading a *nursery* rhyme, instead of a grave philosophic poem?

So, too,

"But still the Ass, with motion dull,  
Upon the pivot of his scull  
Turns round his long left ear,"

may, very likely, describe a physiologic fact, but is it an eminently *poetical* fact?

Once more,

"The Owl did cry, tu whoo, tu whoo,  
And the Sun did shine so cold,"

may be precisely what an "idiot boy" would say of a hooting owl and a clear-shining moon, but are a poor idiot's drivellings the quintessence of poetry?

The Bard of Rydal was so unhappy, as to hold a *theory* of poetry, and *this* exacted of him to maintain, that *all things* are equally poetical in themselves and fitting themes for the poet. And because men's intuitions revolted at much, that was written in *verification* of it, the Patriarch modestly remarked, "a *great* poet must *create* the taste, by which he is enjoyed."

Now to the Creator all things may be equally great and alike beautiful, and such terms, as "little," "ugly," &c., may be void of significance. This, however, is solely because He is *infinite* and all else is *finite*, and betwixt infinite and finite there can be no ground of comparison.

But with Man it is not and cannot be so. Greater and smaller, beauty and ugliness, poetic and unpoetic, are real, practical verities,—*demonstrating* themselves such by augmenting or diminishing his enjoyments, as also by modifying his intellect, his sensibilities, and his very selfhood. Of consequence, all the logic and eloquence in the world can never establish a durable impression, that a donkey, laden with pedler's packages, is equally poetic with a superb battle-charger, instinct throughout with fiery life, his "neck clothed with thunder, and saying to the trumpet's blast, ha, ha," or that such donkey's master, the "potter," with his total soul absorbed in driving "sharp" bargains in pins, tape and gingham with the rustic "Joans," is an object as capable to the full of impressing the refined imagination *poetically*, as Milton, the darling of a prodigal Nature, with a soul abiding habitually among objects the grandest and loveliest, enshrined in a body every whit worthy of itself!

The laws of disease, it is said, are no less beautiful, intrinsically, than the laws of health. To the *Omniscient*, therefore, the jargon-utterances of the idiot or the lunatic may appear ranged under the governance of principles as wondrous and immutable, as those presiding over the mental operations of a Bacon or a Newton. But to us, constituted as we are, health and sanity are beautiful and attractive, while disease and lunacy are repulsive; the thoughts of a Bacon or a Newton thrill and exalt us, while an idiot's jabberings move us with a *pity*, mingled with involuntary disgust.

So Man was made by his Creator, and the Poet inevitably wastes both time and words

in combatting the fundamental laws of Man's organization.

Some faint traces of Wordsworth's influence are, I think, perceptible in Tennyson. This, indeed, is natural enough, inasmuch as in certain features and habitudes of mind the twain are not unlike. Tennyson is eminently a *meditative* poet, as was the Rydal Bard, and would seem, like the latter, to be *solitary* in his habits, making fellowship less with Man, than with Nature and the thoughts thereby suggested. Tennyson's *puerilities*, however (for such they seem to me), are confined chiefly to what I suppose to be his *earlier* pieces, since they stand in the first of his published volumes.

Note, for example, the following from the second poem of the first volume.

"Airy, fairy Lillian,  
Flitting, fairy Lillian,  
When I ask her if she love me,  
Claps her tiny hands above me,  
Laughing all she can.

\* \* \* \*

Glancing with black-beaded eyes,  
Till the lightning-laughters dimple  
The baby-roses in her cheeks.

\* \* \* \*

Praying all I can,  
If prayers will not hush thee,  
Airy Lillian,  
Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee!"

Now, do tell us how "baby-roses" look, when "dimpled by lightning-laughter!" And this "laughing all she can,"—is there any method of estimating the *amount* thereof?

I would beseech of the poet to say, in his next edition, whether he is here in jest or earnest; whether he is *quizzing* those writers, who, in straining after *simplicity*, fall into baby-talk, or whether, in some unlucky moment, he did actually pen the above-cited lines in good faith!

But, a little further on, are two poems absolutely overbrimming with the spirit of "Betty Foy" *rediviva*. They are addressed to a certain *Owl*, and are such as that sapient creature should be perfectly satisfied withal, unless excessively hard to please.

Thus,

"When cats run home and light is come,  
Alone, and warming his five wits,  
The white Owl in the belfry sits."

The *time* here alluded to is, I suppose, about day-break. The performance of said Owl constitutes the substance of the first of these two odes, and would seem to be of no slight moment, since the remainder of the

same is mainly a *reiteration* of the *sentiment* advanced in the above lines.

The second of the two songs commences thus :

"Thy tuwhits are lulled, I wot;  
Thy tuwhoos of yesternight

\* \* \* \*

So took echo with delight,  
That *her* voice, untuneful grown,  
Wears, all day, a fainter tone."

"I would mock thy chaunt anew,  
But I cannot mimic it;  
Not a whit of thy tuwhoo,  
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,  
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,  
With a lengthened, loud halloo,  
Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhoo-o-o!"

There, dear reader, you have it. As these verses were specially addressed to the "white Owl," it is to be hoped, that *he*, at any rate, understood and appreciated them. Speaking for one man, I must honestly confess, that *I* neither understand fully nor like them at all. For such as do, however, perhaps it were well to publish, in a separate volume, all the poems, suited peculiarly to the *bubonian* genus, decorated, maybe, with a frontispiece representing a belfry with a *white* specimen of said genus sitting therein, "warming his five wits," at a fire of Newcastle coal, probably, while below, in the distance, a few "cats" might be seen stealing home from their nocturnal wooings.

To speak "by the square," however, I should greatly prefer thinking that the bard is here solemnly *quizzing* those complaisant parasites, who accept and swallow, without wry faces, whatever a genuine poet elects to offer. And a genuine poet Tennyson most assuredly is. His *range* is not the most extensive, but within that range he is truly admirable. This I shall endeavor to demonstrate by sundry quotations, accompanied by a brief running commentary, indicating what strike me, as his leading traits.

He is specially remarkable for picturesqueness of epithet, for trenchant force of expression, and for single lines or paragraphs, that at once daguerreotype themselves on the mind of the reader.

Thus, in "Godiva,"

"Anon she shook her head,  
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;  
Stole on, and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid  
From pillar unto pillar."

And again,

"—— all at once

"With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon  
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred tongues."

Note, too, the following lines to a friend:

"Clear-headed friend, whose joyful scorn,  
Edged with sharp laughter, cuts atwain  
The knots, that tangle human creeds,  
The wounding cords, that bind and strain  
The heart until it bleeds;  
Ray-fringed eyelids of the morn  
Roof not a glance so keen as thine.

\* \* \* \*

Nor martyr-flames nor trenchant swords  
Can do away that ancient lie;  
A gentler death shall falsehood die,  
Shot through and through with cunning words.

Weak Truth, a-leaning on her crutch,  
Wan, wasted Truth, in her utmost need,  
Thy kingly intellect shall feed  
Until she be an athlete bold."

With this power of picturesque and graphic utterance is coupled a marvellous mastery of the art of versification. Be it however it may with the *outward ear*, Tennyson has, undeniably, a *spiritual ear* for music. And with what *seems* to me not infrequent tokens of *carelessness*, in the elaboration of his lines and the collocation of his words, the instances are, comparatively, very rare, in which his thoughts and sentiments *do not*

"Voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers."

In that most superb of poems, "Locksley Hall," the twain excellencies, above intimated, are brought conspicuously forward.

Thus,

"Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his  
glowing hands;  
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden  
sands.

"Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the  
chords with might;  
Smote the chord of *self*, that, trembling, passed in music  
out of sight."

\* \* \* \*

"Am I mad, that I should cherish *that*, which bears such  
bitter fruit?  
I will pluck it from my bosom, though *my heart* be at its  
root!"

\* \* \* \*

"Comfort?—comfort scorned of devils! this is *truth* the  
poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier  
things!"

\* \* \* \*

"But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt, that Honor  
feels,  
And the Nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's  
heels!"

\* \* \* \*



"Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward  
let us range;  
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves  
of change."

"Through the *shadow* of the globe we sweep into the  
younger day;  
Better *fifty years* of Europe, than a *cycle* of Cathay!"

Magnificent, magnificent poetry, these extracts, and the total ode, from which I take them! It seems a species of sacrilege to *criticise* at all the results of inspiration so undeniable. And yet I *must* perform the functions of my office.

Well, then, even this superb poem, with its rolling and reverberating harmonies, strikes me as being disfigured with instances not a few of either careless, or, in any case, defective rhythm. Any one, by reading the verses *aloud*, may readily detect these. He will repeatedly find the *accent* to be cast upon *conjunctions* and *prepositions*—a species of *solecism* in versification, which should have had Edgar A. Poe to give it *fitting* reception. Alas! I fear, that *thoroughly intelligent* criticism, on *this* side the water, departed with this noble, though eccentric creature!

One of Tennyson's most unequivocal claims to the title of Poet is his just appreciation of *Woman*, and his acute perception of her characteristic qualities. Some one has said, that "the Poet is, in his organization, half-woman." And no doubt, that in his lightning-flashing intuitions; in the delicacy alike of his perceptions and his tastes; in his love of the beautiful and the graceful, as also in his fine and vivid sympathies, the Poet *does* possess no small share of the feminine organization. And *therefore* it is, that he, and he alone, can fully apprehend, and, more especially, justly portray the female character. Tennyson has presented to the world a gallery of female portraits, which, if not very extensive, is made up wholly of *gems*. Isabel, Madeline, Mariana, Adeline, Eleanore, Fatima, the Sisters, the May Queen, Margaret, Dora and Godiva,—not to extend the list farther,—sufficiently show how delicate a pencil the poet wields, as also how keen and quick is the eye, which can arrest and fix those shades of expression, which, like

"Hues of the silken, sheeny woof,  
Momently shot into each other,"

pass into somewhat different, or even adverse, ere the common eye can grasp them. Gladly would I give my readers a taste of these dainties, but I find, that, without transcribing the *whole* of the poems, this cannot be. I must, then, refer the reader to the volumes themselves.

And I would especially beg of him not to overlook the bard's charming "dream of Fair Women." Let me just intimate what this "fine-eyed" Seer beheld in that "dream:"—

"—— in every Land,  
I saw, wherever light illumineth,  
Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand  
The downward slope of death."

"Those far-renowned Brides of ancient Song  
Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars."

Among these Brides he saw the wofully renowned Helen,

"A daughter of the Gods, divinely tall,  
And most divinely fair;"

and Iphęginia, too, who

"—— dimly did deary  
The stern, black-bearded kings, with wolfish eyes,  
Waiting to see her die;"

and Egypt's Cleopatra, who

"—— once, like the moon, could make  
The ever-shifting current of men's blood,  
According to her humor ebb and flow;"

and

"Whose warbling voice, a lyre of widest range,  
Struck by all passion, did fall down and glance  
From tone to tone, and glided through all change  
Of liveliest utterance;"

and Jephthah's daughter, who proved

"How beautiful a thing it was to die  
For God and for her Sire;"

and many beside, to whom History or Song has given immortal remembrance.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

## ENIGMA.

[Written by M<sup>r</sup> Canning.—For a length of time it baffled the skill of all England to solve.]

There is a word of plural number,  
A foe to peace and human slumber;  
Now any word you chance to take,  
By adding S, you plural make;  
But if you add an S to this,  
How strange the metamorphosis!  
Plural, is plural then no more,  
And sweet, what bitter was before.

SOLUTION.—The word is *cares*, to which by adding an S, you have *caress*.

## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

A SERIES OF LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NUMBER XVI.

M'r Editor:—Nearly the whole of the following utterances purported to come from the "Spirits," through my pupil's "controlled" pen, on Monday morning last. (This is Wednesday, August 23d.) He came to my room early on that morning simply to deliver a message, and not a little against his will (for his affairs summoned him away), he was moved to grasp a pen and to write most of what follows, which he did as rapidly as his pen could traverse the paper.

In several parts of these utterances are allusions to occurrences of the evening preceding. On that evening, I was suddenly and strongly impelled to take the letter published, last week, in BIZARRE, and go up to Franklin Hall and read it. At that Hall, on Sunday morning and evening, there meet certain so-named Spiritualists, together with inquirers and those carried thither by curiosity.

Well, I *did* read the letter, and laughter, jeers, and pretty violent assaults were my requital. To these the "Spirits" refer more than once in the utterances following.

These utterances I present without "note or comment" on this occasion. Let them make their own impression. For the result, whatever it may be, there is no ground for apprehension.

## SPIRIT-UTTERANCES.

"The inconsistencies of men are most strikingly exhibited in the *denial* of truths previously unknown to them. They admit, that tables move; that objects float in the air; that *hands* are seen without the normally connected arms; and that objects, though invisible, are yet *felt* by them now while incarnate in the material form. And yet they *deny*, perhaps with laughter and ridicule, that, when this gross matter shall have become *sublimated* and brought into a far closer *accordance* with what we now call *Spirit*, an apple may be arrested in its fall by the touch of one, whose *material* organism has become *interfused* with *Spirit*." (See preceding letter.)

## SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"We do not study the *ideas* of men, but we transmit to the terrestrial sphere *our own*."

"Men may, and do, often cavil at the teachings promulgated by us from the Spirit-spheres, for the sole reason, that they do not

accord with their *bigoted* views. Nevertheless, we *will* go on with our teachings, and show to the world, by our instructions, that Spiritualism is *not* to be circumscribed by *earthly* causes, but by the laws of the Spirit-world alone."

## SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"Men of certain temperaments are subject, on the one hand, to fits of *doubt*, and, on the other, to accesses of utter *credulity*. When these tendencies centre in the *same person*, vagaries of all sorts are the result. And a man of this description may, very probably, regard himself as a Solon, and may endeavor to beat the suggestions of all minds, with which he comes in contact, into a leaf, as does the goldbeater, that he may gild his own thoughts therewith."

"You must by no means think that we are exposing you to the *scorn* and *folly* of men. Far—infinately far—from it! Our purpose is, through these exposures, to aid in bearing you onward and upward to *that* Spiritual state, wherein you can discern, by a mere glance, the *interiors* of men. Their *inner* life is often in the process of developing what their *exterior* life *believes*. This is, at least, in *apparent* contravention of the maxim, so continually reiterated, that 'the tree is known by its *fruits*.' You see not a few men in the world who maintain a most exemplary character, and in presence of their fellows exhibit, alike in word and deed, every *appearance* of perfect uprightness; and yet, like the 'whited sepulchre,' named of old, they may, inwardly, be 'full of dead men's bones.'

Note, as an example of what we have said, the enormous fraud recently perpetrated in a neighbouring city, by one who stood high, very high in the public estimation, while at the same time, and from first to last, he was inwardly a corrupt and base creature, and his entire *exterior* life was a foul lie. His mind was perverted, and his actions did *not* flow from that *higher* Spirit originally lodged within by the Creator, but from a damning Spirit-agent, who, *attracted to him by his intrinsic baseness, perpetually kept company with him!* When a man, however fair primarily his exterior, or even his interior, permits himself to dally and tamper with thoughts of *wrong-doing*, then he brings himself, ere long, under the influence of *wrong-doing* Spirits, both in the Spiritual and the terrestrial spheres, and eventually they will plunge him, by their *combined* power, into the pit of despair.

But, if such a man *feels* his position to be a disgraceful and a perilous one, and strives to *better* it by all the means within his reach, then Spirits, from the higher spheres of the bright, immortal realm, will flit around him

and through him, consoling him in his afflictions, and raising him from the pit of degradation into which he had fallen.

Now, how can a man, thus thrown from his proper equipoise and debased in soul, obtain the power to put forth the *first effort* to liberate his Spirit from the meshes of sin, wherein it is entangled? Why, *we say*—(and it is well the world should know the fact)—that the man thus controlled by malign Spirits *cannot*, of his *own might*, sever the bonds that confine him. To effect *this*, he must call around him supra-mundane Spirits, who are *stronger* than the special *malignant* one who has bound him in his toils. If he will but make this effort, in hearty sincerity, our word for it, as Spirits, he will experience but little difficulty in releasing himself from the bonds of sin and doubt and despair.

Thus it is with Man, when he accepts and takes to his heart certain *dogmas*, it matters not whether from the Spiritual or terrestrial spheres. He will be able to fling off his old encumbrances *only* by summoning to his aid Spirits *superior* to those who are on the *plane*, where such encumbrances exist. The ancient Scripture maxim, '*Prove all things—hold fast that which is good*'—is the very acme of wisdom, whether in the terrestrial or Spiritual spheres. It is the frontal sign of *judgment*, which all men should wear on their brows. It is the accepted power of true discernment, which every man *ought* to make his own, and *without* which he is but a mere waif, drifting hither and thither upon the measureless ocean of folly.

How can man hope to *progress* in knowledge and understanding, if he takes under his charge and pledges his *ipse dixit* for every casually floating fact, which he can understand neither wholly nor even partially?

Men *should* act differently, and *then* they would be prepared for communications from the upper spheres; and, if they would reach any degree of *positive knowledge*, they must, as a primal condition, lay aside the *negative* of opposition. *Then* they will be able to comprehend much that *now* seems ambiguous, and to accept in full, clear faith, many things that now appear to them impossible. They must wait patiently till the cap-sheaf is placed upon the summit of the stack, before they commence thrashing the sheaves; otherwise the grain therein contained will crumble to the ground by its own weight, and the kernels will be found rotten and worthless, when they come to beat them out from the stalk, in order to prepare therefrom the spiritual nutriment adapted to their needs.

We will now close these casual remarks

by saying, that *your lights* (G. and Z.) shall yet cast far-beaming reflections upon the history of your world, which shall revivify the souls of men, and cause the nations to rejoice."

SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"D— has had imparted to him, from the upper spheres, thoughts which enable him to construct a theory adapted to the *materialistic* minds of his followers. But to *you*, Z—, has been communicated from those spheres the *true theory* of Spirit and Matter, *assimilated and brought into complete accord*—thus constituting a *unit*, which, at no distant date, will become the *grand controlling Power* of the entire universe."

SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"Harmonialism is the object against which you should launch your thunders, while the *all-sufficiency of Spirit* should be vindicated by you with your whole resources and your utmost endeavours. *This light* will extinguish all lesser lights, to which men are looking for guidance, even as the beams of the material sun hide the shining of the moon and stars from the gaze of earth's children. So long as the night of ignorance enshrouds the minds of such men as look no higher than the Rock, on which a Medium gives utterance to the revelations of the Spirits impressing him, so long will *such* men be supplied with the fainter lights of the moon and stars. But, when the *full day* shall dawn upon the souls of men, *then* they will direct their eyes to the Great Light of Heaven, Jesus Christ, and receive from *that* their illumination."

SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"Men too generally can have little faith or hope in God and Christ, else would their actions be more in accordance with those rules which have been communicated from Heaven for their government.

The divine laws of life teach men to observe certain regulations, which will be conducive to their eternal welfare; but, alas! how often do men violate these wholesome rules, and thereby bring upon themselves difficulties, which, in the end, prostrate their Spirits in the dust of humiliation! Thanks be to Heaven, that they do, however, often arise from such humiliation, and that their Spirits *then* become more sublimated, and so prepared to receive higher and more blessed gifts from the Spirit-world!"

SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"B—'s body had become active and his mind listless, but his recent illness has brought his Spirit into a higher and more impressive condition. Herein is verified what Willis has lately been 'impressed' to

say, viz: that, when the body has become debilitated and brought low in the scale of health, then the mind becomes more susceptible of impressions, and is thereby enabled to throw off the vapors that clouded the Spirit, and receive from the higher spheres suggestions of instructive import.

The ignorant might say, that such illness was *unnecessary* for effecting the end in question.

You, however, can understand, that, if a husbandman desires to secure a good crop of fruit, he prunes carefully his trees; and though an ignorant person standing by, while such pruning was in progress, might censure the farmer's doings, yet the latter knows well that the pruning is indispensable to the production of the desired fruit-crop.

If B——'s Spirit had been reduced as low as his body, *then* the above illustration would have been irrelevant; but, like the roots of the tree, his Spirit contained the sap necessary for the production of fruit, and the illness which prostrated his body, was in reality a *beneficial* process, corresponding to the excision by the farmer of the superfluous branches of his fruit-trees.

The above suggestions, moreover, will explain why *Job* was afflicted. By the way, the history of this patriarch and his overwhelming calamities, though deemed by many *fictitious*, is a *genuine* history. How many *Jobs* are there in the world at the present moment?"

#### SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"We explain B——'s position by saying, that his course of life has naturally placed his Spirit in an attitude of *habitual repelency*.

This peculiar condition of his has been, in a great measure, superinduced by his having been so often called to active efforts for repulsing assaults made upon his moral nature. These efforts, frequently and for a long time reiterated, have generated these repellent tendencies. His illness, before spoken of, was actually caused by these tendencies becoming involved in a conflict with the corporeal powers."

#### SPIRIT-GUIDES.

"You, Z——, are now upon the plane, where you can be reached by pure and exalted Spirits. Your mission will be successfully unfolded to you. Then gird yourself for the battle! Let your helmet be strong and well set on, and let your corselet be kept together by the chain of pure thoughts. And, as now you are within the vortex of heavenly rhythm, strike vigorously the wires, which your superintending Spirits place before your fingers!"

#### ELEVATOR.

### MY HAVANNA CIGAR.

Oh! talk not to me of your charming young misses,  
With cheeks like the ruby, and teeth like the pearl;  
Eyes sparkling with mischief—lips pouting for kisses,  
While love lurks within each luxuriant curl.  
Though these I admire—still claiming no merit  
For candour, my falling I here will declare;  
And oh! blame me not for the vice I inherit,  
I admire much more "my Havanna Cigar."

For beauty will fade, and bright eyes lose their brightness,  
Soft cheeks their carnation, as time glides away;  
The voice its lov'd sweetness, the footstep its lightness—  
As loveliest flowers the soonest decay.  
Then why should I sigh for Love's triumph so stupid,  
A Bachelor's life is the happier far,  
I ne'er was so blind as to worship blind Cupid,  
I worship alone "my Havanna Cigar."

The King on his throne, in the pride of his power,  
The Bard round whose brows the wreath'd laurels  
entwine,  
Might envy the tranquil content of this hour,  
Though link'd with a fortune as humble as mine;  
Then why should allurements spread dazling before me,  
By restless ambition this quiet to bar,  
Seduce me from pleasures it ne'er can restore me,  
Once forced to resign "my Havanna Cigar."

'Tis true, I once had my brief vision of glory,  
And hop'd to bequeath to my country a name;  
Now, no longer I seek to be famous in story,  
But leave to my betters the struggle for fame.  
Let others seek pleasure in midnight carousals,  
Let heroes be deck'd with the trophies of war,  
Let lovers be plighted in holy espousals,  
While I ask alone "my Havanna Cigar."

And should some regrets for lost honors confound me,  
My gentle Havanna I quickly invoke,  
And feel as its incense is scattered around me,  
My deepest afflictions will vanish in *smoke*.  
For alone in my solitude softly reclining,  
I mourn not time's visits leave many a scar;  
Nor regret that the world's fancied joys I'm resigning,  
As I press to my lips "my Havanna Cigar."

Still, one word, gentle reader—be gentle with reason,  
And judge not too harshly the thoughts I've confess'd;  
Nor charge my wild muse with discoursing love's  
treason—  
Love, the despot, ne'er rul'd in my bachelor breast;  
For a wand'rer I've travell'd, oft scorn'd and oft scorning,  
And friendship and love ever found but a star,  
That twinkled at night, to be lost in the morning,  
While time has not chang'd "my Havanna Cigar."

## LETTERS FROM CHINA.

NUMBER VII.

UNITED STATES STEAMER QUEEN, }  
Canton River, May 31st, 1854. }

I subjoin, for the benefit of mothers, a few genuine Chinese names formerly borne by celebrated Chinamen, Soo-tsz-hing, Een-tsz-ling, Lo-kwun, Chik-choong, Kwi-kok-tsz, Sz-tsz-pu-yow, Negam-mun-choong, To-tsing-tseet. A friend of mine here has kindly obtained for me a series of books descriptive of the emperors, princesses, and other characters of note, with portraits. He has translated enough of the text to give an idea of the character and accomplishments of each. I have also a quarto volume with cuts, on the cultivation of rice and silk manufacture; and shall have, in a few days from Shanghai, the Life of Confucius with ninety-six engravings. I doubt if there are copies in the United States. You will be amused, if not instructed by them.

I have had a lacquered segar-box made for you, with name enclosed in an oval wreath of bamboo leaves on the lid; and, if I can, will add a Chinese pipe to your collection. I have also laid in a stock of Josh and incense sticks for lighting with. Had I the funds, there are many articles here which would come into my possession. I ordered the other day a set of chess-men; the figures are about three inches in height, and carved beautifully. I have some shawls making. The ivory work to be seen in the shops would bewilder any one, such is the variety; hundreds of articles are made of it, from a book-marker for twelve cents, to elegant boxes for fifty dollars. Jewellery is very cheap, the price being about eighteen per cent. above the intrinsic value of the metal; and if you furnish a pattern, it can be made as well as at home. It is the general practice with foreigners to have China and silver made here. I have a ring with blood-stone, with crest and name in the Chinese character, which cost but eight dollars. Stamps in wood are cut for fifty cents; pearl for one dollar. The Chinese are very expert copyists; and miniatures are admirably copied from daguerreotypes. For fifteen dollars, size eight inches by six: copies in oil, resembling paintings in enamel, eighteen inches by fifteen, for twenty-five dollars; in short, there is no end of temptation to curiosity and gift-seekers.

We have been enjoying (over the left) the "festival of dragon boats," which is now in progress. It was instituted to commemorate the death of an eminent statesman who flourished about 300 B. C.. It appears he

became disgusted with the world, and to drown his sorrow, drowned himself, — and being much loved by the people, a general turn out was made to find him, — and since that time, the thing has been kept up. The dragon boats are very long and narrow, and manned by from sixty to eighty men; the figure-head resembles a monster of some kind, and the sides are painted to resemble a chess-board. In the centre of the boat is a drum as large as a hog'shead, and at each end a gong, which are beaten with an energy suited to the occasion. At intervals along the length of the boat are men who jump and down in the most ludicrous manner, and at the bow a man stands with a wand decorated with streamers, which he waves to and fro, to ward off evil spirits. Banners and streamers are plentifully disposed about the boat, which gives a very gay appearance. In this guise they paddle up and down the river, with drums and gongs beating, and men yelling as if in search of something, accompanied by hundreds of smaller boats, which frequently let off crackers, burn paper, and do such other josh pidgeon (worship) as is necessary to the occasion. Although the authorities endeavour to check the ardour of the performers in this farce, yet accidents frequently occur from the breaking of the boats, which are very frail, and drowning frequently is the result. There are said to be no less than 84,000 boats on this river, and I believe it to be true, as I can see from this vessel more than 10,000; and, as the river is not more than one hundred yards wide here, you can imagine what a busy scene it presents, and it is constant; day and night boats are moving about, so that such a thing as a quiet night is unknown. Collisions are rare, such is the expertness of these people in the management of their craft; and it is always remarked by strangers, that the good humour displayed is extraordinary. Most of the boats form the dwelling of the owners. Our boat is about fifteen feet long, four broad, and two deep, and is manned by three women and a baby, who eat, drink, sleep, and wash in her. These boats are perfectly dry in the rainiest weather, and are kept very clean. We pay five dollars per month for ours; and when it is considered that they are on duty from 6 A. M. until 12 P. M., it must be admitted to be cheap. A Chinaman would pay about three dollars. The flower-boats are very large, and some are fitted up elegantly; they are used for pleasure parties and other more objectionable purposes. It is common for Europeans to keep a boat of their own, and buy a mistress for her; there being a regular traffic in that line, chiefly conducted by old women, who bring up girls for the purpose. These girls are either sold

by their parents, or have been stolen. The prices vary from \$150 to \$500: some are hired by the month, at about \$15, and the boat costs about \$7. The Chinese are perhaps the most lecherous people in the world, and are guilty of all sorts of abominations in that way. As a natural result, syphilitic diseases are general, and of a peculiarly violent character. I have had a good deal of practice with our men, and have observed that even where there are no external marks of the disease, yet the system shows that the poison has been absorbed.

In addition to my practice on board ship I attend the missionary hospital of D'r Parker, where I see perhaps 100 patients at a time afflicted with all sorts of diseases. Upwards of 50,000 have been either cured or relieved since the establishment of the hospital. Operations are performed here as mere matters of course, which would be attended with all sorts of fuss at home. Two weeks ago I saw the breast of a woman taken out, and she has gone to her home cured; and a week since, a tumor weighing 3½ lbs cut out from the under side of a man's arm, and he is nearly well. To a medical student who wished to have a complete practice, this would be an admirable school though not a profitable one.

We are looking for the arrival of the squadron from Japan momentarily and anxiously too, as it will be then decided at what time the start for home will be made. It is pretty well ascertained that the Powhatan will remain out another year, but I do not think Commodore Perry will order me to return to her, so that the Mississippi will very likely be my home for the rest of the cruise.

I think, unless there should be a general outbreak here, that the Commodore will leave the station some time in July. Every thing is very unsettled here, and disturbances are constantly occurring, but of a local character. I was told yesterday that a large town about 80 miles up the river, was in the possession of banditti; and such is the weakness of the government that no aid can be given. I shall be glad to see Old Thae-ping-wan come along with his rebels.

A few days since an American merchant (Perkins, of Boston) came over from California, and took a boat outside of Hong Kong, with the intention of proceeding to Macao, where he has a house; as he did not get there, suspicion was roused, and we started in search of him, but could hear nothing among the haunts of the pirates which we visited, although we offered large rewards for his person dead or alive. It has been since ascertained that going upon deck he was seized from behind, robbed of his watch and then pushed overboard. Perkins was

an old bachelor, and a very eccentric fellow; he had been absent in California about a year, during which time I hear that he made an addition to his fortune of \$12,000 per annum: he was formerly in the house of Russell & Co. here, and, it is said, never went outside of the house for three years; and when at last he did go, he had to send out for a hat. His hatred of every thing English excepting books was intense, and it is owing to this that he was murdered; as he could have gone to Macao by steamer. The pirates might have made a good thing of it by keeping him a prisoner, as we had a thousand dollars on board of us for his redemption; as it was, they got a trunk, writing case and watch. It is really shameful that a man cannot travel with any safety here, though the English have made frequent descents upon the islands, destroyed the junks, and executed many of the pirates. I spent a few days at his house last summer, and a charming place it was, with all sorts of odd knick-knacks in it.

Remember me to the folks at home, and tell mother that I will write to her by the next steamer. My health is very good now, all things considered, and I hope will continue so. The only drawback I have is the want of exercise. My limit being confined to Old and New China streets, each four hundred yards or so long, and any thing but clean at that, with an atmosphere impossible to describe; and crowded with porters, parsees, Jews, Christians, beggars, itinerant shoemakers, peripatetic barbers, ambulating blacksmiths, locomotive bankers, perigrinatory umbrella menders, and last, but not least, travelling pick-pockets, who constantly travel off with your handkerchiefs, as my stock of that useful article can testify. I regret exceedingly that I have not had papers from Philadelphia, as they are not to be found here, although I have made many inquiries in hopes of getting some. However, every thing will be more novel to me when I get home.

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GEORGE BARRINGTON.

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[In our last number we inserted a Prologue spoken by the celebrated George Barrington; we now give some rich extracts from a scarce biography of him, published in London as a burlesque upon the grandiloquent style of the author of "The Decline of the Roman Empire."]

Now went forth the spirit of plunder. The gigantic forms of depredation, which at this time subjected the persons and pockets of the metropolis to the hands and hangers of the marauder naturally rivet our attention

to the exploits of Henry Waldron, in whom under the wily alias of George Barrington, I darkly contemplate the father of that species of clandestine rapine which disjoins the inconveniences of robbery from its terrors, and consists in the insinuation of the finger or the hook into our personal coffers, and recovering them triumphant with the spoils of the insensible benefactor.

Darting a keener glance into the occupation which was at once to dignify and to degrade his future day, this plunderer of the West was probably fired by those very discouragements which would have depressed a less towering altitude of genius; and discerned through the shades of ignominy a harvest of glory, in a proportion inverse to the fertility of the soil in which it was to be reared.

Armed with such confidence and such ambition now walked forth the adventurer of Ireland, sealing his ears to the syren solicitations of more honorable employs, and spurned with unhallowed contempt the proffered patronage of the Pontiff of Lexlip, and the hope of histrionic eminence with which a successful appearance in the part of Jaffier had saluted his dawn. The metropolis of Hibernia was the scene of his predatory exploits no longer than till the maturity of habit had succeeded to the crudities of unpractised timidity. The ripeness of his art, co-operating with a few instances of detection, sent him fraught with presages of victory against the capital of Albion, and the year 1773 will be connected through the lapse of ages, with the first appearance of the son of Waldron on the shores of Britain.

His first successes held the world in awe; England trembled at the name of Barrington, and the march of the hero of Hibernia was every where marked with personal depredations. From the winter solstice to the equinox of spring, he prosecuted a series of exploits unequalled in craft and ingenuity among the sons of Adam. The walls of Ranelagh were the scene of his maiden claims upon the involuntary contributions of the public; and in the transient revolution of a single evening, a Knight of the Bath, nine Peers of the Realm, and five others of the brightest luminaries in the globe of fashion, were reduced by the fingers of this son of Waldron, to the necessity of enquiring the hour of the night from those of their friends, in whose fobs he had still left the sources of information.

But these subaltern modes of chicane, however they might relieve his necessities, or supply his prodigality, could by no means saturate his ambition. He was an eagle, that aspired rather to the perilous glory of a victory over the vulture, than to the safe luxury of a meal upon the dove; and the

Court of the British Potentate was to be the scene of his proudest achievements in this field of adventure. The ecclesiastical habit, not now assumed for the first time as a screen to the plots of the plunderer, furnished him with a passport to the presence of his Majesty; and a Lord of the Council unconsciously resigned to the felonious hand of the Hibernian the glittering ensign of his Order.

But the wide and still widening limits of the British Peerage were not commensurate to the reach of his predatory ambition; and Prince Orlow, of whom the Empress had testified her estimation, by the gift of a snuff-box of inestimable price, could not long retain this splendid pledge of imperial predilection within the domain of this triumphant arch-plunderer; and the Queen of the Russias had nearly paid a tribute to the prince of pickpockets, through the reluctant medium of the Hyperborean Peer.

But Fortune, who does not always crown with success the enterprises of the warrior, or the benevolences of the saint, may well be imagined to countermine the snares of the felon; and the favourite of Catherine, by the seasonable detection of the transfer, recovered the power of dazzling English eyes with the munificence of his Queen. On the day of trial, the subtlety of his defence, and the lenity of Orlow, procured his escape from the penal consequences of his boldness.

The dykes of a stream once removed, its course is not easily recalled within its pristine bounds; and he now returned, with appetite proportioned to the length of his fast, to the practices of manual conveyance. But he had wearied the liberality of Fortune; and the clandestine capture of a silver time-piece, sent the son of Waldron to one of those scenes of compulsory labour, where, in the disposal of his time, neither the choice nor the genius of the labourer is consulted.

Now walked forth to the hulks of Woolwich the Adventurer of Ireland, and the spade and the mattock were the rugged implements that now filled that hand which had hitherto revelled in the soft and easy labour of soliciting the watch, and diving into the rich recesses of the pocket.

But frequent detection will not engender caution, though it conquer not our resolution; and, although he abated not the frequency, he redoubled the secrecy, and refined upon the subtlety of his thefts. Of the latter quality, an instance may be adduced, for which we shall in vain seek a parallel in the annals of readiness and ingenuity.

As he was one day prowling for his prey

in the ways of 'the metropolis, his eye encountered a distant multitude, to which, as to the field of victory, he triumphantly advanced; urging his passage through the press, he dimly discovered in the centre, a gentleman who had dropped in sudden death. He sprung forward in agonizing impatience, gazed with affected horror on the pallid visage of the apoplectic victim, and "Great God! my uncle! my uncle!" was the bursting exclamation which drew on him the wonder and compassion of the surrounding throng. "In the name of mercy," continued the hypocrite of Kildare, "in the name of mercy procure me a hackney, or other conveyance, that I may bear away and honour with the last gloomy offices of imperishable affection the remains of the brother of my father." His urgent entreaties were humanely complied with, and the dead and the living entered at once into the chariot, while to the charioteer the latter of the two with faltering accents notified the place of his melancholy destination. We have already seen, that, to the Collector of Ireland, a voyage or a journey was not, as to others, an interval of relaxation; the precious moments were now devoted to the lucrative labour of stripping from the carcase of his silent uncle his now needless appurtenances; and the handkerchief of the defunct was made the receiver of the personal property of the abrupt expirer. Scarce completed was the spoliation, ere the chariot and the charioteer arrived at the gates of a surgeon, to which he had clandestinely directed the son of Jehu. A purloiner of the ordinary rate of ability would have remained exultingly content with having thus far succeeded in his mighty machinations. But not in these imperfect depredations do I recognize the son of Waldron. It was reserved for the pickpocket of Ireland, after having feigned the ties of affinity with an unknown carcase, and forced from it an illegal inheritance, to round this master-stroke of chicane by consigning the body, for a stipulated purchase, to the blade of the anatomist.

#### DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN OLD MAN AND A YOUNG GIRL.

*Literally translated from the Russian of Simon Bobroff.*

"Come, Annouschka, come; this elm shall lend us its sweet shade; believe me, Hymen accords with all ages, and an experienced old man is worth more than all thy stripling acquaintances."

"My mother is waiting for me at the village—Good-bye."

"Remain, I beseech thee; alone, and a stranger on these shores, I have need of thy friendship. Marry me, fair young maiden; I will buy for thee two looms, a mill, and a cottage, with a large garden of cherry trees."

"Old man, you can not make the purchase; I desire neither the looms, nor the mill, nor the cottage, nor the garden of cherry trees. From thy hand nothing would please me. Go, leave me, old wheedler, more bent than my father's bow; my heart is not to be beguiled. My voice is clear and sonorous, thine is husky and broken by a cough; I am brilliant with youth, thou almost dead of old age; my face is fresh and beaming, thine livid and sad. Tell me now frankly does there exist the least thing in common between us?"

#### CURRENT LITERATURE.

*Railroad Accidents and the Means by which they may be Prevented, &c., &c.. By Lawrence Turnbull, M. D., and William C. McRea, Telegraphic Engineer. Parry & McMillan: Philadelphia: 1854. 12mo.*

We have here a pamphlet of 63 pp. containing a great variety of facts, which it were well, that *all* should know—especially those, who are likely to travel by railway themselves, or to have kinsfolk and friends among such travellers.

It registers numbers of fatal accidents on these roads, together with the *causes* of the same, real or supposed. It then suggests various methods of *avoiding* such casualties, which it rests with the *Public* to insist upon, and others, which depend on the circumspection of *individuals*.

The book is characterized throughout by good sense and good feeling, and though not of a class, from which *quotations* can easily be made, we can heartily recommend to all our readers to procure, read and digest it.

*Putnam's Monthly.* September, 1854: G. P. Putnam & Co.: New York.

The frontispiece of the present number contains a spirited portrait of J. P. Kennedy, Esq., author of "Swallow Barn," and sundry other fictions of merited reputation.

Of the seventeen original articles comprised therein, most are of a high and undeniably valuable cast. They verify to the full our laudatory notes on the preceding number, and perhaps may be pronounced in *advance* on the contents of that number.

N'o 1, "Our Parties and Politics," is an article of great power of analysis, with a style of not inferior power. We rejoice to see a disquisition of this description in a Journal possessing the influence of Put-



nam's. We may now possibly hope, that the gag and flunkeyism and vena, scoundrelly politics, are eventually to look their last on this Republic, "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

N'o 2, "Wood Notes," is like the former piece from the same pen, intensely interesting, and overflowing with fun and genius.

N'o 7, "Israel Potter," maintains its interest.

N'o 12, "The Proper Sphere of Men," is alike full of sound sense and admirable satire.

Not having space to specify the other excellent articles contained in this number, we must content ourselves with advising our readers to procure the Journal and read it through.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

### N. P. WILLIS NOT DYING.

It would appear from several articles which have recently appeared in the New York Mirror, that the sympathy so liberally bestowed by the press upon M'r Willis, in consequence of his supposed failing health, is entirely uncalled for. A correspondent of the Mirror tells the following good story, at the expense of the poetic invalid:—

"A ridiculous story is just now current along the road. Willis, you know, excels in the plaintive species of composition, and cannot exist without large daily doses of sympathy and admiration; consequently, he keeps himself diligently at the point of death. The story is, that the Brigadier, a short time since, was actually taken in himself by this point-of-death humbug. Reading in a Boston paper that his beloved partner was, really and truly, in a very bad way indeed, he rushed up to Idlewald in great alarm. The Brigadier, you are aware, never writes much for his paper, and depends upon Willis for the greater part of his weekly supply of matter. Of course, if N. P. Willis should happen to be seriously unwell, the Brigadier would be in an extremely awkward predicament. Breathless and anxious, the old soldier hurried to the gates of Idlewald. What was his surprise, what his relief, what his merriment, to find the plaintive and ruddy Home Journalist, axe in hand, trimming his trees with the energy of a backwoodsman! That was a tough but happy day for the Brigadier. His energetic partner tired him out with rambling over the place. No matter. He returned with his pockets stuffed with copy."

### THE OPERA IN FRANCE.

The Opera in France is maintained by the Government; and although it is the idolization of the people, the losses are very disastrous. The financial affairs of the French Opera have been recently the subject of a strict inquiry, and the report of the Commission so directed was printed in the *Constitutionnel* of Monday, July 3d. The Commission reports, that the financial state of the Opera demands the adoption of prompt and efficacious means to prevent the dissolution of the concern, now reduced to helpless bankruptcy. The Commission in its report, blames no one person or circumstance as the cause of this impoverished state of its affairs, but proves that the Opera is and has been a very costly institution, at all periods, as evinced by history. Even so late as the reign of Louis the Sixteenth, various experiments were introduced into the management of the Opera, but all without any beneficial effect; the civic régime, i. e. the municipality of Paris, being at one time compelled to bear the burden of a debt of 200,000 livres (\$39,000) and 112,000 livres (\$22,000) of life-pensions. It is estimated that the management of that day lost in the course of ten years, the sum of 3,992,762 fr. (\$798,552) or, on the average, 362,977 fr. (\$72,595) per annum: yet, during this period, it was on the stage of the Grand Opera, that Gluck and Piccini achieved their greatest triumphs. Napoleon the First, convinced that the immense expense of the Opera could only be met by a state subvention, he at first, fixed one at 50,000 fr. (\$10,000) per month; but ultimately increased it to 720,000 fr. (\$144,000) per annum. The government of the restoration, under Louis the Eighteenth, being unable to improve upon them, conformed to the bases of this system, and to this positively required arrangement, the lyrical art after the times of Gluck and Mozart, was indebted for its progress. The Grand Opera in France was thus enabled to produce and give effect to the operas of Spontini, and to introduce Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, and Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*. The events of July, 1830, were singularly subversive of the fortunes of the Opera; the subvention was reduced by 40,000 fr. (\$8,000) and deprived of many of its exclusive privileges, it was abandoned to private speculators. The success of *Robert le Diable* retarded for a few years the decline of the Opera, but in 1840, a deficit was declared, and the embarrassments have increased year by year. The Commission in its report, states the subvention amounts now to but 620,000 fr. (\$124,000) and accordingly advise that the Opera should be placed under the management of the Civil List, and that its debts be paid by the State. The

report further forcibly suggests the propriety of reviving the productions of the great Masters of the early French opera, not only as an interesting subject of comparison, but as an efficient means for the preservation of the eternal rules of good taste.

In accordance with this report and its recommendations, an Imperial decree provides that from July 1st, the Opera shall be placed under the direction of the Administration of the Imperial Civil List; and a superior permanent Committee, which is to give its opinion on all questions of Art, and on the measures calculated to insure the prosperity of the Opera, has been appointed, under the Presidency of the Minister of the Imperial Household. That committee is composed as follows:—M. Troplong, President of the Senate; M. Baroche, President of the Council of State; Count Baciocchi, First Chamberlain of the Emperor; M. Rouher, Vice-President of the Council of State; Count de Morny, Deputy; M. Chaix d'Est-Ange, the distinguished lawyer; and M. Gautier, Secretary-General of the Ministry of the Emperor's Household, who is to act as Secretary of the Committee.

E. Roqueplan has been appointed director of the Opera.

#### DESCENDANTS OF GREAT MEN.

The following interesting information is obtained from George Willis's "Notes:"—

M<sup>rs</sup> Catharine Wade, born Wycliffe, the last lineal descendant of the family of John Wycliffe, "the morning star of the Reformation," died a few years since at Halton, near Leeds, in her seventy-fifth year.

The descendants of Martin Luther are probably in being at Erfurth. D<sup>r</sup> John Melchior Luther, the last known lineal descendant, was a professor of medicine in that University. He left a son, a learned philologue, who removed to Bohemia, abjured the Protestant faith, became a Romanist, and died in abject poverty. His five orphan children, Maria, born in 1819; Anna, in 1820; Anthony, in 1821; John, in 1826; and Theresa, in 1831, were on his decease wholly destitute, when the magistrates of Erfurth, for the honour of their religion, at the close of 1837 performed an act of benevolence that is entitled to everlasting praise. They purchased the ruins of the old convent at Erfurth, where more than three centuries since, Martin Luther, simply a monk, propagated the doctrine of the Reformation; and having constructed a proper dwelling, lodged there the orphan descendants of the great German reformer, and with the concurrence of the royal government, the Council also decided these orphans should be fed and clothed at the

expense of the city, till they were severally twenty years old. This generosity of the Municipality immediately caused several of the wealthy inhabitants of Erfurth to come forward, and promise to contribute a certain sum for their education. Nor was this all: on the occasion of the anniversary of the Reformation, celebrated at Berlin, in 1838, the Municipality and assembly of deputies of that city, voted a donation of four hundred crowns, to each of the five descendants of Luther then residing at Erfurth. At the same celebration of the anniversary at Berlin, a descendant of the brother of Martin Luther, a preacher at Wittemberg, was also present.

The last lineal descendant of the celebrated Chancellor Sir Thomas More, was a female, Mary Austin More, many years resident at Hengrave, near Bury, in Suffolk. She died Superioress of the Convent of English Nuns, at Bruges, in Flanders, on February 23, 1807.

Among the subscribers to the fund for the National Memorial of the Protestant Martyrs, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, was the widow of Sir James Mansell, a descendant of Bishop Ridley.

Miss Charlotte Knox, the only surviving daughter of James Knox, minister of Stone; descended in a direct line, through five generations, from William Knox, first Protestant minister of Cockpen, and brother of John Knox, the Scottish Reformer, died a few years since at Barossa Place, Edinburgh, in her eighty-first year.

M<sup>rs</sup> Ann Raleigh, the great-grand-daughter of the memorable Sir Walter Raleigh, died in February, 1743, in or about her eightieth year.

The diurnals of 1764 mention, "on Saturday last, July 14th, died M<sup>rs</sup> Martha Milton, a descendant from the great English poet, John Milton, aged seventy years."

In the same year, on Wednesday, September 26th, "died at her house, at Greenwich, M<sup>rs</sup> Wolfe, relict of Colonel Edward Wolfe, and mother of General Wolfe."

On Friday, May 24th, 1765, the Executore of M<sup>rs</sup> Henrietta Wolfe, mother of the late brave General Wolfe, paid the legacy of one thousand pounds, bequeathed by her to the incorporated Society in Dublin, for promoting English working-schools in Ireland. Yet distinguished and honoured as is the name of Wolfe, among the poor persons, applicants in November, 1820, to his Majesty's Almoner, for the ensuing Christmas Royal bounty, was the niece of the captor of Quebec, M<sup>rs</sup> Ann Wetton, then in her eighty-second year, and very infirm. She was described as then residing in the stable-yard of N<sup>o</sup> 52, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square.

## AN ADVENTURE ON THE STAGE.

The stage of the Grand Opera, in Paris, in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, was in 1669, the scene of a singular outrage on two distinguished Englishmen, and the incident is highly characteristic of the manners of the time.

In the year mentioned, Ralph Montagu, afterwards first Duke of Montagu, was accompanied in his embassy to the French Court by William Cavendish, subsequently the first Duke of Devonshire. One night, at the Opera, the young Lord Cavendish received an affront from some of the officers of the guard, who it is stated were inebriated; and one of them having particularly insulted him, he in return struck him on the face; upon which the whole four or five of them drew their swords, and all fell on him at once. Nothing daunted, he made a determined defence, but received several wounds, and would have been overpowered by his cowardly adversaries had not a Swiss domestic, in the service of Lord Montagu, taken him up in his arms and flung him from the stage into the pit. In his fall one of the iron spikes of the orchestra inflicted a severe flesh wound, the scar of which remained till his death. The rencontre was reported throughout Europe, much to the honor of Lord Cavendish, and greatly to the discredit of the aggressors; his spirit and conduct on that occasion was the theme of general compliment, as the French then entertained the highest idea of the national courage of Englishmen; and Louis the Fourteenth, on being duly informed of the circumstances, instantly ordered the imprisonment of the offenders.

## BEDECKING GRAVES WITH ROSES.

The practice of strewing and planting roses on and about the graves was a custom religiously observed by the Greeks and the Romans, and the use was so general that we frequently find it enjoined as a codicil to their wills, as appears by an old inscription at Ravenna; and by another, at Milan; in both of which, roses were ordered to be yearly strewed and planted on their graves. Hence the line in Propertius:—

*Et tenerâ poneret ossa rosâ.*

And Anacreon, in allusion to the usage, says that it doth protect the dead. Even in England, at Oakley, in Surrey, the classical custom of planting rose-trees on the graves of young men and maidens who have lost their lovers, more especially, has been maintained so long, time out of mind, that the churchyard is now full of them.

## BALOONING.

The aeronaut, among other glories of his ascent, may by chance be gratified by the shadow of his balloon on the face of a cumulous cloud; thus did the Duke of Brunswick, who ascended with M<sup>rs</sup> Graham, in August, 1836. And this is the analogous recital of Prince Puckler Muskau, in his "Tutti Frutti."

"We dipped insensibly into the sea of clouds which enveloped us like a thick veil, and through which the sun appeared like the moon in Ossian. This illumination produced a singular effect, and continued for some time, till the clouds separated, and we remained swimming about beneath the once more clear azure heavens. Shortly after we beheld, to our great astonishment, a species of 'Fata Morgana,' seated upon an immense mountain of clouds, the colossal picture of the balloon and ourselves surrounded by myriads of variegated rainbow tints. A full half hour the spectral reflected picture hovered constantly by our side. Each slender thread of the network appeared distended to the size of a ship's cable, and we ourselves two tremendous giants enthroned on the clouds."

## SINGULAR WILL.

"My body shall be put upon the oak table in my coffin in the brown room, and fifty Irishmen shall be invited to my wake, and every one shall have two quarts of the best *aqua vite*, and each a skein-dirk or knife laid before him; and, when the liquor is out, nail up my coffin, and commit me to earth, whence I came. This is my will. Witness my hand, this 3d of March, 1764.

JOHN LANGLEY."

Some of Langley's friends asked him why he would be at such charge to treat the Irish at his funeral—a people whom he never loved. "Why for that reason," replied Langley, "for they will get so drunk at my wake, that they will kill one another, and we shall get rid of some of the breed; and if every one would follow my example in their wills, in time we should get rid of them all."

## A PROPHECY.

Arise Evans, in a 12mo tract, "sold at his house in Long Alley in Blackfriars, in 1653," entitled "An Echo from Heaven," foretold the restoration of Charles II; and his true prophecy was based on the vision of a young face with a crown on, appearing after the shades of Fairfax and of Cromwell.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, what say you, madcap?"—*Furquhar.*

# BIZARRE.

AN ORIGINAL, LITERARY GAZETTE.

**PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.**

## PART 23.

**PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER NINTH.**

**YEAR 1854.**

## ALFRED TENNYSON.\*

But most especially I would commend to the reader's notice the "Princess," which is interesting not alone for its portraiture of female character, but also for the poet's handling, after his own fashion, the now-days vexed question of "Woman's Rights," with the points connected therewith. The *story* of the "Princess" is, briefly, as follows:

**"A Prince blue-eyed and fair in face,  
With lengths of yellow ringlets, like a girl,  
For on his cradle shone the Northern Star,"**

**"had been,**

While life was yet in bud and blade, betrothed  
To one, a neighboring Princess."

On the arrival of the marriageable age, this Princess (Ida by name), refused consummating the contract. And, further still, she stood forth, as *head champion* of "Woman's Rights" and public declarant of Woman's original, indefeasible *equality* with Man. And, finally, she established a University for female education, of which herself was President, and all the Professors of her own sex.

But the royal Sire of the Prince, above named, not being content with this turn of affairs, determined to *enforce* the fulfilment of this marriage-contract by that "concluding argument of kings," the marching of an army into the territory of his brother monarch.

The Prince, however, with two intimates, Florian and Cyril, stole privily to the Court of this paternal king, for the purpose of trying *milder* measures. Procuring introductory letters from the royal Sire of the Princess, Ida, they set forth for this Female University. Reaching the neighbourhood thereof, they resolved on attempting admittance therein by the stratagem of disguising themselves in female garniture. They effected a simple admittance, but were at once detected by Psyche, one of the Professoresses, who chanced to be Florian's

sister. Sister-wise, however, she pledged her word not to *expose* them, *provided* they depart that very night, since, by inexorable statute, no MAN was permitted to enter here on pain of death.

The three lads, however, are betrayed through other means, and the "yellow-curbed" Prince is made prisoner. But, ere long, he is set free, his royal Sire having surrounded this maidenly University with a well-appointed army, in addition to having made the Father of our Princess a "captive of the bow and the spear."

A proposition, however, was made and accepted to decide the points in issue by a duel between the *three* brothers of the Princess, and the Prince with his two companions; sufficient attendants being added to make up the number of *fifty* on either side.

The combat takes place, and our "yellow-haired" Prince is defeated and very severely wounded, as, indeed, are many on both sides. But the wounds and the well nigh mortal sickness of the Prince accomplish what neither this desperate duel nor all his prior endeavors *could* effect. The self-centred, repellent Princess is completely vanquished through her irresistible womanly sympathies, and wedlock is the happy consummation. Such is the substance of the narrative. The piece contains much admirable poetry, in its several kinds, with not a little *thought* alike subtle and profound. Difficult as the attempt at *selection* must be, I will venture to extract a few specimens.

**Thus,**

"ere the *silver sickle* of that month  
e a *golden shield*, I stole from Court."

**And again,**

**"there sat**

The Princess; liker to the inhabitant  
Of some clear planet close upon the sun,  
Than on Man's earth; such eyes were in her head,  
And so much grace and power, breathing down  
From over her arched brows, with every turn  
Lived through her to the tips of her long hands,  
And to her feet."

**Note the young lady-students:**

“There sat along the forms, like *morning doves*,  
That sun their milk-white bosoms on the thatch,  
A patient range of pupils.”

\* Concluded from Part 22, of RIZARRI.

But look to the future, foreshown in the lecture of one of the lady-professors :

"Everywhere the broad and beauteous earth  
Should bear a double growth of those rare souls,  
Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world."

From the classic Professress

"followed then

A classic lecture, rich in sentiment;

\* \* \* \*

And quoted odes, and jewels, five-words-long,  
That on the stretched forefinger of all time  
Sparkle forever."

How must our Princess have looked, when

"she turned her sumptuous head, with eyes  
Of shining expectation?"

Cyril, the jocular youth,

"has a solid base of temperament ;

But, as the water-lily starts and slides  
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,  
Though anchored to the bottom, such is he."

But our Princess gets angry, and

"over brow,

And cheek and bosom brake the wrathful bloom  
As of some fire against a stormy cloud,  
When the wild peasant rights himself, and the rick  
Flames, and his anger reddens in the heavens."

The Prince thus describes his early love  
for his betrothed, she as yet unseen :

"I babbled for you, as babies for the moon,  
Vague brightness; when a boy, you stooped to me  
From all high places, lived in all fair lights,  
Came in long breezes rapt from the inmost South;

\* \* \* \*

With Ida, Ida, Ida, rang the woods;  
The leader wild-swan in among the stars  
Would clang it, and lapped in wreaths of glow-worm  
light  
The mellow breakers murmured Ida."

A touch of "Hiren" here I fancy.  
The Prince continueth, as follows :

"I cannot cease to follow you, as they say  
The seal does music; who desire you more  
Than growing boys their manhood; dying lips,  
With many thousand matters left to do,  
The breath of life."

Our Prince certainly appears sadly off, but,  
we think, he will recover nevertheless.  
Here is the body-guard of the Princess :

"Eight daughters of the plow, stronger than men,  
Huge women, blowzed with health and wind and rain  
And labor."

A description of earliest morning :

"the Sun

Leaped from the dewy shoulders of the earth  
And hit the northern hills."

Worthy women sometimes love worthless  
men :

"their sinless faith

A maiden moon, that sparkles on a sky,  
Glorifying clown and satyr."

The Sire of the Princess is exceeding cordial to the wooing Prince,

"and oozed

All o'er with honeyed answer."

Honor is

"The flake of rainbow flying on the highest  
Foam of men's deeds."

Behold now the future achievements of the  
daughters of Eve :

"she,

The woman phantom, she that seems no more  
Than the man's shadow in the glass ;

\* \* \* \*

shall shower the fiery grain

Of Freedom broadcast."

The Sire of our Prince speaketh somewhat  
slurringly of certain wives :

"the gray mare

Is ill to live with, when her whinny shrills  
From tile to scullery ;

but take and break her, you!

She's got a colt."

The following is one stanza of a triumphal  
ode, sung by the Princess in honor of a  
victory gained by her champions, wherein  
she compares her "Woman's Rights" enter-  
prize to a Tree :

"Our enemies have fallen ; but this shall grow  
A night of Summer from the heat ; a breadth  
Of Autumn dropping fruits of power ; and rolled  
With music in the Aeonian breeze of Time,  
The tops shall strike from star to star, the fangs  
Shall move the stony bases of the world."

Ida's voice, in grief,

"like a bell,

Tolled by an earthquake in a trembling tower,  
Rang ruin."

Two youthful hearts, those of Florian and  
Melissa,

"close in love,

As when two dewdrops on the petal shake  
To the same sweet air, and tremble deeper down,  
And slip at last, all fragrant, into one."

But affairs are reaching a crisis in this  
inexorable female University. The Princess-

President *kisses* the wounded and apparently dying Prince, whom at first she had so spurned:

"She stooped; and with a great shock of the heart  
Our lips met;

from mine arms she rose  
Glowing all over noble shame."

Observe now, the *genuine* Woman

"is not undeveloped Man,  
But diverse; could we make her as the man,  
Sweet love were slain;

\* \* \* \* \*  
Yet, in the long years, *liker must they grow*;  
The man be more of woman, she of man;  
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,  
Nor lose the *wrestling thens*, that throw the world;  
She mental breadth;

\* \* \* \* \*

Till, at the last, she set herself to man,  
Like perfect music unto noble words;

\* \* \* \* \*  
Then comes the stately Eden back to men;  
Then reign the world's great brides, chaste and calm;  
Then springs the crowning race of human kind!"

Possibly I may already have been unmerciful in my quotations from this fascinating work. And yet I have transcribed but a part of the passages I had pencilled, and I *might* have marked scores beside.

Who will dare say, the Princess is not adorned profusely with jewels of the finest water? Nor, in fact, is it less remarkable for its opulence and profundity of thought, than for its exquisite imagery and its beauty of expression. Assuredly Tennyson, by this token merely, is made free of the "Immortals."

Another of his splendid poems is the "Palace of Art," described by him, as

"a sort of allegory  
of a soul,

A sinful soul, possessed of many gifts;  
\* \* \* \* \*

A glorious Devil, large in heart and brain,  
That did love *Beauty* only."

The Poet gathers about this Soul all things beautiful and glorious in the realms of Nature and of Art.

"I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house;

\* \* \* \* \*  
Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,  
All various, each a perfect whole,  
From living Nature, fit for every mood  
And change of my still soul."

\* \* \* \* \*

"And with choice paintings of wise men I hung  
The royal dais around."

"For there was Milton, like a seraph strong;  
Beside him Shakespeare, bland and mild;  
And there the world-worn Dante grasped his song,  
And somewhat grimly smiled."

"And there the Ionian Father of the rest;  
A million wrinkles carved his skin;  
A hundred winters snowed upon his breast  
From cheek and throat and chin."

But this self-indulgent seeking and enjoyment of mere Beauty matches not the needs or the destinies of the soul. At last

"she fell,  
Struck through with pangs of Hell."  
\* \* \* \* \*

"Deep dread and loathing of her solitude  
Fell on her;"

and she gradually became

"A spot of dull stagnation, without light  
Or power of movement;"  
\* \* \* \* \*

"A still, salt pool, locked in with bars of sand,  
Left on the shore; that bears all night  
The plunging seas draw backward from the land  
Their moon-led waters while."

The intelligent reader must needs bless the Poet for the grand moral and the profound philosophy, not less than for the rich imaginativeness and graphic expression of this Poem. Such reader, I think, will be prepared to echo in full our author's affirmation, that

"The Poet in a golden clime was born,  
With golden stars above;"

\* \* \* \* \*

"He saw through life and death, through good and ill;  
He saw through his own soul."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The viewless arrows of his thoughts were headed  
And winged with flame."

\* \* \* \* \*

"So many minds did gird their orbs with beams,  
Though one did fling the fire."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Thus Truth was multiplied on earth; the world  
Like one great garden showed;  
And through the wreaths of floating dark upcurled,  
Rare sunrise flowed."

"And Freedom reared, in that august sunrise,  
Her beautiful, bold brow;  
While rites and forms before her burning eyes  
Melted like snow."

\* \* \* \* \*

"And in her raiment's hem was traced in full  
Wisdom;"

\* \* \* \* \*

"No sword  
Of wrath her right arm whirled;  
But one poor poet's scroll, and with his word  
She shook the world!"

And speaking of the Poet, a being so worthy and grand through his intrinsic qualities, we are reminded by contrast of Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

"The daughter of a hundred earls,"

with no credentials else. Such Poet might justly say to her,

"Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,  
From you blue heavens, above us bent,  
The grand old gardener and his wife  
Smile at the claims of long descent."

Tennyson has marvellous power and skill in description, whether of natural objects or works of Art. I might cite "Recollections of the Arabian Nights" and Mariana, as special examples.

The poetic gift, with which he seems to me least abundantly endowed, is the *lyric*. Not that I would pronounce him entirely wanting even here. On the contrary, there may be found scattered through his volumes several Songs, of which even the favorites of the Lyric Muse might well be proud. For instance in the "Miller's Daughter" we have two charming little Songs, which even Moore would reckon gems, and other specimens might readily be cited, were such needed.

Nevertheless I cannot but think the Ode is not his *forte*. He lacks that *habitual* "fine frenzy," that *sustained* "harmonious madness," which made Shelley's Skylark, "that singing ever soars, and soaring ever singeth," so apt a symbol of the poet's self. Tennyson is rather *meditative* than impetuously gushing, and has more of the *afflatus* of thought and imagination than of the *oestrus* of feeling. In this characteristic, as before intimated, he not a little resembles Wordsworth.

We find this more or less exemplified in all his writings, but especially in his last published, entitled "In Memoriam," a tribute to his deceased friend, Arthur Hallam. It is certainly a singular monument to the departed, a total volume suggested by and inscribed to the memory of an individual, on the basis of private friendship alone. A noble monument, too, and it were not easy saying to which it does most credit,—him, who was worthy to *inspire* such an elegiac tribute, or him, who could so love and remember the departed, as to execute it.

Still it is rather a series of mournful musings busied *about* the dead, than the utterance of feelings wrung and deeply depressed by his loss. The Poem is beautifully written, and is crowded with beautiful

thoughts such as might occur to a mind like the author's, while dwelling on this tenderly-mournful theme,—at one time uttering the reveries suggested by the sphere now inhabited by the emancipated Spirit, and at another picturing the excellencies of the dead, together with the scenes and events participated by the writer with him in the past of the present world.

My space forbids more than slightly glancing at this volume. The departed, says the Poet,

"bore, without abuse,  
The grand old name of Gentleman,  
Defamed by every charlatan,  
And soiled with all ignoble use."

The object in producing this book, as also its character, is aptly described thus:

"In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,  
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;  
But that large Grief, which these enfold,  
Is given in outline, and no more."

Its contents, still further, are exquisitely symbolised, as follows:

"I sing to him, who rests below;  
And, since the grasses round me wave,  
I take the grasses of the grave,  
And make them pipes whereon to blow."

A fine sentiment the following, nor less true than fine:

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all."

The poet thus delights himself with the thought of being, at death, reunited to his friend, and learning from such friend's *then* ampler knowledge:

"And what delights can equal those,  
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,  
When one that loves, but knows not, reaps  
A truth from one, that loves and knows?"

How inimitable the following hint at the *brevity* of the poems, wherein the writer's sorrow expresses itself:

"Nor dare she trust a larger lay;  
But rather loosens from the lip  
Short swallow-flights of Song, that dip  
Their wings in tears, and skim away."

But I *must* close, though here, as in the other volumes, I have left unquoted scores of other passages, which I would fain have pointed out to the reader. I might, however, have doubled my number of pages without citing half my favorites. I trust, however, I have furnished my reader some pleasure by the verses already offered. And with this hope, I take my leave.

## A HISTORY OF OUR CONSTITUTION.

In order to understand our subject properly, we must be acquainted with the history of the times in which it was formed.

The Northern part of North America was discovered by Sebastian Cabot, and seized in the name of the British monarch, Henry VII, but it was not settled until the latter part of the reign of the "Virgin Queen," Elizabeth. To encourage settlements, tracts of land were given to certain individuals; hence arose the different States, between which there was no direct political connexion: but, owing to their common relation to Britain, they were not altogether alien to each other, which can be shown by their *common right of citizenship, common right of inheritance, and their common commercial regulations*. The Union was the work of a century and a-half,—at which length of time we can not be surprised, when we consider the incongruous character of the elements of the Union,—New England being settled by the "Roundheads," and Virginia by the "Cavaliers;" New England by the "Puritans;" Pennsylvania by the "Quakers;" and Maryland by the "Catholics;" and no toleration being shown by any party. Another cause acting against the formation of the Union was the different forms of government, some of them being under *Charter Governments*, some under *Proprietary Governments*, and some under the *Royal Government*. Another element of their incongruity was the variety of soil and products, and hence the supposed variety of interests, as is yet the case with the Northern and Southern States. Disputes were also had in reference to their boundaries; the charters, &c. being deficient in this respect, owing to the little geographical knowledge England then possessed of this country. We then ask, how were these incongruous elements naturalized and brought together? First, by the sense of *common danger*; the first occasion upon which they united, from fear of this common danger, was—(1.) *The New England Confederacy*, which was brought about in the year 1643, and was occasioned by a fear of the Indian tribes, and an apprehension of the inroads of the Dutch from the colony of New York. This confederacy was entitled "The United Colonies of New England," and included the four colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven. Besides protection against the French, Dutch and Indians, another motive set forth in this article of confederacy, was the conversion of the Indians. This confederacy was *dissolved* in 1686, by King

James taking away their respective charters. The only remarkable exercise of power exercised by this confederacy, was the establishment of a mint in Boston. No new measures for bringing about a systematic union were taken until 1754, when, for resisting the Indians and French, delegates were appointed from seven colonies to meet at Albany; this formed (2.) *The Albany Congress*. D<sup>r</sup> Franklin, the delegate from Pennsylvania, prepared a plan for a union, which was rejected both by the colonies and by the mother country. (3.) *The Stamp Act Congress*. This was occasioned by Britain taxing the Americans to pay the expenses of the "seven years' war," without allowing them to be represented in Parliament. The Stamp Act reached America in 1765; and it so displeased us, that delegates from nine colonies met to express their disapprobation of it. They remained in session a week, and then adjourned sine die. They adopted a petition to the King and Parliament, accompanied with a *Declaration of Rights*. This had the desired effect for a time, and the Stamp Act was repealed the following year—having hardly gone into operation—the repeal being accompanied by a *Declaratory Act*, to the effect that they still had a right to tax us in this manner, although they did not then choose to exercise this right. The year 1765 may be considered properly as the commencement of the Revolution, although hostilities did not break out till 1775. In 1767 a taxation of a different kind was resorted to, which was opposed by the Legislature of Massachusetts. Standing committees of correspondence were organized in 1773, which contributed greatly to the formation of the "Union," by causing *social* union to spring up. In 1774 the Boston Port Bill was passed, occasioned by the destruction of the tea at Boston; and, although the passage of this bill would have *directly* benefitted the other colonies, yet, seeing that a *general principle* for their future treatment was contained in it, they unanimously opposed it, showing that an instinctive feeling for union was now prevailing. (4.) *The Congress of 1774*. For the reasons given just above, a general Congress assembled at Philadelphia, in September, 1774, in which all the colonies of the thirteen were represented, except Georgia. The object of this Congress was to adopt such pacific measures, as would induce Great Britain to change her policy, and restore the colonies to the same condition they were in previous to 1763. The measure adopted was the non-importation policy; and, to give it more system, Articles of Association were adopted. They adjourned then from October till next May, when they met and considered the battle of



Lexington, which had just been fought. To provide for the expenses of a war, they resorted to a paper currency, and then took measures for raising a Continental Congress. The command of the army was given to Washington. The delegates from Georgia joined the Convention in September, 1775, which completed the old "Thirteen Colonies." The measures of Congress now became positive. On the 10th of May, 1776, this resolution was adopted, "recommending these colonies to provide themselves with a government which would conduce to their happiness." This was followed by The Declaration of Independence; and by virtue of it the *Union* was established—nevertheless it was made more perfect by the adoption of the present Constitution. Independence was a joint act, and given to the colonies jointly. Each colony might have declared itself independent, or they might have voted jointly, and given independence to the colonies separately, but such was not the case; it was given to them jointly, so that we arrive at a conclusion which is of great importance to the subject, i. e. that the Union created the States, and not the States the Union.

The foreign evils were all remedied by the Declaration of Independence; but certain political domestic evils (which are enumerated in the preamble of the Constitution), prevailed between A. D. 1776 and 1789. These were caused principally by the nation being, at its birth, placed in all the trying and embarrassing circumstances of war; and hence the prosecution of the war demanded the chief attention, and not the government. We will now inquire *how many governments existed before the adoption of the present Constitution*. If a government, as a government, need not have a written charter, which indeed is the case with Great Britain—for there is no such thing as a written British Constitution, analogous to the American Constitution—then there were two, viz:

#### I. THE REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT.

#### II. THE ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION.

I. THE REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT. This is the historical designation of the irregular and unwritten system of government prevailing during the greater part of the war, inasmuch as it was of a revolutionary, or unstable and irregular character: for, although the members of Congress were chosen methodically by the different Legislatures, yet their powers were arbitrary, and varied with the different aspects of the war. To prove the existence of this government, we resort to these arguments:

1st. *Congress possessed supreme powers for national purposes.* (1.) "They raised armies and navies." (2.) "Granted letters of marque

and reprisal." (3.) "Issued bills of credit." (4.) "Obtained loans on the faith of the nation." (5.) "Formed alliances and treaties (as with France and the Indians.)" (6.) "The country was known abroad only as a government—that of the United States." (7.) They received and sent ambassadors, regulated commerce," &c., &c.. But these are the chief rights of a government, and hence a government existed. Very imperfect, however, for all the powers were vested in one body. 1. Legislative powers—examples (1.) (2.) (3.) (4.) 2. Executive (5.) (6.) (7.) 3. Judiciary—for example, condemnation, prizes.

2d. *The authoritative statement of it in Congress.* The following resolution was made, A. D. 1779: "Resolved, That Congress is by these United States invested with the supreme power of peace and war."

3d. *The highest judicial authority has decided this question.* The Supreme Court decided this three times—Justice Jay delivering the opinion. The revolutionary government lasted until March, 1781, and therefore through a great portion of the war. After five years' existence, it was superseded by

II. THE ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION. On the same day that Congress appointed a committee to draft a Declaration of Independence, (June 11th, 1776,) a motion was made that a committee also be appointed to draft articles of confederation. After debating upon it till 1778, they presented a plan, with which all the States, except Delaware and Maryland, were satisfied. In May, 1779, Delaware acceded; and, finally, upon March 1st, 1781, Maryland gave her consent, through her two delegates. This therefore dates the articles of confederation. *The difficulties in adopting it, were:* 1. *The manner of voting in Congress.* This was settled by allowing each State one vote. 2. *The apportioning of the expense of the war.* This was settled by dividing it unequally among the different States—the larger States paying more. 3. *The disposal of the unpatented lands.* This was the greatest difficulty. Maryland, who possessed no unpatented lands, would not agree to enter the confederacy until all those States possessing such lands were willing to give them to the general Government, to be converted into public lands, and shared out according to the will of Congress. *The nature of the confederation* was a purely Federal, as opposed to popular government. The members of Congress were chosen by the Legislatures of the different States. They voted by States. The majority of delegates from any State formed the vote of that State. The Articles of Confederation proved highly imbecile, preventing the abuse of power, by crippling the use

it. Its principal defects were, first, that involved a Legislature on States, i. e. Congress had no power independent of the will of the State Legislatures. "Congress could declare every thing, and do nothing." They might conclude a treaty, but could not enforce it; they might raise troops, but could not pay them. *Second.* There was no direct representation of the people in it, and it was therefore a popular government. *Third.* There was no distribution of the power into the different departments, War, Navy, Judiciary, Treasury, &c..

*Attempts were soon made to remedy the Articles of Confederation.* Congress, in 1783, applied to the States to levy impost duties, for twenty-five years, to pay her debts. The States refused. A second appeal in 1784, and a third in 1786, were not complied with. Thus Congress had no power to regulate commerce with foreign nations; and now we come directly to the history of the formation of our present Constitution. Early in 1785, commissioners from Maryland and Virginia met at Alexandria, to form a compact for the navigation of the Chesapeake Bay. They however extended their views, and appointed commissioners to put the question of *Tariff and Impost Duties* before all the States. In 1786, the representatives of five States met at Annapolis. This committee also enlarged their views, and recommended a meeting to be held in Philadelphia, "to take into consideration the situation of the United States, &c.." On this being reported to Congress, a motion was made, 1787, to hold a convention in Philadelphia, for the purpose of revising the Articles of Confederation. Shay's rebellion in Massachusetts, produced by the unjust Tender Laws, no doubt helped to hasten this resolution. The *Federal Convention* was held, and contained delegates from all the States, except Rhode Island. The delegates were chosen by the Legislatures. General Washington was chosen President of it. Among its members were D'r Franklin, General Hamilton, and M'r Madison. This Convention, after sitting four months, adopted the present Constitution, and then adjourned in September. The Constitution was then ratified by eleven States; and in September, 1788, (one year after it had been submitted to Congress,) Congress appointed the *fourth of March, 1789*, as the time when, and *New York* as the place where, the first Congress under the new Constitution should be held. The first quorum was present on April 6th, when the votes of both houses for President were counted, and resulted in the election of General WASHINGTON, who was duly inaugurated upon the 30th of that month. In 1789, North Carolina, and in the year following, Rhode Island ratified the Constitution—

thus completing the old thirteen colonies. The date of the present Constitution is taken as the 4th of March, A. D. 1789.

We will now consider the *difficulties in adopting the present Constitution*. They were: 1. The difference of feeling on the subject of General Government. The adoption of a Constitution for a General Government was thought by Patrick Henry and John Adams, to be a greater change than the separation of the colonies from Great Britain. This was also the state of feeling preceding the Articles of Confederation, immediately after the Revolution; and then originated the two parties, *Federalists and Democrats*. The anti-Federalists, or Democrats, were in favour of a mere *offensive and defensive league*, as often as this should be found necessary. The Federalists wished to have something more permanent adopted, not only for war, but also for peace, and hence they adopted the Articles of Confederation. When the question for superseding the Articles of Confederation arose, these parties changed sides: the Democrats were for retaining the articles, (which they had formerly opposed,) with alterations. But the Federalists were for abolishing them entirely, so as to adopt the present Constitution. The Federalists were for giving greater power to the Government, and the anti-Federalists, Republicans, or Democrats, were for restricting the power of the General Government, and increasing that of the different States. The resolution of Congress and the instructions of many of the States limited their power to the altering of the Articles of Confederation. As they soon saw, however, that the mere alteration of these would be a waste of time, and as they could merely propose a plan, the majority were in favour of the *Virginia plan*, which went for an entirely new Constitution. The *New Jersey plan*, a mere alteration, was lost by a vote of seven to three States, one State being divided—one of its delegates voting for, and the other against it—which, together with New Hampshire, (not represented until afterwards,) and Rhode Island, (not represented at all,) comprise the thirteen States.

2. The difficulties in regard to the arrangement of the plan. These were principally in regard to the voting of the larger and smaller States, as applied both to the House of Representatives and the Senate. (1.) As to the House of Representatives—there was a warm dispute, in which the larger States argued that they should have more influence, on the ground of greater territorial and numerical extent, according to the popular principle; and the smaller States contended for the international principle of "equality of sovereignty," especially since

precedence was on their side, equality having been maintained for twelve years; this was however no argument—for the express purpose of the Convention was to change preceding rules. In this case, it was settled by the *smaller States yielding* upon the House of Representatives—it being agreed that representation should be according to the population. (2.) The question now recurred with regard to the Senate, and, after great difficulty, the Convention almost breaking up without coming to any result, the spirit of compromise again prevailed, and the *larger States* in turn *yielded*, agreeing that each State should be entitled to the same number of senators, viz: two. The plan was then reported to Congress and the several Legislatures—afterwards to be submitted to conventions of the people themselves. The Legislatures appointed the holding of these. Upon the whole, the plan was not satisfactory to the great body of the people. The States, however, rather than submit to the Articles of Confederation, agreed to adopt the plan unconditionally, and, after adoption, to obtain such amendments as they desired. The plan was, however, adopted with a small majority, and that with great difficulty—Patrick Henry, M<sup>r</sup> Monroe, and M<sup>r</sup> Gerry were strongly opposed to it—John Hancock and John Adams were but indifferent. One great objection to the Constitution was its not containing a *Bill of Rights*, analogous to that contained in the British Charter of 1688. It was answered that there was no occasion for it in America, under a *written* Constitution. The ten articles of amendment are really a substitute for a bill of rights.

*The present Constitution was founded, then—*

I. Upon the *implied consent* of the old Congress; for it adopted the resolutions in favour of it, and submitted them to the State Legislatures.

II. Upon the implied sanction of the States in their "sovereign capacity." This, according to Judge Marshall, was shown "by their summoning the Conventions."

III. Upon the direct popular choice. This differs from the Articles of Confederation. The Federal and popular principles are comprised in this, as they were adopted by the people, not as individual people only, but as the people of the different States. "We, the people of these United States," &c..

It might be asked, "would not the Constitution have been brought nearer to the people, if (as was the case in amendments to the Constitution of Pennsylvania), it had been balloted for directly by the people, instead of their representatives?" The answer is, yes. But then there could have been no systematic discussion of it, which

was greatly needed at this time. There can be no doubt of the excellence of the present Constitution, when we see that, since its adoption to the present time, only two amendments have been made upon it, one concerning the interpretation of it, and the other concerning the Vice-President.

## LETTER FROM VIRGINIA.

WARM SPRINGS, VIRGINIA, }  
Sept. 1st, 1854.

Dear BIZARRE:

The waters in which I have been philiandering and simmering ever since our separation, bear, geographically speaking, the same relation to Virginia, which the caloric environs of Naples bear to the South of Italy. No influence is wanting to suggest a comparison. The Infernal Lakes, and the hell-born springs of the ancients, the mysterious caverns, the pools teeming with miraculous properties and yet more miraculous legends, which illustrate the coast of BAIE, are all reproduced in this wonderful region. It would be difficult for a man of combustible fancy, during a short residence here, not to find himself far gone in the *facilis descensus averni*; and even I, after a month of domestication, sit down to address you in the character of a visitant to another world.

Yet the HOT SPRINGS, from whose faying influences I have lately escaped, and of which I shall chiefly speak, are surely no realm of fancy. Perhaps a few plain remarks, the fruit of a *sejour* of several weeks at that celebrated place, may not be unacceptable to you or your readers. If a faithful representation can aid in correcting the generally received and injurious errors regarding an establishment more remarkable as a hospital than as a watering place, my pen will have been employed to good purpose. None of the great mineral baths of America, I venture to declare, have been the subject of so much mendacious commendation, of so much systematic puffing, of so much *quackery absolute*, as the HOT SPRINGS OF VIRGINIA. That they should have been lauded beyond their merits is not strange. In the first place they are one of the great natural productions of our country; in the second, they are the unique production of the Old Dominion. As a curiosity they rank with the Natural Bridge; as a hygienic resort they rank (according to advertisement) with the pool of Bethesda itself. To impeach their qualities, then, in the presence of a Virginian, would excite in him surprise as great as a native of Schuylkill county might

testify were you doubt the combustibility of his coal.

In the third place the HOT SPRINGS are owned and kept by a Virginia gentleman—for such D'r Goode is esteemed. His fame as a physician, by inspiring that confidence which a "medicine man" alone can inspire in a mass of visitors, all of whom are invalids, has likewise in no small measure imparted reputation to the waters. In other words, he has *given a character* to his Springs.

But the principal engine of puffery is a minute pamphlet, which for profundity and veracity of statement is surpassed by none of those treatises of Brandreth or Hobensack, that adorn the advertising columns of the *Ledger*. This *brochure*, of which several hundred copies are printed annually, is presented to new-comers with a prodigality only paralleled by Charles Surface, whose zeal for dissemination forced him to part with his whole library.

"Go little book (return ere many days),  
I cast thee on the waters; go thy ways."

The "new-arrival," desperate with a bad liver, or a worse leg, or who late thought himself all abdomen, here reads with kindling eyes how the agonized OLD GRIMES of RACKENSACK, arrived on Sunday in a feather bed, how he hobbled to the boiler-bath on Wednesday, how he abdicated his crutches on Saturday in a fit of exaltation, and danced a pigeon-wing before admiring hundreds in the evening of the same day. Or how GENERAL BOWLEGS tottered thither in the year 1800, took eighty hot-spouts in succession, and marched home on limbs which resembled pillars in strength and compasses in rectitude. Certificates from travellers, compared with whom Munchausen and Gulliver were timid sticklers, furnish our sciatic or hepatic friend with a Sangrado energy of faith. So on he lingers, for a month at least; with little benefit but great hope.

This book of farrago, however, is not without its uses. I soon discovered its small cottony leaves to be eminently adapted to purposes of shaving.

Having thus attempted to indicate some of the causes of the overrated reputation of the HOT SPRINGS, I shall give you briefly the result of my observations on the establishment and its inmates. The waters possess certain virtues; of this there is no question. In character they are powerfully stimulant, and therefore useful in certain torpid conditions of the system. The liver-tormented Southerner, betaking himself hither from the miasmatic lowlands of his home, in these baths undergoes an awakening similar to that of a terrapin in a cauldron.

On the other hand, all sensible men with whom I have conversed, agree that they possess not a tithe of the qualities ascribed to them. The majority of cases with which I have met, either remained unaffected, or else were perniciously affected by the baths; this I can safely say. Again, I have known at least a dozen invalids, who, after abandoning this remedy in despair, have experienced complete relief at one of the neighbouring Springs—and these invalids were *chiefly rheumatic*. A liquid at the temperature of 106 degrees Fahrenheit, cannot, it seems, be a safe immersion for constitutions with diseases tending to the *acute*.

But, enough of the healing art, of which I I profess to know no more than Sancho Panza, or the *Medecin malgré lui*. The baths are mere dens in appointments and dimensions: this, too, with a supply of water in which nature has shown herself overwhelmingly prodigal. The general air of contraction and discomfort, long ago excited the astonishment of D'r Burke, in his impartial work on the Virginia Springs. Since he made his statement, things have rather deteriorated. Of the establishment and its administration I can only say, that, if any hospital in the country could be so wretchedly conducted, its managers would richly deserve indictment. Half-cooked food of an unwholesome description, never varied by change or improvement, is the daily fare of the sick and well. A gout may be exchanged for a dyspepsia—or so may a rheumatism—on the theory of the introduction of a new disease. This, recollect, is in the heart of a land of plenty, while three other Springs, within a circuit of ten miles, and far more moderate in price, are famed for their excellent tables. The courteous answer to all malcontents is, "did you come to use the water, or did you not? If you did, it is for the water you pay; the table is mere hospitality."

Excuse these uninteresting matters of fact: but they ought to be set forth to the public by somebody. Besides, I have a sufficient apology for writing nothing pleasant about the Hot Springs. There is nothing pleasant to be written. Especially is this the case, since the ball-room (as a small unpainted ante-room is facetiously called), was converted into a wholesale dormitory three weeks ago—and the *band*, consisting of three windy, querulous, and nameless instruments, had to betake itself out of doors—where, in some vague corner, the aforesaid instruments keep congenial concert with the owls.

I might reveal further the secrets of this dread prison-house. I might relate how a lineal son of Hippocrates here consecrates himself to the practice of mass, with a de-

votion which Archbishop Hughes himself might marvel at—were the *mass* any colour but *blue*. . . . . But I refrain, and proceed to some more inspiring subject. The Spring from which I write is the Wildbad of America. The bath is luxurious beyond description; no oriental refinement can be compared to it. The country around is pre-eminent in beauty, and the company combines gayety with respectability—a circumstance worthy of note at a watering-place. I shall write next week from the White Sulphur.

"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

### A MUTE WOMAN.

[The following description of a real character, was written by a man who is deaf and dumb.]

The deaf and dumb Miss R—, Heaven forbid that I should so far violate her singularly quick—for one so afflicted—feelings, as to spread her full name before a crowd of staring eyes, is one of the "blessed few" who, spite of the deprivation of hearing, acquire a respectable command of language. She was educated in the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Philadelphia, where she was distinguished for her efficiency in every branch of study pursued in the school. She now lives in the country with her widowed mother and younger sisters, who depend upon her labours for a subsistence. She is alone in procuring them the necessities and sometimes elegancies of life, and has been for many years—and she a mute! A noble-hearted woman! Her like is not to be seen in the deaf and dumb world. A noble woman! and may God bless her. She has seen much affliction—the loss of a kind, and high-minded father, and of an affectionate and noble-minded brother in a distant land, yet she bears all like a heroine, and without a murmur. She is diligent in the use of her needle the year round, and that to supply the wants of a large family. She is amazingly clever in the dress-making line. She loves her mother with a strength of affection, which, truth to say, is not often seen among her companions in privation, and contributes in a great measure to her comfort; in fact, she is the "one thing needful" of her household circle. To these qualities is added a large amount of good common sense, which enables her to appreciate her duty to God and man, and act accordingly. She possesses spirit, and will not stoop to vulgar rudeness, either in word or deed. She is highly esteemed for her many amiable traits of character and unaffected kindness

of heart, and is sure to gain golden opinions wherever her merit is known. When she sees any man or woman in distress, she rivers out her pity at one flow, and extends a helping hand to him or her. Her family is of the first respectability. Without being handsome, in the ordinary sense, she is an exceedingly well-looking woman, with a dark, soft expression, large blue eyes, and sweet pouting lips. Her eyes, when animated, express all the varying emotions of a heart deep in pure affection. Her laugh, in particular, is an *intellectual* one—not the common-place sort of a laugh you daily see in the "face divine." I am constrained to confess that she is the most noble-minded mute that I have seen in the whole course of my existence. She employs her leisure moments in reading. She writes well. Her diction is always good, and at times elegant. Her chirography is quite lady-like and clear.

I have written thus much in praise of Miss R—, because, in all my travels, I have not met with one *mute* who combines in her person all the virtues I have been describing. She does credit to the Institution which, next to God, has been the means of introducing her into good society.

### CURRENT LITERATURE.

*Sketches of the Lives and Judicial Services of the Chief Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States.* By Charles Van Santeoord. Charles Scribner: New York: 1854. 8vo. Pp. 533.

The appearance of a work on this subject, without any previous heralding, was somewhat a surprise. The habit of the publishers of the present day, in bringing out a book of this character, is first to blow a pretty loud blast through a column of advertisements, and then to excite the public appetite, by the insertion in the daily newspapers of piquant morceaux, to give a foretaste of the flavour of the contents. The present publication came quietly into existence, depending upon its own merits for a favourable reception, which shows considerable confidence on the part of the author in the ability of his production.

"The history of empires," says Lord Brougham, "is the history of men;" and the reverse of the proposition is equally true. History no longer consists of a narrative of events chronologically arranged. It is now something more. The age has grown critical and inquiring—and the call for some more intimate knowledge of the causes which produce events, has forced historians

to undertake a most arduous task—to enter into the philosophy of politics, to analyze the motives of actors, and to reveal the remotest sources of the consequences which it is their province to record. But, while the office of the historian has become raised in dignity, it has also become a greater field for the inaccuracies which flow from the mis-judgments and the prejudices of men. Of course, with all their inaccuracies, historians are those upon whom we must chiefly rely for information. They perform for us the functions of collaters and digesters. But it is to the biographies of the prominent individuals, especially to the auto-biographies which are comprised in their private correspondence and in their sentiments, as recorded by those with whom they lived on terms of intimacy, that, after all, we must look to, to understand the temper of the times, and the secret causes which often operate more powerfully in public transactions, than those openly proclaimed. This department of history not only serves as a check upon the inordinate egotism of authors, which tinges their narratives with the colourings of their own sentiments, but also upon that greater but more pardonable failing, which exaggerates the common-place into the heroic, and exalts the attributes to men as subject to human weakness and failings as ourselves, the characteristics of demigods. It is therefore highly proper that the industry of this class of collectors of biographical information should be encouraged.

The Chief Justices of the United States have not, with the exception of Mr Jay, found hitherto a biographer. Of course, we do not attribute to the obituary notices, called forth by the deaths of Marshall and of Rutledge, the character of historical essays; and yet the story of their lives was called for, because, in every constitutional government, questions of State policy must often come before the judiciary, and because the leaning of the Court in which they are considered, must be greatly affected by the character of the presiding officer.

Mr Van Santvoord has brought to his task an excellent and correct style, and powers of appreciation sufficiently cultivated to have made him valuable as a biographer; but, beyond this, we can afford him little praise. He has written a readable and saleable book—readable, on account of his merit as a narrator, and because his topic necessarily embraces the most interesting portion of American history—saleable, because it contains, in a popular form, some information on a subject of which our own people are lamentably ignorant, i. e. the constitutional history of this country.

But the work is lamentably deficient in new material. What others have published

before, the author has collected, examined, and strung together in a readable form; and if he was writing short notices for an encyclopædia, we should be willing to say he had successfully accomplished his task. But we find no traces of accurate and extensive research—not a single new view of a transaction put forth—and not a doubt explained away. Perhaps we should except from this censure, that part of the narrative which embraces their judicial career, which is not only pleasantly written, but contains a good deal of bar anecdote, not to be found in the reports of the cases; and he has performed very well the difficult task of presenting, in a clear and popular manner, the interesting points of cases which came before them before adjudication.

As a specimen of the loose manner the author deals with his subject, in his opening chapter on the life of John Jay, he says:

“History is not always just in its discriminations, or correct in its estimate of individual character, and of the true worth and merit of public services. There is something so attractive to the historian in tracing successful results in administration, and brilliant achievements on the field of battle, that he is apt to lose sight of the less striking but no less valuable labours of the discreet statesman in the legislature, the jurist on the bench, and the ambassador in the field of foreign diplomacy. Thus it happens in regard to our revolutionary struggle, that while the popular admiration centres round the more prominent actors on the scene, there is a class of men, standing comparatively in the background, whose characters have never been fully appreciated, and to whose memories history has not yet done entire justice.”

And, upon this tolerably correct assertion, he proceeds to say: “One of these men was John Jay—a man of modest virtue and unpretending merit, who quietly, faithfully, and ably discharged the most important duties in the sphere he was called upon to fill.” Now, such a remark in connection with Mr Jay, is almost absurd, if Mr Van Santvoord considers himself as addressing any other portion of his countryman than those whose knowledge of public men is derived from the loosest tradition. Why, no American statesman for more than twenty years, occupied a greater space in American politics, and no one received greater marks of popular esteem and animadversion. Ellsworth he also includes among our unremembered worthies, and the impetuous and brilliant Rutledge. Why we should be inclined to quote these almost pre-eminently among the historical names of America. The question naturally presents itself—among whom has the author lived, that he judges thus of

the standard of our appreciation of American men?

We are constrained to say, therefore, that, so far as a work on this subject was needed, to supply a historical want—that it has disappointed any fair expectation. We will not, however, in the least retract from our assertion, that the general reader will find it an attractive and agreeable one.

*Sister Agnes; or, the Captive Nun. A Picture of Convent Life. By a Clergyman's Widow, &c., &c..* Riker, Thorne & Co.: New York: 1854. 12mo. Pp. 412.

BIZARRE does not assume to settle the differences between antagonizing religious sects. Of this book, therefore, it belongs to us only to say, that, as a literary performance, it is executed with power and skill. Whether *actually* written by a woman, and "a clergyman's widow," we of course possess not the facilities for determining.

Nor have we the means of knowing whether *facts* or *fiction* be here presented. The scene is laid on English soil, and the tale is painful and disturbing in the extreme. The *substance* of what the writer would lay before us is, that "the Catholic Church" is Satan's *special* emissary on earth, and that "nunneries" are the *workshops*, where his most ingeniously contrived and potent *implements* are stored.

Is this—can this be "truth and verity?" We do not know. Our acquaintance with these Institutions is so limited, as to be simply *nought*. While, therefore, waiving all decision on the points at issue, we *can* and *must* say, that Institutions, Catholic or Protestant, which are *morally capable* of doing what this writer narrates, should be driven into the sea at the bayonet's point!

*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.* August, 1854: Leonard Scott & Co.: New York. For sale in Philadelphia by Getz & Buck.

Blackwood is excellent this month; each article is better than the preceding. It is quite plain, that though the renowned Christopher has shuffled off "this mortal coil," he has left a worthy lineage to fill his throne. Article 1st, on "The Greek Revolution," is candid and truthful, with a leaning to the Greek side of the question. Article 2nd, "The Student Life of Scotland," will be highly instructive and amusing to all of Scottish descent and birth. A very curious and instructive article is that on "European Ethnology," worthy of the most serious consideration. Article 4th, "The Gangetic Provinces of British India," is more interesting to Englishmen than to us; at the

same time, it is worthy of attentive perusal by all. The same may be said of the last article, on "The Re-ascendency of Conservatism," meaning, by that term, Toryism in England. The beautiful romance, "The Secret of Stoke Manor," is continued.

*The Knickerbocker; or, New York Magazine.* September, 1854: Samuel Hueston: New York.

This is another pleasant number. "The Fudge Papers," by "Ike Marvel," is continued, and we find a capital article on "Laughter." The Editor's Table" is full of agreeable anecdote.

*West American Monthly.* September, 1854: Jethro Jackson & Co.: Cincinnati.

This is undoubtedly the best number of the Magazine ever issued. The principal portion of its matter is of a very high order, and it is all, we believe, original. "The Columbian Nights' Entertainment" is really capital.

*Pennsylvania Farm Journal.* September, 1854: J. M. Meredith & Co.: West Chester.

*The American Law Register.* September, 1854: D. B. Canfield & Co.: Philadelphia.

*The Schoolfellow.* September, 1854: Evans & Dickerson: New York.

These are all interesting and useful periodicals to the respective classes of people to whom they are particularly addressed.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

### THEATRES.

Our theatrical critic, who has been dozing the summer away in apathy, has hardly yet sufficiently recovered from the languor of his far niente to be induced to renew the arduous duties which the sudden opening of the campaign has cast upon him. By threats of stopping off his weekly salary and by the inducement of the price of a ticket, and something extra, pour boire, we inveigled him into Parkinson's Garden on a concert night—apparently he had enjoyed himself excessively—but the only remark of a critical nature we could extract from him was that the orchestra was very good, all except the "Fireman's Quadrille," which was so like the real nuisance, as to be really very disagreeable; a criticism which we hardly thought worthy of publication. We next sent him to the Kossuth Exchange, under the sur-

veillance of an attaché, with strict orders not to let him have a drop of refreshment, and to hold him in arrest until the performances were over. The wretched creature we found however had slept through the whole performance so sweetly, that his guardian angel had not the heart to disturb a slumber so innocent and profound. His account of the whole performance was so confused, that we found no reliance was to be placed upon it. The only intelligible remark he made was that "the Saloon was not cleaner than last season." We immediately ordered him right off to the Arch, in spite of his agonizing entreaties to be spared for another week. All we could extract from this visit was that he liked M<sup>rs</sup> Drew as ———, in "Satan in Paris." He did not seem to have any particular ideas on the subject of the pieces or the other performers.

Of his own accord he then assiduously attended a series of M<sup>r</sup> Charles Jenkins's brilliant entertainments, in the sixth, or seventh, or eighth story of that useful building, at the corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets, at which place, thanks to his diplomacy and handsome face, he had managed to effect the register of his name upon the list of dead-heads. But as his notices of this establishment seemed chiefly to be composed of immoderate eulogiums upon the grace and beauty of the young woman who officiates behind the bar, we have been compelled to lay them aside, as unbefitting reports of the transactions occurring in, what is in fact, a lyrical temple.

The Walnut and the Italian Opera we took under our own special care, and at both places were very much disappointed, but we beg leave to add, agreeably so.

At the former place we were at once greatly delighted and greatly astonished—a fact worth recording and explaining. Once the theatre had for us an inexpressible charm, and we were never so happy as when within its walls. But of late we have found it rather difficult to stay even the first play out. What the reason was, we did not undertake to determine, but the fact was so.

Judge then why, we say we were delighted and astonished! Although we went frequently to hear Miss Louisa Howard and M<sup>r</sup> Henry Farren, yet, strange to stay, we invariably remained till the curtain dropped on the closing scene. And not remained only, but were charmed into a total oblivion of the passage of time! We could not utter higher praise of the mode of performance.

All the parts, we thought, were unusually well performed by the Walnut's new company; but Miss Howard and M<sup>r</sup> Farren were admirable, nor could we have suggested any improvement in their embodiments of character. There was in neither the slight-

est rant or "tearing of passion to tatters," but all was simple, natural, true to the life. So rarely is such acting witnessed on the boards, that we will spoil our criticism by enlarging upon it.

And now we will begin our notice of the Opera, by expressing our and we believe the public's thanks to M<sup>r</sup> Maretzek, for affording us, after so long a dearth of music, this most refined of all public entertainments. The organization and establishment of an Italian Opera in this country is ever attended with much labour and many inconveniences, and, worse than all, with great pecuniary risk. In defiance of many reverses, and apparently with a determination, at all personal hazards, to force us to learn to love and appreciate this, the first of the Arts, and the only one which, by its mysterious and beautiful subtlety, seems imbued with a divine-like essence, this most admirable young man—more youthful, if appearances are to be trusted, than any of his large company, vocal or instrumental—has again, and alone of all other men in the United States, dared to undertake the preparation and efficient representation of a series of splendid musical compositions. When we witness his incessant labours, and know that they have been heretofore so inadequately rewarded, we, for one at least, feel, as we behold him again swaying his baton in his faithful hand, inexpressibly grateful to him for the rich and high enjoyment we experience, and which is now nightly offered to the public. And, if we can judge from the excellent houses which have so far attended the representations, we are full of hope that M<sup>r</sup> Maretzek will at length reap his well deserved reward.

Beraldi, the tenor, has a sweet sympathetic voice, very fresh and excellently cultivated. He is very prepossessing as an actor, and gives dramatic expression to his music. His voice is very much of the same order as that of Pozzolini—of about equal power and sweetness, and, we think, more under his control. The reason perhaps is that the Chestnut Street Theatre is a much better music room than the National Theatre, where Pozzolini had to strain his voice to give it effect.

Graziani is a delightful baritone—he has a rich powerful organ, and sings with great taste and feeling. He has a difficult part who follows in the steps of Badiali—the most meritorious singer that has ever appeared in America. He wants Badiali's sublimely dramatic conception of his rôle—and yet if compared by any other standard than that of Badiali, we should say he was superb. It is not that we like him less than any one else that we ever heard, but that we like Badiali more.



Madame Bertucca Maretzek is too well known as a faithful and meritorious artist, to need comment. She executes as well as ever, and her voice is decidedly improved. M<sup>d</sup>lle D'Ormy met with more applause from the public than we should have been inclined to give her ourselves—we believe, as we ever shall, that the public has the right of us, in their judgment upon her merits—but we did not like the quality of her voice.

The rest of the troupe is about A N<sup>o</sup> 2—all except the chorus, which is A N<sup>o</sup> 100—still altogether we have not for a long while passed any evenings more agreeably than those spent at the opera. And we believe our readers will thank us if they follow our advice and go there frequently.

—  
A POEM BY M<sup>R</sup> CHURCH.

We had the pleasure of hearing, not many days since, our "illustrious predecessor," in our editorial chair, M<sup>r</sup> J. M. Church, read in his own, if not unequalled, certainly untranscended way, a poem of about half or three-quarter hours' length, the theme whereof was "The Town," in all its varieties of lively and sad, satiric and pathetic, &c., &c.

To begin, M<sup>r</sup> Church is *one of*, (we do not quite like to venture saying,) *the most* superb of reciters of poetry, or in truth of prose either, we ever listened to. We might expand, but we forbear.

But the manner was not the best of it, good as it was. The poem was beautiful—genuinely, radically beautiful—if we have any perceptiveness. We cannot, at this moment, recall listening for forty minutes to verses, which delighted us so much.

We might pen a critique on the poem above named, were this the place or time. But our present purpose is to say, that its author purposes reciting "The Town" before Lyceums and auditories of the kind, during the autumn and winter now approaching.

Were our influence commensurate with our will, we should say authoritatively to all such assemblages, "hear this poem, if you can, repeated by its author."

Saying nothing here of the main portion of these verses, we must say a word of the concluding portion of the same. This consists of a flowing, solemn, and pathetic rendering into verse of the twenty-first chapter of St John's Apocalypse, describing the "City of our God." It constitutes, so well wrought out as it is, an admirable contrast to, not less than an exemplar for, "The Town," as previously portrayed.

SINGULAR MARRIAGE ANNOUNCEMENT.

The following notice (*italics and all*) appeared a few days ago in the *Evening Bulletin* of this city:

MARRIED in San Francisco, California, at the residence of M<sup>r</sup> J. W. McKee, Powell street, on Sabbath morning, July 30th, by the Rev. D<sup>r</sup> Scott, Henry Channing Beals, (formerly of the firm of H. C. Beals & Co., New York,) now of the firm of Coit & Beals, (San Francisco,) to Miss Mary E. Ward, only child of the late D<sup>r</sup> E. A. Ward, of New York City.

Thrice happy groom, so late bereft  
Of all thy faithful heart held dear,  
The silent tomb no voice has left  
To bid thee shed another tear.  
Thy couch, yet warm with that dear form  
So lately to thy bosom pressed,  
Now shields from harm and each rude storm,  
Another, till again thou'rt blest'd.

T. T. J.

—  
SOMETHING ABOUT SOME.

An incorrect, inelegant, and uncalled-for manner of using the word *some*, is becoming common. Instead of saying that a man died worth about fifty thousand dollars, some of our newspapers say: "He left an estate of *some* fifty thousand dollars;" and, in like manner, we read of "a young lady of *some* twenty years of age;" "a farm of *some* five hundred acres;" and "a field of *some* three thousand pumpkins." The sooner this phraseology is abandoned, the better. The New York Tribune furnishes *some* five or six examples of it daily.

—  
SLEEP.

We revere the opinion of Sir Thomas Brown, the ingenious author of the "Religio Medici" (with whom believed Sir Henry Wotton, Bossuet, and other good men), "That we are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the legation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps." And also the sentiment of Addison, that "there seems something in this consideration that intimates to us a natural grandeur and perfection of the soul."

—  
GIVING AND DONATING.

The newspapers of New Orleans inform us that a gentleman of that city has *donated* thirty thousand dollars for the foundation of a hospital. Twenty years ago he would have *given* the money for that purpose. When will the corruptions of the English language end?

# BIZARRE.

AN ORIGINAL, LITERARY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PART 24.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH.

YEAR 1854.

FRANKLIN.

[The following is a translation of a chapter in the first volume of the Memoirs of the Abbé Morellet, a work which, we believe, has not appeared in English.]

In 1786 I published a translation of the *Notes on Virginia*, by M'r Jefferson, minister of the United States to France, who had succeeded Benjamin Franklin in this capacity, and who has since been Secretary of State and President in his own country.

It is an useful book for knowing that country, an interesting book, full of variety, and enriched with philosophical observations, full of justice and reason. This pretty large book became, like almost all my works, the prey of the booksellers: an octavo volume of more than four hundred pages was entirely lost to me.

About this time, a great void in our society at Auteuil was occasioned by the departure of Franklin; he resided at Passy, and the intercourse between Passy and Auteuil was easy. We went to dine at his house once a week—Madame Helvetius, Cabanis, and the Abbé de la Roche, her two guests, and myself, who often accompanied them. He also came very frequently to dine at Auteuil, and our meetings were very gay.

It was for one of these dinners, for the anniversary of his birthday or of American liberty, I cannot say which, that I made the following song.

## CHANSON.

AIR—*Camarades lampons.*

### I.

Que l'histoire sur l'airain,  
Grave le nom de Franklin;  
Pour moi je veux à sa gloire  
Faire un chanson à boire,  
Le verre en main,  
Chantons notre Benjamin.

### II.

En politique il est grand,  
A table joyeux et franc;

Tout en fondant un empire,  
Vous le voyez boire et rire,  
Grave et badin,  
Tel est notre Benjamin.

### III.

Comme un aigle audacieux,  
Il a volé jusque aux cieux,  
Et dérobé le tonnerre,  
Dont ils effrayaient la terre:  
Heureux larcin,  
De l'habile Benjamin.

### IV.

L'Américain indompté  
Recouvre sa liberté;  
Et ce généreux ouvrage,  
Autre exploit de notre sage,  
Est mis à fin,  
Par Louis et Benjamin.

### V.

On ne combattait jamais,  
Pour de plus grands intérêts;  
Ils reculent l'indépendance,  
Pour boire des vins de France;  
C'est la le fin,  
Du projet de Benjamin.

### VI.

Le Congrès a déclaré,  
Qu'ils boiraient notre clare;  
Et c'est pour notre champagne,  
Qu'ils se sont mis en campagne,  
De long main,  
Préparés par Benjamin.

### VII.

L'Anglais sans humanité,  
Voulaient les réduire au thé;  
Il leur vendait du vin trouble,  
Qu'il leur faisait payer double,  
Au grand chagrin,  
De leur frère Benjamin.

### VIII.

Si vous voyez nos héros  
Braver l'Anglais et les flots,  
C'est pour faire à l'Amérique  
Boire du vin Catholique,  
Vin clair et fin,  
Comme l'aimait Benjamin.

## IX.

Ce n'est point mon sentiment,  
Qu'on fasse un débarquement;  
Que faire de l'Angleterre,  
On n'y boit que de la bierre,  
Fâcheux destin  
Au dire de Benjamin.

## X.

Ces Anglais sont grands esprits,  
Profonds dans tous leurs écrits,  
Ils savent que l'aire pese;  
Mais si leur cave est mauvaïse,  
Ils sont en vain  
Savans comme Benjamin.

## XI.

On lest voit assez souvent,  
Se tuer de leur vivant;  
Qu'y feront les moralistes,  
Si les pauvres gens sont tristes,  
Faute de vin,  
Comme le croit Benjamin.

## XII.

Puissions nous dompter sur mer  
Ce peuple jaloux et fier!  
Mais apres notre victoire,  
Nous les apprendrons a boire,  
A verre plein  
Le santé de Benjamin.

## TRANSLATION.

## I.

Let hist'ry our Franklin's name,  
Grave on brass with pen of fame;  
'Tis to me the task belongs,  
Him to sing in drinking songs;  
Come begin  
Drink and sing our Benjamin.

## II.

Great in politics is he,  
At the table gay and free:  
Founding empires, see him quaff  
Flowing cups, and hear him laugh,  
Gay and grave as a capuchin,  
Such is our Benjamin.

## III.

Like an eagle, see him rise,  
Nobly daring, to the skies;  
And carry off, as plunder,  
The earth-alarming thunder;  
Happy sin  
Of the clever Benjamin.

## IV.

The American regains  
Liberty and breaks his chains;  
And this great work of our age,  
A fresh exploit of our sage,  
Has finished been  
By Louis and Benjamin.

## V.

Never did mankind engage  
In a war with views more sage;  
They seek freedom with design  
To drink plenty of French wine;  
Such has been  
The intent of Benjamin.

## VI.

The Congress doth declare it  
That they will drink our claret,  
And that 'tis for our champaign,  
They have opened the campaign;  
Having been  
Long prepared by Benjamin.

## VII.

Th' Englishman inhumanly  
Would reduce them to drink tea;  
Muddy wine to these he sold,  
Charging twice its worth in gold,  
To the chagrin  
Of their brother Benjamin.

## VIII.

If you see our heroes brave  
Both the English and the wave,  
'Tis that Cath'lic wine like ours  
May, America, be yours,  
Clear and fine,  
Such as loveth Benjamin.

## IX.

It is not my opinion  
To land in their dominion:  
What in England were our cheer,  
Where they nothing drink but beer?  
Sad state to be in,  
As observeth Benjamin.

## X.

These Englishmen have wondrous wit,  
Deep are they in all they've writ;  
They can tell the weight of air,  
But then if their cellar's bare,  
In vain they've been  
Learned as our Benjamin.

## XI.

If we often see the knife  
Of suicide destroy their life,  
What avails each moralist,  
If these poor folks are so trist  
For want of wine,  
As believeth Benjamin?

## XII.

May we on the sea surpass  
This so proud and jealous race;  
But when we our vict'ry win,  
Let us teach them to begin  
To fill their skin,  
In healths to Benjamin.

Franklin was very fond of Scotch songs; he recollected, he said, the strong and agreeable impressions which they had made him experience. He related to us, that, while travelling in America, he found himself, beyond the Allegheny Mountains, in the house of a Scotchman, living remote from society, after the loss of his fortune, with his wife, who had been handsome, and their daughter, fifteen or sixteen years of age; and that on a beautiful evening, sitting before their door, the wife had sung the Scotch air, "*So merry as we have been*," in so sweet and touching a way, that he burst into tears, and that the recollection of this impression was still quite vivid, after more than thirty years.

This was more than was wanting to make me try to translate, or imitate in French, the song which had given him so much pleasure. It may be found, with five others of the same kind, and the romance of Mary Stuart, in a collection of music copied by my hand.

I have committed in that a *tour de force*, for there is great difficulty in adapting French words to these original airs, without altering them. There is one of these songs which has been composed entirely in masculine verses, in which three or four verses of two syllables are found in succession, the fall of all the musical phrases being marked and masculine. He sometimes accompanied me in these airs upon the harmonics, an instrument of his invention, as is well known.

His converse was exquisite—a perfect good nature, a simplicity of manners, an uprightness of mind that made itself felt in the smallest things—in extreme gentleness, and, above all, a sweet serenity that easily became gayety; such was the society of this great man, who has placed his country among the number of independent States, and made one of the most important discoveries of the age.

He seldom spoke long, except in composing tales—a talent in which he excelled, and which he greatly liked in others. His tales always had a philosophical aim; many had the form of apologues, which he himself invented, and he applied those which he had not made with infinite justice.

In my manuscript *Ana*, digested according to Locke's system, in two octavo volumes, I have preserved many of these tales, and a great number of passages respecting Franklin. I sent some of them to the *Moniteur* in the early months of 1790.

But I cannot give a juster idea of the amiable disposition of this man, otherwise so distinguished by his genius and the strength of his reason, than by introducing a letter which Madame Helvetius received

from him one morning, after he had spent the previous day in uttering many pieces of amusing nonsense with her. This letter is perhaps found elsewhere, but no one will be sorry to read it again.

*'Letter from Franklin to Madame Helvetius.*

*"Passy.*

Chagrined at your resolution, pronounced so decidedly last evening, to remain single for life, in honour of your dear husband, I went home, fell upon my bed, thought myself dead, and found myself in the Elysian Fields.

They asked me if I had any desire to see any persons in particular. 'Lead me to the philosophers.' 'There are two that reside here in this garden. They are very good neighbours, and very friendly to each other.' 'Who are they?' 'Socrates and Helvetius.' 'I esteem them both prodigiously; but let me see Helvetius first, because I understand a little French, and not a word of Greek.' He viewed me with much courtesy, having known me, he said, by reputation for some time. He asked me a thousand things about the war, and the present state of religion, liberty, and government in France. 'You ask me nothing, then, respecting your friend, Madame Helvetius, and yet she loves you still excessively; it is but an hour since I was at her house.' 'Ah!' said he, 'you make me recollect my former felicity; but I ought to forget it to be happy here. For many years I thought of nothing but her. At last I am consoled. I have taken another wife, the most like her that I could find. She is not, it is true, quite so handsome; but she has as much good sense and wit, and loves me infinitely. Her continued study is to please me; she is at present gone to look for the best nectar and ambrosia to regale me this evening; stay with me, and you will see her.' 'I perceive,' said I, 'that your old friend is more faithful than you; for many good matches have been offered her, all which she has refused. I confess to you that I loved her myself to excess; but she was severe to me, and has absolutely refused me, for love of you.' 'I commiserate you,' said he, 'for your misfortune; for indeed she is a good woman, and very amiable. But the Abbé de la Roche and the Abbé Morellet, are they not still sometimes at her house?' 'Yes, indeed, for she has not lost a single one of your friends.' 'If you had gained over the Abbé Morellet with coffee and cream to speak for you, perhaps you would have succeeded: for he is as subtle a reasoner as Socrates or St Thomas, and puts his arguments in such good order, that they become almost irresistible; or, if you had secured the Abbé de la Roche, by giving

him some fine edition of an old classic to speak against you, that would have been better; for I have always observed that when he advises anything, she has a very strong inclination to do the reverse.' At these words, the new Madame Helvetius entered with the nectar; I instantly recognised her as M<sup>rs</sup> Franklin, my old American friend. I reclaimed her, but she said to me coldly, 'I have been your good wife forty-nine years and four months, almost half a century; be content with that.' Dissatisfied with this refusal of my Eurydice, I immediately resolved to quit these ungrateful shades, and to return to this good world to see again the sun and you. Here I am. Let us avenge ourselves."

I shall be pardoned, I believe, for publishing another pleasantry of Franklin's, which will confirm what I have said of his frank gayety, and the happy sociability of his character.

As he loved drinking songs almost as much as Scotch songs, and as I had made some of them for him, he bethought himself, in one of his moments of pleasantry, of addressing me the following letter:

*Letter from Franklin to the Abbé Morellet.*

(With Drawings.)

"You have often enlivened me, my very dear friend, with your excellent drinking songs; in return, I desire to edify you by some Christian, moral and philosophical reflections upon the same subject.

'*In vino veritas*,' says the wise man; '*truth is in wine*.'

Before Noah, men, having only water to drink, could not find the truth. So they went astray; they became abominably wicked and were justly exterminated by the water which they loved to drink.

This good man Noah, having seen that all his contemporaries had perished by this bad drink, took an aversion to it; and God, to quench his thirst, created the vine and revealed to him the art of making wine of it. With the aid of this liquor he discovered more truth; and since his time the word to *divine* has been in use, commonly signifying to *discover* by means of *wine*. Thus the patriarch Joseph pretended to discover by means of a cup or glass of *wine*, a liquor which has received its name to show that it was not owing to a human invention, but divine; another proof of the antiquity of the French language against M<sup>r</sup> Gêbelin. Therefore, since this time all excellent things, even the deities, have been called *divine* or *divinities*.

We speak of the conversion of water into wine, at the marriage of Cana, as a miracle. But this conversion is performed every day

by the goodness of God before our eyes. Behold the water which falls from the skies upon our vineyards; there it enters into the roots of the vines to be changed into wine; a constant proof that God loves us, and that he loves to see us happy. The particular miracle was performed only to hasten the operation, upon an occasion of sudden need which required it.

It is true that God has also taught men to bring back wine into water. But what kind of water? Brandy (*eau de vie*); in order that they might thereby themselves perform the miracle of Cana in case of need, and convert the common water into that excellent species of wine called *punch*. My Christian brother, be benevolent and beneficent like him, and do not spoil his good beverage.

He has made wine to rejoice us. When you see your neighbour at table pouring wine into his glass, do not hasten to pour water into it. Why do you wish to mix the truth? It is likely that your neighbour knows better than you what suits him. Perhaps he does not like water: perhaps he only wishes to put in some drops of it out of regard to the fashion: perhaps he does not wish another to observe how little of it he puts into his glass. Therefore, offer water only to children. It is a false complaisance and very inconvenient. I say this to you as a man of the world, but I will finish, as I began, like a good Christian, by making a religious remark to you, very important, and drawn from Holy Writ, namely that the Apostle Paul very seriously advised Timothy to put some wine into his water for his health's sake; but that not one of the apostles nor any of the holy fathers have ever recommended putting water into wine.

P. S. To confirm you still more in your piety and gratitude to Divine Providence, reflect upon the situation which he has given to the elbow. You see in figures 1 and 2, that the animals which ought to drink the water that flows upon the earth, if they have long legs have also long necks, in order that they may reach their drink without the trouble of falling on their knees. But man, who was destined to drink wine, ought to be able to carry the glass to his mouth. Look at the figures below: if the elbow had been placed near the hand, as in figure 3, the part A would be too short to bring the glass to the mouth; if it had been placed nearer the shoulder, as in figure 4, the part B would have been so long, that it would have carried the glass quite beyond the mouth: thus would we have been tantalized. But owing to the present situation, represented in figure 5, we are in a condition to drink at our ease, the glass coming exactly to the mouth. Let us adore then, glass in hand, this benevolent wisdom; let us adore and drink."

To this fine dissertation were annexed the following drawings from the hand of his grandson, under the direction of this excel-

lent man, in whom I contemplated Socrates, mounted on a stick, playing with his children.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Fig. 1.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



## THE MODERN OTHELLO.

*Fast Man—*

Most excellent quintuple of elective Judges!  
 My most acute and learned law expounders!  
 That I have ta'en this millionaire's fair daughter  
 It is most true—true I have married her;  
 The very head and front of my offending  
 Hath this extent, no more. Smooth am I of speech,  
 But still not conversant with legal phrases—  
 For since these limbs of mine were seven years old,  
 Till now nine seasons wasted, they have used  
 Their dearest action on the active Polka,  
 And little of this great world can I speak  
 More than pertains to wine and lobster salad;  
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
 In speaking for myself. Yet by your gracious patience,  
 I will a not unduly lengthened tale deliver  
 Of my whole course of Love, what steps, what charms,  
 What serenadings, and what mighty humbug—  
 For with such actings I am charged withal—  
 I won his daughter with.

The fact is, that her Father, like all such misers,  
 Some witless fellow, wanted her to marry—  
 A rude and ungloved churl, as our Bard writes it,  
 Spacious alone within his dirt possessions.  
 From this my cue was ta'en, my object was,  
 Just to convince him *I was one of them*,  
 And that was all the humbug that I used.  
 For when he questioned me of my position,  
 The battle of my life, and that same fortune  
 That I was heir to, I did run it through,  
 E'en as I did the fortune,  
 Up to the very time he bade me tell it;  
 Wherein I spoke of luckless speculation,  
 Of stock o'er-issues, and the frauds of Brokers,  
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes from minions of the law,  
 Of being taken by the insolent Sheriff  
 And sent below, then of my bailing thence,  
 And portance off to California,  
 Wherein of nuggets vast, and good land titles,  
 Deep quarries, rocks and hills whose tops touch heaven,  
 It was my hint to speak as owned by me;  
 Then of distinguished men that eat each other,  
 The anthropophagi political,  
 Whose heads do grow within the people's pockets,  
 Stork-kings amid the discontented frogs,  
 I spoke familiarly as of my friends.

Unto these things would Araminta listen,  
 But still her morning calls would draw her thence,  
 Which ever as she could herself excuse,  
 She'd come again, and with her jewelled ears  
 Devour up our discourse; which I, observing,  
 Took once a pliant hour and tried the game on her;  
 I did procure a ring of most exquisite beauty  
 Ornate, and jewelled with a diamond rose  
 That shone within its setting, brighter far  
 E'en than the basilisk eyes that unto Eve  
 Made dim the sapphires of her promised heaven.  
 It was a ring the Sultan of the Hebrides,  
 I said, had given me for service to the State.  
 'Twas a ragout, if you'll observe it well,  
 Of the same meat I served up for the father.  
 What wonder then, if it were not unpleasing!  
 She swore, in faith 'twas fair, 'twas passing fair,  
 'Twas beautiful, 'twas wondrous beautiful,

She wished she had not seen it; yet she wished  
 That such should be her fitting wedding ring,  
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
 I should but tell him where to get such rings,  
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spoke;  
 She loved me for my chateaux on Espagne,  
 And I loved her for her more solid charms—  
 This only is the humbug that I used.  
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

*Judge—*

I think such stuff would win my daughter too.  
 Good usurer  
 Take up this mangled matter at the least:  
 Men do their crafty shrewdness rather use  
 Than their bare hands.

## MY FIRST CLIENT.

After four long and tedious years of preparation, the day at last arrived when I should face the arbiters of my destiny. I donned a full suit of *black* which I had ordered for the occasion—the proper professional costume—and one which I deemed would give to my countenance a paler and more studious expression, than that which it usually wore. My moustache, which for some months had curled most jauntily, and had long been the admiration of my fellow-students, I curtailed of its fair proportions—not even the terror of my approaching examination being sufficient to induce the entire destruction of the offspring of so many hours of anxious disquietude—and then, with as modest and respectful a demeanor as I could assume, I presented myself before the distinguished gentlemen who formed the “Board of Examiners.” Five minutes sufficed to convince me that a miracle *might* carry me safely through the ordeal; fifteen minutes, however, satisfied my discriminating judges, who certainly knew more than I did, of my very superior attainments, when, with some complimentary remarks, I was dubbed an “Attorney at Law.”

I do not wish to moralize, but certainly the day which, of all others, should have been most unalloyedly happy, fell far short of the glowing anticipations I had pictured for it. And why? That day I reached my majority—that day, in the eyes of the law, I ceased to be an infant, and recommenced the world as a *man*—that day a profession was opened to me, in which I must take a foremost stand, or soon sink below mediocrity. Thenceforward I must depend upon myself alone—and not only depend upon myself, but others would depend upon me. All these considerations of course I had thought of before, but never, until then,

had I felt them. The effect was depression, amounting to melancholy; and perhaps the unhappiest day of my life, was my twenty-first anniversary.

But, heigh-hol this smacks of egotism; a subject on which, as Lord Byron has very pithily observed, "every one is eloquent, and no one interesting." So, with my apology for the digression, I will proceed with my narrative.

After some weeks of relaxation, I secured an office in a favourable proximity to the Court House, and making it as comfortable as a somewhat limited exchequer would afford, I "hung out my banner on the outward wall," and waited anxiously for the cry, "they come." Time passed; every inch of my office-door became as familiar to me as the definition of law, from the constant nervous glances it immovably submitted to, as fancied noises of shuffling feet would attract my attention, until at last I became hopeless and desperate, and my chagrin certainly was not moderated when, on some occasion, being fully convinced that there was

"Some one rapping,  
Gently rapping, rapping at my office door,"

I would in a persuasive voice cry, "Come in," without even a surly echo to answer the seductive summons. How much longer I would have existed in this state of feverish anxiety, when the desire for a client was scarcely greater than my fear of that desire being realized, it is impossible to say; for at last books were thrown aside, my old roving habits again became strong within me, and I substituted an active, unprofessional occupation, for the passive existence I had become so heartily tired of. It was while in this state—a public lounge—that, accompanying a lady friend in a walk in the western part of the city, her eyes in passing rested upon a small pocket-book, upon which I was unconsciously about to tread. At the request of my companion, who, with all the virtues of her sex, was not entirely without the hereditary failing of curiosity, I picked up the estray, and proceeded to investigate its contents, with no presentiment that it was to prove perhaps the corner-stone of my fortunes.

For the gratification of the inquisitive, I will state that the above-mentioned article contained a few trifling matters "of no value, except to the owner." The next day I published a description of the lost pocket-book, referring the owner to my office, and by some strange chance giving my name in full. A week passed—I regularly but calmly visited my office once a day, having reached that happy state spoken of in Scripture, "expecting little," when, upon one of my

diurnal visits, a confused sound was heard at my door. I stubbornly waited till it resolved itself into a timid but distinct rap—a rap that was not to be mistaken even by my unpractised ears—and then, with no little effort, I pronounced, in a tolerably distinct voice, the long-expected but dreaded—"Walk in." The door opened, and before me stood—a lady, beautiful as—no matter what—I am, or at least profess to be, a Lawyer—not a Poet. However, she was beautiful; and I was—think of it, ye impenetrable and imperturbable sages of the law—I was embarrassed! How the lady got seated, Heaven only knows, my first return to consciousness being produced by hearing a low and melodious voice—but this is positively enthusiastic, and neither becoming to me as a lawyer, nor as a man, with the sad experience that in a contrite heart I am about to lay before my readers. Well, then, by hearing a gentle voice inquire, "Is this Mr —'s office?" I bowed assent—not yet daring to trust, what M<sup>rs</sup> Malaprop calls, "my parts of speech." My fair visitor then informed me that her mother, whose health was too feeble to admit of her leaving the house, had, a few days before, in looking over the Ledger, met with my advertisement, and having some fifteen years previous lived with the family as house-keeper, she at once recognised the name as that of an urchin who had, at a very early age, displayed such wonderful ability in speaking "My name is Norval," &c., &c., that in her mind it left no doubt that now, a wider field being open for the display of my oratorical powers, she could not do better than to place a case of much delicacy and no little difficulty in my charge.

Here I might with great propriety digress, for a few moments, to indulge my readers with a dissertation upon "pocket-books" and their history, and then, by the most natural association in the world, show how the most important events of our lives, if traced back to their beginnings, astonish us by the insignificance of their origin—how

"The coarsest reed that trembles in the marsh,  
If Heav'n select it for its instrument,  
May shed celestial Music on the breeze,  
As clearly as the pipe whose Virgin Gold  
Befits the mouth of Phœbus."

But I will be merciful—and yet, if any still complain of the privation, I solemnly promise an octavo on the subject, with notes "critical and explanatory." But to proceed with my story. My fair client's statement was briefly this. Three years before her visit to me, she had married, without the consent of her mother, a young man of some wealth and of a respectable position. They



lived for a long time very happily together, until this wedded Lothario, with a somewhat Eastern notion of marital ties, secured the affections of a young and unsuspecting girl, and married her, whilst his wife—my client—was on a visit to her relations in the interior of the State—and my services were now required to procure a divorce. The facts being clear, I expatiated most learnedly on the law of the case, drew such distinctions between the “*a mensa*” and “*a vinculo*,” as I think, nay, am certain, *cannot* be found in Blackstone, and finally asked my fair listener, who by that time was almost as completely bewildered as I was exhausted, “which she would have?” with as much boldness as a merchant would ask a customer which quality of goods he desired, when all kinds were forthcoming at his touch. After recovering my breath, I informed the lady that I would attend to her case with much pleasure, and that the necessary papers would be drawn and ready for her signature, when she next did me the honour to call, and politely bowed her to the door. My sensations, when alone, I will not attempt to describe—but, instead, will offer a faint outline of the mysterious being who caused them. She was somewhat above the middle height, in form light and graceful as the fawn—of such perfect symmetry, that each attitude, each movement might have served as a model for the representation of woman in her highest perfection—eyes of the darkest hazel, not black—I hate black eyes, however made so—fringed with long black lashes, that gave them a softened and perhaps pensive expression, that enhanced their beauty—hair black and glossy as the raven’s wing—a mouth—oh, that mouth! My pen refuses to move, in the vain endeavour to describe that most beautiful of all the features; suffice it to say, that a mouth so purely classical in outline, so bewitchingly puzzling in expression, I had never seen before, and never since—save in my dreams. Such, most imperfectly described, was my first client.

Surely so beautiful a being never before, in the character of a first client, threw the breast of a young lawyer in such a flutter, and his brain in such confusion! However, before her next visit, I flattered myself that I had arrived at the proper state of insensibility to unflinchingly support another interview. She came—the papers were prepared—and it was now only necessary that the affidavit should be appended. I requested her to remain for a moment, whilst I procured the attendance of a neighbouring magistrate. Under high pressure I started upon the mission. I had reached the pavement—when, lo! to my eternal mortification be it told—I discovered that I had no

*hat*. To go on was impossible—for a July sun poured its scorching rays upon the path I must tread—and, besides, it was scarcely less mortifying to appear before one of the parchment sages of the law in such dishabille, than to return and meet the smothered ridicule of my fair client; so, with as composed a manner as I could assume, I retraced my steps. As I entered my sanctum, I stole a sidelong glance at my torturer, and beheld such a mischievous twinkle of the eye, such an undefinable expression of consciousness of my dilemma on those beautiful lips, that I reddened to the roots of my hair, and murmuring out something—Heaven only knows what—seized the cursed cause of trouble, and dashed wildly into the magistrate’s office. The rest is soon told. The affidavit was made—the papers were filed—my fair client bade me a dignified adieu, which I signally failed in imitating—and—and—and—I *must* speak it—I *have never seen her since*.

Each of my readers may draw his or her own moral from my misfortunes; for myself, with all my enthusiastic admiration of a handsome woman still unshaken, I have—since the happening of the occurrences above related—always found that a beautiful woman is never less beautiful than when she appears in the form of “a client.”

#### A BIBLICAL RELIC—OR, TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-ONE YEARS AGO.

Our readers must not indifferently turn their attention away from the heading of this article, because it looks perhaps more religious than literary. We hope to be able to furnish food for the connoisseur, as well as reflections for the literati, that will at least be an apology for the *heading*, if it need any at all. It must be a monomania with us, but it is nevertheless true, that we no sooner see an old book-stand, or anything that bears a venerable appearance, but we are as certainly drawn towards the object, as the magnet attracts the needle—because it is a fault of our nature—we cannot help it. We ought to make some apology to our readers, for daring to inflict the same mania on them—and would do so, were it not an established truth that the human mind has an affectionate forbearance towards anything that is old. Who would not help an old man, whose silvery hairs denote that he has passed over seventy years in this anxious, toiling world? The impulse of our nature would, in spite of all modern etiquette, (and Heaven knows it is absurd

enough,) rush to help a poor old man or old woman into a 'bus, or gently hand them over the crossings of our busy streets; yes, old age is second childhood: it needs nourishment and leniency. But, we find, if we follow the impulse of our feelings, we should write an episode on old age, rather than a dissertation on art; so we must come to the subject at once.

A respectable and intelligent merchant of this city, knowing that our predilections leaned towards the antique, favoured us with the loan of one of the rarest gems of biblical art. The title pages of this curious set of biblical illustrations are entitled to much praise, for the chaste and beautiful manner in which they are designed and executed. The words run thus:

"Bonum et Mali Scientia et quid ex horum cognitione, a condito Mundo succraverit declaratio Ad Serenissimum Illustrissimumq Principem, D. D. Franciscum Mariam. De Ruere II. Vrbini Ducem VI."

The second title-page runs thus:

"Bonorum et Malorum Consensio et horum præmia, illorum pœna. Ad Serenissimum et Illustrissimum Principem D. D. Ferdinandum, Archiducem Austrie, Ducem Burgundiæ, Stiriæ, &c.. Comitum Habsburgensem et Tirolensem, &c."

The subject-matter of these title-pages suggests a vast amount of ideas to the discerning mind. In looking carefully over them, we cannot but be struck with the fact that we have learned but little from 1583 to 1854, a period of 271 years!

The first hieroglyphic represents a most beautiful and exquisite female—the goddess of plenty—reclined in an easy, thoughtful position; by her feet lay sundry articles of agriculture, such as the hoe, the axe, the garden-roller, the sieve—and over her head, which is adorned by graceful flowing hair, is hung in tasteful profusion, a luxurious sheaf of corn—and on it are entwined the "luxuries of the season," apples and vegetables of every kind, from the carrot to every small culinary herb.

We find, by further inspection, the old-fashioned sickle, the hedge-knife, the harrow, the old flail—all thrown carelessly aside after the work is done. A little further, and we can decipher a terrestrial globe—and, laid by its side, we find compasses, square, rule, and the Cross—denoting, we suppose, that the followers of the Cross shall inhabit the whole world. On the other side are guitars, trumpets, an harp, a violin, a violoncello, and a trombone: and the last object is a well proportioned man, with a scythe by his side and a flail in his hands, evidently rest-

ing from his labours, as he sits apparently wearied and fatigued.

Thus stands an hieroglyphic which furnishes thought, and serves to show in what manner we have progressed, and how little has been done for two hundred and seventy-one years. Let us see how we have progressed—for it is wise to do so, that we may be enabled to be more modest in our vauntings—and that we may be taught not to attempt to move too fast, and, by so doing, wear out the machinery of society before we have attained our full growth. In 1854 we still use the scythe, the rake, the spade, the axe, the wheel-barrow, the ladder—the same kind of fishing-nets at our creeks, we find there so beautifully and artfully arranged in these illustrations, that we challenge modern ingenuity to find a superior method of fishing. The river, as here illustrated, is about half enclosed in with piles of wood; they are wide apart at one end, and taper to a point at the other end, where a net is placed, and thus all the fish in the stream are caught. We still make the same kind of wooden bridges and wooden shanties—all that we have in our agricultural districts, are but copies of those two hundred and seventy-one years ago.

We use the wooden leg at this day, with no visible improvement upon the one used two hundred and seventy-one years ago. We are aware that the cork leg is an improvement, in some cases, but we question whether it will ever be so generally used as the old-fashioned wooden one. We have not improved on old pigeon-coops, nor yet in the camps for temporary purposes; we build but indifferent houses; we have not improved on ornamented enclosures, nor can we drive a flock of sheep better, except by railway. We find then little chubby boys as expert in mischief and in invention as at this day—but they are now considerably ahead in wickedness, impudence, and villainy. We find wagons and carts considerably in advance of our Jersey teams; the saddlery was simpler and as useful, though not so gaudy or ginger-bread like in appearance as we use at present. The bushel-measures still retain their primitive appearance. We have not made any improvement in the method of building, nor does the Irish hod-carrier differ any in his manner of working, than the laborer two hundred and seventy-one years ago.

The blacksmith of this day would be puzzled to make water administer more to his wants, than we find in one of those illustrations. The intuitive foresight, as exhibited in this engraving, is certainly an evidence of much talent. The blacksmith has erected his shop close to a large stream,

sufficiently strong to carry a water-wheel which he has erected, and which he applies to his bellows to blow up the fire. We mention this fact more particularly to show that very frequently our bragadocio of our mechanical arrangements ought to be tempered with more moderation, as a close inquiry into olden times will show that they ought to be credited with a larger amount of ingenuity, than we in our self-inflated pride feel disposed to give.

In directing our attention to another illustration, we again find evidence that ought to teach us to reflect that the progress of nations is slow, and that nature never intended, by her immutable laws, to make further progress than our capacities can accomplish. There is a virtue in old fogysm—a stability to which the security of society is indebted—that the fast philosopher of this day either cannot or will not perceive. In this old Italian engraving is represented the first excess of sin, folly, and wickedness in every shape, and which is intended to show the cause why God destroyed the world by a flood. With all due deference to the abilities of the artist, we think he has introduced as glaring anachronisms into the picture, as Leutze did when he painted Washington crossing the Delaware, with the star-spangled banner flying with the breeze, when, in reality, the flag was not introduced, as every school-boy knows, for several years after. Here the artist has presented a scene which he certainly has copied from a Cremona work-shop, where all the tools of modern invention are actively in use, in making the celebrated violins in which that part of the world is so highly renowned. Here are represented men working with augurs, saws, planes, lathes—on the other side are musicians playing the violins, flutes, guitars, Irish bag-pipes, and all are dancing with excessive delight. We will forgive the anachronism of the artist, for the manner in which he has given us correct ideas of artful inventions two hundred and seventy-one years ago.

No artist of this mock, demure age would be tolerated in illustrating the follies and debaucheries of our times, with one-half the freedom our artist was allowed in 1583 to use, even in illustrating the Scriptures. Here we have pure nude innocence rollicking in every imaginable shape, from the gambols of a child playing with his stick and his hoop, and which our boys who play in the squares do not show any more freedom in using, to the pastimes of children of a larger growth placed in such questionable positions, that if any respectable publisher now dared to illustrate the Bible in such a way, it would ruin him, as a business transaction, and he would be very

fortunate if he escaped from being tarred and feathered. We recollect to have seen a very pointed illustration of this case. We were present not many months ago at a book-stand, when a gentleman came to the bookseller, and asked him if he had got an illustrated Bible for sale. He answered yes, and brought from the shelves one of Harper's Bibles. It is scarcely necessary to say that it is one of the best Bibles ever published in this country, and as such has received encomiums from all sources. The gentleman began to look over the engravings, particularly those illustrating the Creation; he felt so very much shocked at the nudity of Adam and Eve, that he said he would not allow such a Bible in his family. We said nothing, but thought a great deal about the cant of the age and the gentleman's prurient education.

In illustrating the building of the Ark the artist has given us as correct an idea of a builder's ship-yard as can be seen either at Kensington or at New York, with one exception, we don't find a steam saw-mill—in all other particulars, such as the skeleton of the ship, the manner in which the men are working in it, and the numerous tools which are scattered about in every direction the scene is precisely the same.

We cannot compliment our ancient brethren so much on the form of their ships as the manner in which they are built. If any one dared to venture out on the Atlantic with such a tub of a ship as our artist gives us as the one from which Jonah was cast into the whale's belly, our belief is that if all in the ship did not get thrown for sharks to feed on, or others of the finny tribe, it would be more owing to Providence than artistic execution.

We wish to refer to one peculiarity in one of the engravings. The artist where he places Christ on the Mount and the devil come to tempt him, has made the devil look very funny and curious. We have always been taught to believe that his satanic majesty had club-feet, but here he is represented with one ordinary leg and foot—and a wooden leg! Now we must draw this article to a conclusion, being ourselves highly gratified in looking over such ancient relics of the past—we do not know whether our readers will have been interested in it or not, but we are vain enough to believe that such a retrospect of life will have been of some advantage to them as well as amusing and instructive to us.

It cannot fail being of much value to us to learn even from *old engravings*, that in many branches of mechanical art we have not made such progress as is generally believed. We have the steam engine and the magnetic telegraph, which the ancients had

not, and to which we are chiefly indebted for our excellence in mechanical ingenuity. Take these two agents from us, and what should we be in advance of those three hundred years ago? These old engravings tell us in language not to be misunderstood, that our agricultural districts are but little better off either in mechanical appliances or in producing a larger quantity of the necessaries of life.

It may be humbling to learn those things, but it is true—facts cannot be misunderstood. We may attempt to pass over the brilliant History of Florence, where Mucchevili tells us, and he was an eye witness, that with a population of 170,000, they had over 10,000 children learning to read. Modern society cannot furnish such a high state of education; even we, who boast of the best educational institutions, and the most numerous in the world, come far short of the ancient City of Florence—but now what is she? scarce a third rate city—we seldom hear her mentioned in these busy times, when the almighty dollar engrosses all our attention. It is only by some one, who loves the past, and from which he wishes to draw a moral, that the once flourishing City of Florence is ever mentioned.

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

*Letters of Rachel Lady Russell.* Parry & McMillan: Philadelphia: 1854. 1 vol. 12mo. Pp. 383.

The appearance of a volume like the present is among the rarest of *benefactions* conferred upon the Public. For it offers to our view one of those noble and sublime specimens of our common humanity, whose thoughts and deeds “enrich the blood of the world.” As a source of inspiration, of solace, and sustaining energy, it were impossible to estimate the influence exerted by a character like Lady Russell’s, on all coming within its sphere. Her history is familiar to most persons of any considerable reading, and we presume the opinion is and ever has been well nigh universal, that, if the term “*Saint*” were ever applicable to any one, it was so to herself.

The tragic history of her husband is, probably, as familiar to most, as her own. That most blameless of statesmen, Lord Somers, declared Lord Russell to have been “murdered” by the infamous pair, Charles II and his brother James. How devotedly attached were the wife and husband, and how happy in this attachment, will abundantly appear from this volume; as will also

the admirable conduct of Lady Russell during the trial and last days of her lord, and the *forty years* of widowhood, that followed.

As a mere *literary* performance, we care not to criticise these letters. Their merits and the interest they excite are other and infinitely higher, than pertain to forms of thought or modes of expression. In these particulars the writer was not specially skilled, and it were not difficult finding inaccuracies in abundance. But her sound, clear sense is unfailing, and her affectional nature exercises upon the reader a perpetual charm. These attractive properties are not a little heightened by a frequent *naïveté* and *gaintness* of utterance peculiar to those old times.

The reader will find here many letters beside Lady Rachel’s, most of which will well repay perusal, as also numerous allusions to cotemporary events, which augment both the interest and value of the book.

Both editors seem to have executed their tasks with fidelity and skill. In short, this is emphatically a volume to purchase for family use.

*Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the Time of George III, together with Remarks on the French Revolution.* By Henry Lord Brougham. Parry & McMillan: Philadelphia: 1854. 2 vols. 12mo. Pp. 917.

That these bulky duodecimos are very *entertaining*, we presume none will deny, nor yet that they contain much important history and valuable reflection. But, whether the author’s opinions of persons and events are always to be implicitly relied on, is another question. We think not. We have noted many points, concerning which we cannot accept his views. He seems to us to be a man of *moods* and *prejudices*; to be more of the *partisan* and *advocate*, than the *impartial judge*.

Still, with his powerful talents, his vast knowledge, and energetic style, a volume from his pen can hardly fail to offer much both of pleasure and profit. He excites the reader to *think*, and supplies abundant materials for thought. Perhaps books of this class are more valuable than other, or rather there is no *perhaps* in the case.

The reader will find these volumes to fulfil the above conditions. They furnish a great mass of *facts*, which elsewhere would be found with difficulty, if at all.

We can, therefore, most cordially commend them to the reader’s notice, as worthy not merely to be glanced at, but carefully studied and pondered.

*Herman and Dorothea, from the German of Goethe. Translated by Thomas Conrad Porter.* Riker, Thorne & Co.: New York: 1854. 12mo. Pp. 168. For sale in Philadelphia, by C. G. Henderson & Co..

This beautifully printed little volume does great honor to all concerned in presenting it to the public. The translator's brief, but manly preface, fully justifies him (were such justification needed), for having rendered the German Poet's hexameters into English prose. To ourselves, in fact, these hexameter verses are intolerable, anywhere, save in the ancient classics, where they seem indigenous. He has done well, then, in giving an exquisite tale from one of the "Immortals," in a form, wherein it loses at least none of its *thought or sentiment*.

The version, as well as we can judge, is faithful to the *sense* of the original, and certainly *literal* enough for all practical ends. And the translator's own English, as all may see, is pure, fluent and graphic, never sacrificing that admirable *simplicity*, which, in Goethe, was the last result of consummate Art.

As to the story itself, our wisest comment would be, to counsel *all* to buy and read it. If they are not charmed and bettered by it, then—we pity them!

Meanwhile we render our own hearty thanks to the accomplished translator for putting this poem in a generally intelligible form, and to the publishers for sending it forth in a dress worthy of it. We trust that all parties will "repeat the offence," and give us more from the same quarter.

*The Presbyterian Quarterly Review.* September, 1854: Willis P. Hazard: Philadelphia.

The reader needs not being reminded how the gentleman fared, who attempted to interpose between a contending husband and wife, viz: that he brought the broomstick of the one and the clenched fist of the other upon *himself*. He will apprehend, therefore, why, in BIZARRE, we refrain from expressing our own opinion upon contested topics.

We can, however, *consistently* say, that, having examined this number of the Review carefully, we can pronounce it able, *generally* candid, learned, and pervaded by a humanitarian spirit. Its first article, "Types of Mankind," we cannot wholly approve; not because the writer gives our friend Gliddon a severe dressing, for the latter fairly laid himself open to it, by his pedantry and barbarous English, if not by his theory. On the latter, we express no opinion—only remarking, that even the admission of its leading doctrine would not, in our view, at

all invalidate the authority and sanctity of the Bible. It would merely necessitate somewhat different interpretation of certain portions of it—a thing not *unprecedented*.

Of the other articles, we would simply remark, that they are ably considered and vigorously expressed, and though many of the opinions therein contained clash with our own, they ought to please and edify the large and respectable class who sympathize with them. We close with asking, whence comes "*consumebatur*," in the motto on the cover?

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

### ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

Few studies appear to be less attended to at the present day than that of the English language, which is much to be regretted, considering the excellence of the language, and the fact that in less than a century it will be the tongue of a majority of the civilized world.

Here are some specimens of the language furnished by our daily papers.

"We have seen Germans grossly insulted by having their wines first *drank* by gangs of rowdies, as *it* sat on the table before them."

"Cowards indeed would they have been, *had* they not *have* armed themselves." *Had have armed* must be the super-pluperfect tense.

"The rumours that M'r Dudley Mann has gone to Europe on a diplomatic mission is flatly contradicted."

"The Whig meeting in Pittsburg was one of the largest meetings that *has* ever been held there."

### THE LAW.

The following table shows the increase of business in the superior courts of common law and in the county courts:

	<i>Number of Actions Brought.</i>		
	1851.	1852.	1853.
Queen's Bench,	21,221	21,625	22,994
Common Pleas,	14,398	17,879	16,106
Exchequer,	29,828	29,616	33,414
	65,447	69,120	72,514
County Courts,	441,643	474,149	484,946

The number of rules for new trials argued in the year has averaged 64 in the Queen's Bench, 42 in the Common Pleas, 78 in the Exchequer. Six appeals from the revising barristers were argued in 1851, eight in 1852, only one in 1853.—*London Times*.

## MAGAZINE GRAMMAR.

Having recently rapped some of our newspaper writers and editors over the knuckles for their shameful abuse of the English language, it is but justice to them to say that they are quite on a par in this respect with the writers for some of our best Magazines.

In *Putnam's Monthly* for July, Article on "The Smithsonian Institute," are the following extraordinary specimens:

"The connection of which with the immediate necessities of mankind are remote and obscure." Page 122.

"The United States is but a Trustee." Page 125.

"Copies of the volume on the monuments of the Mississippi valley has every where met with commendation." Page 125.

"Its publication and the distribution of directions for collecting Indian vocabularies has led to the production of a similar work." Page 125.

"Ellet's contributions to the Physical Geography of the United States, is also a contribution of much interest." Page 126.

"Although the condition of its funds have not thus far permitted much to be done." Page 127.

And in the August number we read:

"The pipe-bearer—whom we now perceive must have been some powerful Arabian enchanter." "The Editor at Large." Page 336.

"She visits Windsor Castle and commences criticising Claude, whom she thinks is inferior to Zaccarrelli." "Editor's Notes." Page 340.

## STATUE OF POMPEY, AT ROME.

The villas of modern Rome often occupy the same ground, share some portion of the splendour, and the picturesque advantages of the gardens of the ancient city. The villa Spada, or Brunati, for these villas change their names with their proprietors, while it occupies on a much smaller scale a part of the Palatine Hill, and of the Imperial Palace, has still some of the advantages of the Orti Farnesiani. The ruins of the palace cover the greater part, and one side look down on the valley that separates the Palatine from the Aventine Mount; from a gallery in a recess still remaining, the Emperor might behold the games of the Circus Maximus, that occupied the greater part of that valley.

In an anti-chamber of the Palazzo Spada, stands the celebrated statue of Pompey, at the foot of which Cæsar is supposed to have fallen. The history of this statue deserves notice. It was during Pompey's life first placed in the Senate House he had erected; and when that edifice was closed, the statue

was, by order of Augustus, raised on a double arch or gateway of marble, opposite to the grand entrance of Pompey's Theatre. During the convulsion of the Gothic wars it was thrown down, or fell, and lay buried for many ages in the ruins. About the beginning of the seventeenth century it was discovered in a partition wall between two houses, and the discovery caused some altercation, the proprietors of the two houses at length agreeing to cut the statue asunder, and to divide the marble, when fortunately the Cardinal di Spada heard of the circumstance, and by a timely purchase prevented the destruction of one of the most interesting remains of Roman antiquity.

At a much later period, and from an unexpected quarter, another danger awaited Pompey's statue. While the French occupied Rome in the years 1798-9, they erected, in the centre of the Coliseum, a temporary theatre where they acted various republican pieces for the improvement of such Romans as might be disposed to fraternize with them and adopt their principles. Voltaire's *Brutus* was, as may be easily imagined, a favourite tragedy; and in order to give it effect, it was resolved to transport to the Coliseum, and erect on the stage the statue of Pompey, at the feet of which the Dictator had fallen. The colossal size of the figure, and its extended arms, rendered it very difficult to displace, and the arm was therefore sawed off, to facilitate the conveyance, and put on again at the Coliseum; on the second removal to the Palazzo Spada, the arm was again taken off, and again replaced. So friendly, to Pompey was the republican enthusiasm of the French! So favourable to the arts and antiquities of Rome, their Love of Liberty!\*

## THE PHANTOM CORPS DE BALLET.

Sir Walter Scott tells the following story of a rich libertine. Whenever he was alone in his drawing-room, he was so haunted by a spectral *corps de ballet*, that the very furniture was, as it were, converted into phantoms. To release himself from this unwelcome intrusion, he retired to his country-house, and here, for a while he obtained the quiet which he sought. But it chanced that the furniture of his town-house was sent to him in the country, and on the instant that his eyes fell on his drawing-room chairs and tables, the illusion came afresh on his mind. By the influence of association, the green figurantes came frisking and capering into his room, shouting in his unwilling ears, "Here we are! here we are!"

\* Eustace's Classical Tour through Italy, 1802.

## ANTI-BARE.

Parmenio, before one of Alexander's battles, presented himself to the Macedonian hero, to render an account of his arrangements, and to enquire whether any other precaution remained to be taken. "Nothing," said Alexander, "but that the men should shave." "Shave?" exclaimed Parmenio. "Yes," replied the Prince, "do you not consider what a handle a long beard affords to the enemy?"\* Even the Czar, Peter the First of Russia, gave strong evidence of the fact that he considered the practice of shaving essential to the progress of civilization. Horace, too, as a classical authority, seems to have thought his philosopher would have reasoned better without his beard—

.Di te, Damasippe, Desque  
Verum ob consilium donent tonsore.

Sterne, also, has amused himself with a panegyric on the literary benefits of shaving. "I maintain it, the conceits of a rough bearded man are seven years more terse and juvenile for one single operation; and if they did not run a risk of being shaved quite away, might be carried up, by continual shavings, to the very highest pitch of sublimity."†

## LORD CHIEF JUSTICE'S DECISION ON GREEK.

On the 22d of June, in a cause before Lord Campbell, and a Special Jury—the Queen v. The Registrars of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain—there were some extraordinary proceedings.

Sir F. Kelly, M'r Macaulay, and M'r Lloyd were counsel for the prosecution, and the Attorney-General, M'r Bramwell, and M'r Brewer, for the defendants.

This was a proceeding to try the validity of a return to a *mandamus*, the question being whether this Society had kept a correct register of its members, in pursuance of the provisions of an Act of Parliament. It was stated that the facts would be undisputed, and the case turned into a special verdict, that the matter might be decided by the Court of Error. The different books and registers of the Society were put in; and then

Lord CAMPBELL told the jury he should not waste their time by saying more than he presumed they would find their verdict according to the facts, and that was, what was called a special verdict.

The jury looked at the judge, then looked at each other, until the attorney put a guinea into each man's hand, and they walked out

of the box, apparently in perfect amazement that their time had been thus wasted, as the whole might have been as well settled without their attendance.

There was, however, one matter of some importance in the case, — namely, the proper pronunciation of the word "pharmaceutical."

Lord CAMPBELL said there appeared to be one vexed question which he should like to have decided, as some gentlemen pronounced the *c* in the word soft, but others treated it as hard. He would ask the Attorney-General, what he said it was?

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL said, in his opinion, it was soft. It came from the Greek; but when it became English, it must be subject to the English rules; he had, however, been cautioned by some of his learned friends as to the mode of pronouncing it.

Sir F. KELLY said, of course, he should bow to the opinion of his learned friends, who were so much superior to him in learning, as in every thing else.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL said, that was rather too bad, as Sir F. Kelly had himself cautioned him.

Sir F. KELLY intimated whatever his Lordship should say it was, that would be the mode to be adopted.

Lord CAMPBELL. — Then let it be soft. Be it so.

## TO RETIRE AND TO WITHDRAW.

The verb to retire is an intransitive verb: hence it is incorrect to say, as many of our newspapers do, "the bank *has retired* its circulation." "Has withdrawn," would be the proper phrase. This corruption probably came from New Orleans, where they have most likely translated the French verb *retirer*, to retire, instead of to withdraw.

## NOTICES OF BIZARRE BY THE PRESS.

"'Bizarre' is an original literary gazette, published every Saturday, in Philadelphia. The first number of the new volume of this publication has been laid upon our table, and it does not require from us much prescience to augur that it will soon have an extensive and solid circulation. The very first article in its columns is an able piece of criticism, evidently written by a man of reflection and of feeling — one who, in writing, would not pander to a false public or private taste; but who, in looking into the complex character of a great man, would truthfully tell what *he himself* then saw, and not go forth amongst the 'passing crowd,' to gather there hasty and, too often, most unjust estimates of natures too vast and complex to be comprehended by them

\* Barmat de Barbigenio, in Dornavius's *Amphitheatrum Sapientie*.

† Tristram Shandy, vol. ix. chap. 12.

Every legitimate line of life should have its votaries; let the man who has taste and fitness for the dry details of commercial life, stick to the ledger alone, and not disgust and pain us with such assertions as the following: 'Charles Dickens wants not only refinement of taste and genuine humour, but also genius, and even talent!!' This assertion was solemnly published in a monthly periodical; so, at least, 'Bizarre' tells us, and to this instance we point as a melancholy evidence of the extent to which ignorance will push its disgusting effrontery. 'Bizarre' seems inclined to arm to the teeth against literary quackery; therefore we wish it a long and successful career."—*The West Jerseyman (Camden, N. J.)*

"We have received from the publisher the two last numbers of 'Bizarre,' which, under the guidance of its new editor, present decided and unequivocal marks of improvement. The work, although unpretending, is gotten up with care and taste, which will not fail to make it one of the most popular weekly periodicals of the day. The editor, who chooses to remain incog., is a young gentleman of decided talent, and most excellent taste."—*Daily News (Philadelphia.)*

"'Bizarre' for the present week is a rich and attractive number, eminently readable, racy, witty, critical, entertaining and instructive. We always welcome 'Bizarre' with a feeling of pleasure. This number is even better than its predecessors, and every page bears the impress of correct thought and pleasant feeling."—*Evening Argus (Philadelphia.)*

"This beautiful and meritorious serial still visits us, and there are few periodicals which come under our notice, that give us more real pleasure in perusing than 'Bizarre.' It is unique, original, dignified and spicy, and may be termed without ostentation the Household Words of America. The Book Notices and Literary Gossip of 'Bizarre' are interesting, dignified, and always just, though sometimes of necessity severe. It is conducted with creditable ability, and is distinguished by a high literary and moral tone."—*Lancaster Express, (Pennsylvania.)*

"'Bizarre,' an original, literary Gazette, continues to make its weekly visits to our sanctum. It is a journal pure in sentiment and elevated in tone. Each number contains one or more stories, articles on literary and scientific subjects, literary news, &c., rendering it the means of conveying much amusement tempered with sound and useful information."—*Village Record (Hightstown, N. J.)*

"'Bizarre.'—We have frequently spoken in high terms of this piquant and entertaining little weekly. The taste and skill with which it is conducted debar the possibility of failure. Its plan, too, is perfectly original, and to the scholar and antiquarian it offers a style of reading in the highest degree pleasant and entertaining."—*Charleston Weekly News.*

"'Bizarre.'—This very interesting miscellany we have been lately in the regular receipt of. It is a weekly in pamphlet shape, and will form a volume at the end of the year, of well selected, ably edited, instructing and entertaining matter, well calculated to enliven the family circle, around the winter evening's hearth."—*Prairie Telegraph.*

"'Bizarre.'—This lively and learned little publication has a number of interesting articles inside of its fourteen pages this week. A translation of The Soldier's Last Farewell, Letters from China, Scenes and Incidents in the North of Europe, and editorial chit-chat on men, books, and things."—*The Picayune (New York.)*

"A queer quaint publication, containing all sorts of out of the way things, and much that is valuable and instructive. It is all its title implies, 'an original, literary Gazette,' and is got up in good style and ably edited."—*Iowa Capital Reporter.*

"'Bizarre.'—This is one of the best literary and miscellaneous gazettes that come to our office. It is published every Saturday in Philadelphia. It has entered upon the fifth volume, and is becoming one of the most popular magazines of the day."—*Fairfield Ledger (Iowa.)*

"'Bizarre' is the title of a most excellent original, literary gazette, published weekly, at Philadelphia. The amount of matter it contains is not large, but it is of a high order; while its criticisms of current literature are always right to the point."—*Canton Register (Illinois.)*

"'Bizarre,' published in this city, continues to be conducted with marked industry, taste and ability. There is a dignity and refinement about this work that is worthy of remark. As to the matter of interest, that is always well sustained."—*Arthur's Home Journal (Philadelphia.)*

"'Bizarre.'—We have to thank the publishers of this excellent weekly for an exchange. It has an odd name, and an odd way of saying the most capital things, which we like. Success to it."—*The Standard (Cassville, Ga.)*

"'Bizarre' is an admirable publication."—*The City Item (Philadelphia.)*



"'Bizarre,' published in Philadelphia, is one of the most pleasant and unique little octavos we have ever read. Got up something on the plan of 'Dickens' Household Words,' it nevertheless unites the characteristics of a first-class literary periodical. We will soon give our readers a 'touch' of its 'quality.' In the meantime, if any of them want a good literary work, let them send for this. It is done up in octavo form, stitched."—*Greenbriar Era* (Va.)

"'Bizarre,' an Original Literary Gazette. —The third part of the new volume has just been received by us. Its contents are of a high character, and all original; and, being so, it deserves encouragement. Magazines and newspapers not made up of selected matter, are scarce articles this side of the Atlantic. It appears in a neat pamphlet form, upon the cover of which we observe that among its contributors are numerous writers of established reputation."—*The Pennsylvanian* (Philadelphia.)

"This brilliant and spicy weekly, is about to commence a new volume. It is one of the best of the Philadelphia weeklies, and has, in our opinion, one great advantage over all. It is published in octavo pamphlet form, and is stitched. The taste and ability of the editor is visible on every page; and its articles are marked with a dignity, a refinement, and a high moral tone, that are highly creditable. It is fast taking its position as an equal with our best literary magazines. The last two numbers are unusually interesting."—*Lockhaven Tribune* (Pennsylvania.)

"Among our most valuable exchanges, we would notice 'Bizarre,' an original weekly, published in Philadelphia. It is edited in a discriminating and able manner, and is always full of interesting matter. We are frequently indebted to it for articles."—*Southern Literary Gazette*.

"'Bizarre.'—This arch little serial is before us. It is conducted with marked tact as well as talent, and comes in like savory to the dry farago of our necessary reading."—*Buffalo Daily Express*.

"'Bizarre' is the title of an excellent weekly magazine, published at Philadelphia. It is one of the most pleasing and unique periodicals in the Union, and takes a high place among American literature."—*Glen's Falls Republican*.

"'Bizarre.'—This well and ably conducted Magazine is worth perusing; and we hope our readers will subscribe for it at once."—*Wisconsin Pinery*.

"'Bizarre' is an excellent publication."—*Godey's Lady's Book* (Philadelphia.)

"This interesting little periodical has come to us with its usual promptness. It is highly entertaining, just what its title purports it to be. Its contents are as fresh, racy, and sparkling as ever. The little poem on our fourth page will give our readers 'a touch of its quality.'"—*Lincoln Democrat* (Maine.)

"The cheapness of 'Bizarre,' the neatness of its execution, and the mass of reading matter it pleasantly and profitably embodies, all recommend it to public patronage. It is a choice, appropriate, and beautiful ornament for the library or drawing-room table."—*Providence Mirror* (R. I.)

"We have received the last number of this agreeable and ably conducted journal. The articles, reviews, and other original matter, possess a high order of literary excellence, and are written in an attractive and nervous style. It is decidedly among the best and cheapest publications of the day."—*New York Path-Finder*.

"'Bizarre' comes to us with regularity. It has much improved in appearance and character since its establishment, and is ever a welcome visitant. It is made up of original articles possessing a high order of literary excellence, and is among the best and cheapest publications of the day."—*Knoxville Journal*.

"It is something in the style of 'Dickens' Household Words,' but being an American work, we think there is no apology for giving it our preference. It takes a high stand in morals, literature, &c., and is unquestionably the best American work of the kind now published."—*Ellsworth Herald* (Maine.)

"This is an entirely original publication, conducted with taste and ability, and is devoted to Literature, Music, the Fine Arts, and impartial reviews of passing events, both at home and abroad."—*Savannah Journal*.

"'Bizarre' has passed into new hands. It is much improved, has secured a corps of talented contributors, and has taken a place as a regular literary periodical, devoted, in part, to local affairs."—*Sunday Dispatch* (Philadelphia.)

"'Bizarre' loses none of its former flavor. It is noted for the ability of its leading articles, and its aptitude in culling novel and pleasant bits, that might seldom be seen elsewhere."—*The Monitor* (Nashville, Ill.)

"'Bizarre' is one of our most regular visitors, and is always filled with the oldest fun and fancies that should not be allowed to go down to oblivion."—*People's Advocate* (Bloomfield, Pennsylvania.)

# BIZARRE.

AN ORIGINAL, LITERARY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PART 25.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER TWENTY-THIRD.

YEAR 1854.

## CANCION A UNA LINDA BOCA.

La purpura bella,  
Y el oro safir,  
Que os tenta orgullosa,  
La aurora al salir,  
Celosas contemplan,  
Zagala gentil,  
La sal de tu boca,  
Tu dulce reir.

Pequeña, hechicera!  
De rojo carmin,  
Envidia tu boca  
La rosa de Abril.  
En ella, cual perlas,  
Se ven relucir  
Tus dientes, mas blancos  
Que el terso marfil.

Dos lindos oyeños,  
Con grato buril,  
Gravo Amor en ella  
Al verte reir;  
Y, luego las Gracias,  
Prendadas de ti,  
Ufanas, le dieron  
Su magia felix.

El leve murmullo  
Del auro sutil,  
Moviendo las ojas,  
Es placido oir;  
Empero no iguala  
La dicha sin fin,  
Que inunda las almas,  
Tu voz al oir!

Mas grato es el ambar,  
Lindissima huri!  
Que encala tu boca,  
Risueña y gentil,  
Que el suave perfume  
De bello jardin,  
Si mecen las flores  
Las auras de Abril!

Yo idolatra adoro,  
Gimiendo infeliz,  
Tu boca preciosa,  
Desde que te vi.  
Depon los desdenes,  
Que muero por ti,  
Y deba a tu boca  
Un placido Si!

## SONG TO A PRETTY MOUTH.

The gorgeous regal purple,  
Of all the colours queen;  
And pride's appropriate emblem,  
Sapphire of golden sheen;  
Aurora at her dawning;  
All, all with envy sigh,  
When they behold, sweet damsel,  
Thy lips' celestial dye.

Bewitching little woman!  
The roses of the South,  
In April red as carmine,  
Are envious of thy mouth.  
Within its keep how pearly,  
And glittering are seen  
Thy teeth, which, clearer, whiter  
Than polished ivory, gleam.

Two little eyes or dimples  
With his lovely skilful style,  
Has Love engraved upon it,  
On witnessing thy smile:  
Then on the spot the Graces  
Its charms divine confessed,  
And soon their happy magic,  
With joy, on it impressed.

The murmur of the zephyr,  
As it whistles by us fleet,  
Or as the leaves it rustles,  
To hear is music sweet.  
But yet it ne'er produces  
That joy, too great to feel,  
That floods the soul, on hearing  
Thy voice's heavenly thrill!

Divine, enchanting hour!  
The amber-like perfume,  
That fills thy mouth so smiling,  
That mouth where roses bloom,  
More grateful is, than odours  
That sweetest garden sheds,  
When April gales are shaking  
The flowers' lovely heads!

Unhappy, moaning, sad, as  
My idol I've adored,  
Thy precious mouth since ever,  
To thine my spirit soared.  
Disdain and pride discard then,  
Those lips I die to press,  
And let them softly whisper  
A life-inspiring Yes!

## FRANKLIN.\*

I attached myself the more to him as, for some time past, he was disposed to leave us. He was tormented by frequent retentions of urine and the pains of the stone; he wished to return to die in his own country. Some friends dissuaded him from it by the idea of what he would have to suffer in the voyage. He took all the precautions that prudence recommended, going to embark at Havre, and he arrived in Philadelphia, almost without any suffering in the whole route.

We were not long in receiving news of him from America, as soon as he was settled there.

I have preserved the rough draft of a pretty long letter, which I sent him with a *pleasantry of society*, made for Madame Helvétius and against her passion for cats, of which her house was full. I believe I may insert it here, the rather as I shall join to it his answer, which I shall translate from the English, and which will be better understood after a perusal of my letter.

*Letter from the Abbé Morellet to Franklin.*  
(Upon sending him the Petition of the Cats.)

"Dear and respectable friend:

Thrice welcome to your own country, which you have enlightened and liberated. Enjoy there glory, and repose, a thing more substantial than the glory which you have so well deserved. May your days be prolonged and be free from pain; may your friends long taste the sweetness and the charm of your society, and may those whom the seas have separated from you be still happy in the thought that the end of your career will be, as our good La Fontaine says, "the evening of a fine day." You know how true and sincere these wishes are, which I repeat daily. I cannot express to you the pleasure, the transport which I felt at the news of your arrival at Philadelphia, which a friend of M'r Jefferson has brought me. I sent immediately to tell it to our friends at Auteuil.

I left them five or six days ago, after having passed three weeks with *our lady*, during which the Abbé de la Roche had been to make a journey into Normandy. I return thither in a few days, and we are about to speak much of you and of our joy at seeing that you were better during the passage than on shore. You must have learnt that it was said in all the public papers that you had been taken by an Algerine corsair. I never believed it at all; but perhaps there were some people in England

who, for the beauty of the contrast, would have been well pleased to see the founder of the liberty of America, a slave among the people of Barbary. That would have been a fine subject for a tragedy twenty or thirty years hence; you would have had a very fine part. And have you not some regret at having missed so fine an opportunity of being a tragic personage? You must however dispense with this glory.

We have been told that you were very well received and had the huzzas of the people. These are very good and very just dispositions; but for the welfare of your country they should be durable, they should be extended, and all enlightened and virtuous citizens should second them, that your wise counsels and large views for the happiness and liberty of America may influence the measures that remain to be taken, and consolidate the edifice whose foundations you have laid in company with other good citizens. It is a wish that I express from the bottom of my heart, not as your friend and for your glory, but as a citizen of the world, and desiring that there should be on the face of the earth one country in which the government should be really occupied with the happiness of men; where property, liberty, safety and toleration should be possessions as natural, so to speak, as those that the sun and climate furnish; whither European governments, when they wish to return from their errors, may go to seek models. The Greek colonies were obliged to relight their sacred fire at the altar of their mother country. This will be the reverse, and the mother countries of Europe will go to seek in America that which will reanimate among them all the principles of national happiness which they have allowed to become extinct. Especially let the most entire and unlimited freedom of trade be established among you: I consider it quite as important to the happiness of men united in society as political liberty. The latter affects man only rarely and in a few points; but the liberty of cultivating, of manufacturing, of selling, of buying, of eating, of drinking, and of dressing according to one's fancy is a liberty of every day, of every moment; and I shall never consider a nation free which shall be brought into subjection in all the enjoyments of life; since after all it is for these very enjoyments that men have united themselves in society.

After having soared to these great objects, I must come down again to earth, and speak to you a little of your friends. *Our Lady of Auteuil* is very well, although she takes coffee too often, contrary to the decrees of D'r Cabanis, and always robs me of my share of cream, contrary to all justice. The bull-dog that your grandson brought us

\* Concluded from Part 24, of BIZARRE.

from England is become insupportable, and even vicious; he has again bitten the Abbé de la Roche, and affords us a glimpse of a ferocity truly disquieting. We have not yet made his mistress decide to send him to the bull-fight, or to have him drowned; but we are labouring at it. We have also domestic enemies less ferocious, but very offensive; a great number of cats, that have multiplied in her wood-house and barn-yard, owing to the care that she has taken to feed them very abundantly; for, as you have so well explained in your essay 'On Peopling Countries,' population being always in proportion to the means of subsistence; they are now eighteen, and will soon be thirty, eating all that they can get, doing nothing but keeping their paws in their furred gowns, and warming themselves in the sun, and leaving the house infested with mice. It had been proposed to catch them in a snare and drown them: a cunning sophist, one of those people who know how to render every thing problematical, and who, as Aristophanes says of Socrates, know how to *make the worst cause appear the best*, has undertaken the defence of the cats, and has composed a *Petition* for them, that may serve as a companion-piece to the *Thanks* that you made for the flies of your rooms, after the destruction of the spiders ordered by *Our Lady*. We have sent you this piece, begging you to aid us in replying to the cats. We might also propose a pleasanter course for them, which might turn to the advantage of your America. I remember having heard you say, that you had many squirrels in the fields and many rats in the cities, that cause great havoc, and that you have not yet been able to arrange between the country people and the cats the imposition of a tax intended to rid you of these two kinds of enemies. But, for that, our cats will be of great assistance to you. We could send you a cargo of them from Auteuil; and though we have ever so little time, we shall have enough to load a small vessel with them. In truth, there is nothing so suitable. These cats will but return into their real country: friends of liberty, they are entirely out of place under the governments of Europe. They might also set you some good examples; for, in the first place, according to your charming apologue, they know how to turn against the eagle that carries them off, and, by striking their claws into his belly, to compel him to descend again to the earth to get rid of them. We ought also to do them this justice, that we have never seen among them the least dispute over the wooden platter that is regularly carried to them twice a day. Each takes his share, and eats it in peace in a corner. In short, after being saved from the mouth of the

bull-dog, as you Americans from that of John Bull, they never endanger themselves by intestine dissensions: they have some good in them.

Here are some absurdities, my dear and respectable friend; I indulge myself in them, because you love them, and are yourself very much inclined to say them, and, what is worse to write them. But, if you are afraid to lose your consideration among your countrymen, by letting them perceive this taste, you will shut yourself up to read me, and will say nothing to Congress about the project that I open to you of sending cats from Europe. Besides, one obstacle is in the way at present: our treaty of commerce with you is no more advanced than at the peace; and, whilst waiting for the conclusion of this treaty, I know not what duties they would make my cats pay, on arriving at Philadelphia; and then, if my vessel should find nothing to load with among you but grain, it could not touch at our islands to take in sugar, or to bring me back good rum either, which I love much, and which would pay in France some little duty of seventy-five per cent. on the value. All that embarrasses my cat-trade, and I must think of some other speculation.

I finish my letter at Auteuil. *The lady* is about to write to you, and to answer your little note. The Abbé de la Roche and M. de Cabanis will also write to you," &c.

*Franklin's Answer.*

(Written at Philadelphia, April, 1787.)

"My very dear friend:

I did not receive until long after their date, your agreeable letters of October, 1785, and February, 1786, with the pieces that you have annexed to them, the productions of the *Academy of Belles Lettres* of Auteuil. The testimonials of your tender friendship, your wishes, and the felicitations that you address me upon my return to my country, vividly excite my emotions. I feel very great pleasure at seeing that I preserve an honourable place in the recollection of the virtuous and worthy men whose agreeable and instructive society formed my happiness during my sojourn in France.

But, although I have not been able to leave your amiable nation without regret, I have done wisely in returning to my fireside. My daughter and my grand-children are around me, mingled with my old friends and the children of my friends, who all have the same feeling and the same regards for me. We all speak the same language; and you know that a man who desires to be the most useful to his fellows, by the exercise of his intellect, loses half his strength in a foreign country, where he is obliged to make

use of a language that is not familiar to him. Lastly, what is still more, I here enjoy means and occasions of doing good, and everything that I can desire except repose; and repose itself I may soon hope for, either in the expiration of my office of President, which cannot last longer than three years, or in giving up life.

I am always of your opinion against custom-houses, in countries where direct taxes are practicable. That will be our situation, when our immense territory shall be full of inhabitants; but at present the houses are separated by so great distances, often five or six miles from each other in the interior, that the collection of a direct tax is almost impossible to us, the expense necessary to pay a collector to go from house to house, exceeding the amount of the tax itself.

No one can express himself better than you have done, when you say that the liberty of cultivating, of manufacturing, of importing and exporting, &c., a liberty which prohibitions and custom-house duties attack, is infinitely more precious than political liberty; that the latter effects mar but rarely, whilst the former is of every day and every moment, &c.. But our debt, occasioned by the war, being very heavy, we are compelled, with the view of extinguishing it, to employ all possible means to raise a revenue, being otherwise very well disposed to suppress all duties on importation and exportation, as soon as we shall be permitted to get rid of them.

Whatever may be said in Europe of our revolution, you may be assured that our people are unanimously very well satisfied with it. The boundless respect for the men who have contributed to it, either as warriors or as statesmen, the enthusiastic joy with which the day of the Declaration of our Independence is annually commemorated, are incontestible proofs of this truth. In one or two of our confederated States, there have been discontents occasioned by peculiar matters, and appertaining to local circumstances; they have been fomented and exaggerated by our enemies: but they are now almost entirely dispelled, and the other States enjoy peace, good order, and wonderful prosperity. The harvests have been abundant for all the late years. The prices of the productions of our soil are raised by the demand of foreigners, and are paid for in ready money. The rents of houses have risen in our cities; new ones are built every day; workmen and artisans gain high wages, and great extents of land are continually cleared.

Your project of exporting the eighteen cats of *Our Lady of Auteuil*, rather than drown them, is very humane; but the good treatment which they receive from their pre-

sent mistress may make them averse to change their situation. However, if they are of the race of the Angoras, and if you could apprise them how two cats of their tribe, brought over by my grandson, are caressed here and almost adored, you might perhaps dispose them to emigrate of their own accord, rather than remain a mark for the hatred of the abbés, who will finish, sooner or later, by obtaining their condemnation. Their petition is perfectly well drawn up; but if they continue to multiply as they do, they will make their cause so bad, that it will be impossible to defend it any longer; wherefore their friends would do well to advise them to submit to transportation, or to — castration.

The remarks of the grammarian upon the particle *on*, are a cutting and just satire. My friends here, who understand French, are infinitely amused with them; they are very desirous that they should be printed. They have produced a good effect in me, which you will recognize in my letter itself: for you will see therein, that, wherever I speak of the good condition of our public affairs, for fear that you should believe that I find everything going on well, because I occupy a good office here, I have taken care to support my saying with some other reasons.

The pains that you have taken to translate the congratulatory addresses that I received on my arrival, are a fresh proof of the continuance of your friendship towards me, which has given me as much satisfaction as the addresses themselves, and you may well believe that is saying not a little; for this welcome of my fellow-citizens has much exceeded my expectations. Popular favour, which is not the most constant thing in the world, is maintained towards me. My election to the Presidency for the second year has been unanimous. Will there be the same inclination for the third? Nothing is more doubtful. A man who occupies a high post, is so often in danger of disobliging some one, whilst discharging his duty, that those whom he thus disobliges, having more resentment than those whom he has served have gratitude, it almost always happens that, whilst he is vigorously attacked, he is feebly defended; you will not therefore be surprised, if you learn that I have not finished my political career with the same éclat as I have begun it.\*

I am sorry for what you tell me of the indisposition that you have experienced. I am sometimes astonished that Providence does not secure good people from every evil and every pain. It ought to be thus in the best of worlds; and, since it is not so, I am

\* Franklin completed his three years of Presidency.

piously led to believe that, if our world is not really the best, it must be owing to the bad quality of the materials of which it is composed.

Embrace the good *Our Lady* tenderly for me, whom I love as much as ever. I intended writing to her by this packet, but I am obliged to put it off for want of time.

I am, my dear friend,  
with esteem and affection,  
ever yours,

B. FRANKLIN.

Present my compliments to M. le Roy, to all the Wednesday-diners, to the stars,\* and to your family."

As I shall not, in the sequel of these Memoirs, have occasion to speak again of Franklin, I add here a last letter from this celebrated man, dated at Philadelphia, in December, 1788, and which I did not receive until after our first troubles:

"PHILADELPHIA, December, 1788.

My dear friend:

The suspension of the packets has interrupted our correspondence; it is a long time, a very long time, since I have had news from Auteuil! I have learnt lately, through M. de Chaumont, that a great number of letters which I had sent to New York, remained there for many months, no packet having set out for France. Let me know, I beg of you, if you have received from me some remarks against the reasons that the English bring forward, for their refusal to deliver to us our letters from Europe on our frontiers. I sent them to you about a year ago, in return for your excellent pleasantry of the *Shutters* and your *Essay on Cometology*, which have amused us very much—me and many of my friends. In this famine of news of the *Academy* of Auteuil, I read and re-read, with a pleasure ever new, your letters and those of the Abbé de la Roche, and the pieces that you sent me in July, 1787, and the scrawl, as she herself calls it, of the good Lady whom we all love, and whose recollection I shall cherish, as long as a breath of life remains to me; and whenever, in my dreams, I transport myself into France, to visit my friends there, it is to Auteuil that I go first. I send you something curious enough: it is some songs and music composed in America, and our first productions in this kind; I thought that some of them would suit your

taste, from their simplicity and pathos. The poetry of the fifth pleased me particularly; and I desire you or M. de Cabanis to translate it into your tongue, in such a way that the translation may be sung to the same tune. The person who will transmit you my letter is M'r Gouverneur Morris, formerly member of Congress, and one of the members of the Convention that has drawn up the Federative Constitution. He is much esteemed here by all that know him; and, as he is my friend, I commend him to your civilities, as well as those of M. Marmontelle and all your family.

I flatter myself with the hope that your late troubles are quieted. I love your country tenderly, and I believe myself profoundly interested in its prosperity. Now that I have just finished the third year of my Presidency, and henceforth shall no longer have to mingle in public affairs, I begin to look upon myself as a *free man*, who has nothing more to do than to enjoy the little time that is left me; I shall employ a part of it in writing my own history, which in recalling the past to my recollection, will make me, so to speak, begin my life again.

I am always, my dear friend, &c., &c."

## THE PETTICOAT.

O Petticoat! the dearest wrote

In prose or rhyme,  
Since Helen's time—

Before young Paris' eyes a-waving,  
Inflaming love, drove reason raving,  
And won a bride  
Earth's boast and pride!

Bleached Petticoat!—pure antidote

T' all unsightly;—

Brightly, lightly,  
Visions of snowing, showery streaming  
Of roses white and musky gleaming,  
Clear revealing  
In the dreaming!

Sweet Petticoat!—mild odours float

Upon the air

When thou art near—

The senses trancing, and a-telling  
Of heathery fields and meadows smelling  
Of Lavender  
And Vanilla!

Loved Petticoat!—my eyes devote

Their tend'rest glance,

But ne'er advance

Beyond the peeping of the glowing  
Lawn, nestling 'neath the muslin, I wing  
In folds lighter  
Than gossamer!

\* *The Stars*. This is the name that Franklin gave the two daughters of Madame Holvetius, Madame de Meun, and Madame Dandieu, after the story told of a mother, whom her little daughter asked what became of the old moons, and who replied to her that they were broken into five or six pieces to make stars of them.

Dear Petticoat!—would I might note  
A stealthy spy  
With loving eye—

Thy beauties gracing, wealth disclosing  
Of scollops, points and oylet-holing,  
Embroidered, pierced,  
And sprigged, vine-traced,  
And mechlin-laced!

Rare Petticoat!—the fairy boat  
That's dancing on  
The Golden Horn,  
Glides not more softly, flashing brightly,  
Than floats the figure lithe, thy lightly  
Flowing, waving  
Round and laving!

This winsome form! if seen at Morn  
Or dusky Eve,  
We might believe  
A Goddess skimming o'er the bending  
Of dew-heaped blades, all closely blending  
To kiss and greet  
The swimming feet!

And oh the face commands this grace  
Imperial born!  
Eyes like the Morn  
Light dispensing, cheeks like growing  
Peaches ripening, lips so glowing,  
Angels kissed them,  
Burning left them!

Hair like the Night when young Moonlight  
Is glancing down  
The mountain's crown,  
And gleaming softly, parting smoothly,  
Knotted, queen-like! loosened, soothly  
Like Godiva  
It would clothe her!

Below the face, above the lace  
That dims the sight—  
A Plain of light!  
Undulating, opalescing  
With the veins their points caressing,  
Near abiding,  
(Dewy lying)  
But half-hiding!

Pure Petticoat—her Petticoat!  
Velling a snow  
Purer below,  
(And warmer too.)  
For the writer, tell the wearer,  
Nought to him is fairer, dearer,  
Than the Charmer,  
She his Charmer!

And should this endeavour please her,  
Murm'ring round her  
Say, I bless her!  
'Mid thy laving, waving, whisp'ring—  
'Mid thy floating flowing, lapping—  
Softly tell her,  
Lightly whisper!—  
(And God bless her.)

## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The close of the last century, and the opening of the present, witnessed a concurrence both of persons and events not soon to be forgotten. It was one of those junctures in the world's history, when existing beliefs, institutions, and usages are unsparingly reviewed, and whatever in them is *unsound* and *outworn* is flung aside, and history begins, thenceforward, to flow in new channels. Such a time is overbrimming with activity in all departments of human endeavour, and of course unwontedly fruitful in *distinguished*, if not absolutely great men.

What a crowd of bright names start up at the bare mention of those days! On the Continent, Napoleon and Cuvier and Goethe and Schiller, with countless *inferior*, yet brilliant lights—and in our "father-isle," Scott and Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, and a "Starry Flock" beside, that would themselves have been *first-class* luminaries in less effervescent times.

Among the most *illustrious* of these, Shelley must undoubtedly be reckoned. His biography, like Byron's, was so marked with vicissitude and *uncommonness* of incident, as fairly to merit the title of *romantic*. He is one of those *historical* personages, of which all extraordinary eras produce some specimens—individuals who mirror back in their own minds and lives the great clashing principles of the epoch. Such persons are true *types* of their age; and, in tracing *their* story, we are reading also the story of the times that shaped them, as it were, in a diamond edition. The very portrait of Shelley would assure us that we looked on no *ordinary* man, and one of no *common* experience. It is a face of delicate and surpassing beauty; yet the bitterness of sorrow troubles the depths of those bright, wild eyes, and rests, like the shadow of a cloud on a fair landscape, permanently on the whole countenance.

The sight suggests anew the thought, how insoluble a riddle is our mortal destiny! Wherefore was this *spirit*, so gentle and lovely, doomed to work out his life-problem amid fiercest uproar and strife? How could *this* being, so kindly and generous, be the select object of men's wrathful animosity? To love and be loved—to multiply grace and beauty, and to embody alike in his life and in all other modes of presentment, the aspirations and the shapings of a high poetic soul—*such* was the destiny corresponding to Shelley's organization, and *prefigured* by it.

How opposite was the reality! A short life, encompassed from the outset with dis-

order and clamor—blackened with foulest calumny, and assaulted with stormiest vituperation, and passing at last away, with not an instant's warning, amid the horrors of an ocean-storm—what an unspeakably deep tragedy is here! We might well suppose ourselves witnessing the old Greek drama enacted in real life, *free-willing* man struggling with adamant *fate*, whose car rolls remorselessly on, however lustrous the Brilliance and grand the Nobleness and exquisite the Loveliness it crushes beneath its wheels!

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born at Field Place, Sussex county, August 4th, 1792, of an ancient baronial family of great wealth. His temperament of body and mind, was one of which we commonly predict short life—the former exceeding delicate and easy of derangement, and the latter vivid and precocious almost beyond parallel. He very early manifested two endowments, which are not usually found united, and, in the degree he possessed them, hardly ever—the poetic and the philosophical. So early did he exhibit these traits, that, so far as I know, he stands alone in this particular.

He entered Eton quite young, and began forthwith to manifest the hatred of tyranny and of *unreasoned* authority, which distinguished him through life. As an instance of this, he refused to “fag”—a custom submitted to, indeed, by the sons of the highest nobility, but having (like that of “rotten boroughs”) no support, save long-continued acquiescence; nor could he be constrained to yield to it by either threats of his instructors, or the abuse of his companions.

As might well be supposed from this specimen, he began, in very boyhood, to *inquire* and to *reason*. Tradition carried weight with him hardly beyond his greenest years. He would always fain know *why* opinions should be adopted, or institutions accepted; and he was, the while, of that bold, sincere make, that no considerations of expediency could stifle the utterance, or the putting in act of his convictions, be they what they might.

Moreover, the circumstances of his birth and education were eminently fitted to kindle and exacerbate such a spirit. Born fifty years ago, he saw not Catholic Emancipation, Corporation and Test-Repeal, the Reform Bill, West India Emancipation, and the many other *amendatory* movements which have done England so great honor in the eyes of philanthropy, and have shown her people sound at the core. On the contrary, she was then pouring out blood and treasure like water, to quench what seemed the kindling of *liberty* in France, and to reinstate arbitrary power in a land long crushed beneath its pressure.

And, turning from this spectacle *homeward*, what was the sight everywhere meeting the inquisitive, honest-hearted, impassioned boy, so born and bred? He saw the multitudinous, cankering vices of an excessively-artificial, luxurious civilization. He saw millions crushed by hopeless *poverty*, ignorant, squalid, perpetually overtaken by a drudgery, (which, after all, scarce kept soul and body together,) that a scanty residue might possess a bloated opulence, and enjoy an epicurean idleness. He saw on the throne—Head alike of the nation and the church—a drunkard and a debauchee, universally known as such. In the political sphere, he saw “rotten boroughs”—a wheat field or a bridge sending *two* members to the Commons' House, while a populous manufacturing city, was denied *one*—elections carried by scarce-veiled bribery, and legislation trampling on *justice*, in order to foster *privilege*.

In the religious department, he saw the bishop, with little toil and much pomp, receiving two hundred thousand dollars per annum, and the curate, parochially overdrudged, pinching and starving on two hundred—the fox-hunting, younger son of aristocracy, monopolizing half a dozen rich livings, while perhaps learning and piety, “sick with hope deferred,” were waiting vainly for *one*.

In his own class, he saw the “Marriage de Convenience, (that monster-outrage on Divine Laws,) far and wide taking place of the Marriage of Love—hoary age and blooming girlhood linked in “prodigious union”—and, in room of Hymen with his torches, the knotty-browed *lawyer*, officiating with rent-roll and parchment.

Such things as *these* he witnessed with that keen philosophic eye of his, and seeing, contrasted them with the lofty ideal of justice and beauty in his poet-soul! And, while witnessing these *actualities* at home, across the channel he witnessed a highly-refined nation's brightest and most gifted minds pouring a flood of eloquence on the splendid abstractions of liberty and justice and right—laying bare to noonday long-hid corruptions in Church and State, and taxing Christianity itself with being their fountain-head—labouring for and prophesying, as nigh at hand, the reign of universal freedom and blessedness, built on the ruins of the whole existing order of things! It was a bewildering, perilous time, especially for one like Shelley, and such to him it proved.

He passed from Eton to Oxford, still very young, and *here* he soon lighted on the French philosophers. Captivated with their doctrines, he made their writings his study, till he became their convert. With his con-



stitutional sincerity, boldness, and ardour, he no sooner believed, than he *spoke out* his belief, and became, in conversation, its propagandist.

For *this*, the University Governors called him to account, and (as is plain enough) dealt harshly and imperiously with him. They presented him the alternative of instant, unqualified *recantation*, or *expulsion*! Of course, with *Shelley*, it was expulsion. And so the boy of seventeen was sent forth into the world, *disastrously* dignified in his own eyes, as a martyr to scepticism!

Not long after—(being a little past seventeen years old)—he produced the poem of "Queen Mab"—with little doubt the most remarkable work ever coming from one so young, whether we regard its poetry or philosophy. He has *there* embodied, (and, for the most part, with great poetic energy and beauty,) the following as (among others) his beliefs:—

Rejecting the preternatural inspiration of both Old and New Testaments, together with the God of the popular theologies, he holds to somewhat like the "Animus Mundi" of ancient philosophy—an impersonal creative power, whose manifestation among men is the principle of love—which principle is the one grand *curative* and *redeeming* agency of the world, and, ultimately becoming triumphant, shall bring on earth a true golden age.

In Politics, he *there* expresses uncompromising hostility alike to kingcraft and priestcraft and *privilege*, generally, and proposes so to remodel most existing institutions, as to place them on a purely *popular basis*. I am not sure, however, whether he had settled with himself what specific *forms* he would substitute for the *present*.

The "Marriage of Convenience," he reckons as an inexcusable, unbearable affront to the order of nature. The *true* marriage—(which he most *emphatically* vindicates)—he holds to be a union based on a strong, decided *preference* of the parties concerned. The *existence* of such preference he reckons the one sole sufficient ground of marriage-union, no outward ceremonial being able to give it any *additional* authentication—and, where it is *wanting*, no ceremony can *create* a marriage. And he further maintains, that, supposing such preference to cease where it had once existed, the parties are *bound* to separate, and are authorized to form a new connexion, by observing the requisite *conditions*. My present task does not call on me to discuss the *truth* or *falsity* of these views, touching an exceeding momentous topic. If *Shelley errs*, it is in company with many of the *largest intellect*, as well as of mature age, among whom appear the divine genius and saintly purity of Milton. The latter

wrote and published vastly *more* than *Shelley*, in vindication of these opinions, and was prepared to *act* them out, when accidentally hindered.

Touching Property, I understand *Shelley* to advocate the same doctrine of "community of goods," which Robert Owen *since* has spent chief of his life in striving to inculcate.

In Dietetics, he *here* maintains what he rigorously exemplified in his life, the doctrines of the Vegetable Livers and the Rechabites.

Of War, he shows himself a radical, uncompromising opponent, holding that no *conceivable end* is worth the *monstrous* price of violence and bloodshed. He inculcates, instead, love, as the single sentiment meriting *universal prevalence*, as a principle adequate to all occasions and needs, the appointed agent of the world's renovation, and the angel of blessing for the coming time. I know not where to look for one who has sung the beauty and the might of this divine force, in strains so thrilling and lofty as he, both in this poem and *elsewhere*. The Christian, professing himself *believingly* loyal to *that* commandment, declared to comprise in itself the entire significance of "the law and the prophets," might well learn a lesson from this man, branded as the enemy alike of revelation and its God! At the very moment his native land was ringing with *execrations* on his name, he was tuning his harp to the "Revolt of Islam"—that splendid chant, celebrating in harmonies worthy the theme, the divine beauty and potency and triumphs of love!

Such was "Queen Mab," which, with the expository notes appended to it, must be pronounced wholly without parallel for a boy of seventeen, whether we consider the poetry, or the range and quality of the opinions expressed. I may add, that he never himself *published* it, but had a few copies printed for *private circulation*. Its being made public was the fault of a knavish bookseller, who *pirated* an edition after its author's name had become widely blown, through domestic troubles. At the period, too, of its publication, advancing years had *revised* many of the opinions therein advanced, and *these* opinions were decisively disclaimed by *Shelley*, in a note addressed to the "London Examiner."

However, (as might have been anticipated,) his expulsion from Oxford for *such* a cause, and his open avowal of the views embodied in "Queen Mab," drew upon him loud, bitter, and general censure. In this his own family joined, striving, moreover, to wean him from his course, by the unwise methods so *frequent* in like cases. Naturally enough, their efforts were *fruitless*;

and, what greatly *augmented* their displeasure, he loved and married (being not yet out of his teens), the *beautiful*, but imperfectly educated young daughter of a retired coffee-house keeper—an offence *unpardonable* in the eyes of his family, looking at it through the distorting medium of caste. With the single exception of allowing him a small income, his family now discarded him.

Of this marriage sprang two children, which were taken from him by a Chancery Decree of Lord Eldon, on the ground of his being disqualified for their education by his skeptical opinions. Otherwise, too, the marriage was rendered *unhappy* through total *uncongeniality* between the parties, and ended in *separation*. Acting with an *honest consistency* in accordance with the opinions he had avowed, though his former wife yet lived, he regarded (like Milton on a similar occasion) the Union between them *completely and forever dissolved*, and married (as he deemed it) Mary, the daughter of the two celebrated persons, William Godwin and Mary Woolstonecraft.

On forming this connexion, he journeyed with his wife to the continent, and becoming acquainted with Byron took up a temporary residence near him on the shore of Lake Geneva. This was in the summer of 1815, and he was twenty-three years old. (At an earlier period of the same year, he had produced the exquisite Poem, "Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude,"—a transcript, evidently, of *himself* with his own feelings and thoughts.) During this Lake sojourn, he wrote (besides "Mont Blanc" and a few shorter pieces) the magnificent "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty,"—that outbreathing of a soul of the purest and noblest feeling and aspiration, looking, with an earnest, anxious intensity, through this glorious creation in quest of a provident and sympathising Father, but looking, alas! all in vain!

After some strange and almost ludicrous experiences from poverty, he returned, in 1816, to England, travelling with his wife, part of the way, on foot. On his arrival, he settled at Marlow on the Thames. While *here*, he wrote (within the short space of six months) his "Revolt of Islam"—a great, rich treasure-house of beautiful poetry, of noble sentiment, and (I may add) of noble doctrine too. For it is characteristic of Shelley, that, with hardly an exception, he makes his poetry the vehicle of opinions and principles, whose prevalence and application he reckons vital to the highest welfare of the race. He is preëminently the bard of Principles,—the framer and prophetic limner of the *ideal* and the *future*, instead of the mere copyist of the *actual* and *echo* of the *present*. There is little (I should

fancy) in the poem, just named, to which the instructed Christian can object. Most of it, assuredly, breathes the very *essence* of *that* spirit, which prompted the favorite disciple to say, "He, that *loveth*, hath *fulfilled* the law." (1 John.)

Meanwhile, his first wife committed suicide. Of the circumstances, *preceding* or *attending* this tragic event, I know not that any record exists. But Shelley (it is well known) was dreadfully shocked by it, and it probably was one main cause of the depression and gloom, which overshadowed him, at times, through his remaining life.

Nor need we (in order to *account* for this gloom,) suppose his conviction was shaken touching the *correctness* of his views concerning marriage. With his delicate structure physical and mental,—racked also (I should here mention) by life-long disease, occasioning, at intervals, agony, which it was *frightful* even to *witness*,—the death, by *self-inflicted* violence, of an object once dear, and his children's mother, was an incident horrible enough to leave behind it a lasting sadness, without the *necessity* of supposing the reproaches of conscience.

Naturally enough, too, (as society is constituted) this catastrophe would increase the odium already attaching to him from his *nonconformities* of opinion and practice with its requisitions. His relatives, moreover, again attempted to reconcile him to the world he lived in, and, one of them (a collateral in degree) offered him an immense fortune, on condition he entered the House of Commons, as a supporter of Whig politics. But it was all in vain. He rather chose narrow pecuniary means,—the World's hate and abuse,—rejection and disowning by all of his own blood (which now fell upon him *irreversibly*,)—all this he chose, in lieu of wealth, general popularity and kindred's countenance, to the end, that he might enjoy, live out, and proclaim what he reckoned vital, eternal Truths,—Truths, which (in his estimate) alone could redeem and bless a race sunk in darkness, corruption, and woe!

And so, in the year 1818, when twenty-six years old,—outcast by his own family and banned by the very society, *for* which *alone* he lived and toiled, and which he would even have *died* to save,—a frail, oft-suffering invalid,—he left his native land forever, and with his faithful wife, for sole companion, settled in Italy, near Naples.

His life here (as shown in the *records* left us) was one of that simple beauty and high nobleness, which I hardly know where else to look for. It was such, as we may fancy was that of a sage in the early, uncorrupted days,—that is, an existence less of the *body* than of the *soul*, and rather of the *thoughts* and *affections* than of the *senses*. In his

vegetable and cold water regimen, — (which he adhered rigorously in his practice), — he was *then* considerably less like the world about him, than he would have been *now*. But *even now*, — although the principle of *total abstinence* has made *that* degree of progress, that one may adopt it without being marked as *singular*, — the principle of utterly abjuring animal food meets with small approval.

Yet there seems always to have been floating in the community a somewhat vague impression, that

"A scrip with *fruits and herbs* supplied  
And *water* from the spring,"

was befitting not only the *anchorite* and *sage*, but the *bard* also, — that a diet, thus spare and pure, better harmonized with the more ethereal tendencies of the *true Poet*, than one, which spoiled earth, air, and sea to heap its board with the *carcasses* of their inhabitants. So, at any rate, Shelley *thought and acted*.

And thus abstemiously simple in the primary appetites, — passing most of his hours in the open air of that golden Italian clime, — with *that* sky over him, which is grown world-renowned for its loveliness, whether for

"The pomp, that *brings and shuts* the day," —

or for its noon descending in one unbroken flood of universal radiance, — or for its night, showing

"Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume  
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes," —

with his feet laved by that sea, whose waves seem eternally hymning the immortal deeds, which have sown every foot of its shores with *those* remembrances, men, fondest of all, cherish — encircled by mountains, plains, and woods in themselves eminently grand and beautiful, and catching a new, intenser charm from myriad undying associations, — what a frame and setting of life was *this* for one so keenly alive to natural influences!

Kindled, exalted and nurtured daily by them, — with a beautiful, gifted wife, for companion, — one, who could not only *love*, but *appreciate* and *sympathize* with him, and who furnished *instigation* and *support* to his loftiest aspirings, — his Creative Spirit found employment in the production of a series of works not unworthy itself.

Besides specimens of almost every kind of poetic composition sufficient to make two or three duodecimo volumes, two volumes of Prose, consisting of Letters, Essays and Translations from Plato, date chiefly at this period. The latter are exceedingly interest-

ing and valuable, — marked alike by their beauty of thought and finish of style. They are "apples of gold in dishes of silver."

The character of Shelley appears, in this epistolary correspondence, alike sweet and noble. Notwithstanding the boldness and vehemence, with which he assaulted whatever he reckoned injustice and wrong, yet it is here plainly apparent, that the gentler affections were the habitual inmates of his bosom and love the master element of his being. While, on the one hand, his powers were devoted, with an almost unexampled *singleness* of consecration, to unveiling the malignity and hurtfulness of existing social wrongs, his private life, on the other, was eminently signalized by the traits most estimable in the husband and father, the friend and the neighbor. All which, however, did not hinder, that the *reputed* good and wise shook the head (as in fact they often do *even now*) at the bare mention of his name!

(To be concluded in the next number.)

## LETTERS FROM CHINA.

### NUMBER VIII.

UNITED STATES STEAMER QUEEN, }  
Canton River, June 20th, 1854. }

Since my last letter was written, nothing has taken place worth mentioning, and we are still at our old anchorage, waiting the arrival of the Commodore from "Japan." It is now over five months since he sailed, and nothing has been heard of his movements since March, so that we are anxiously expecting him every moment; and, until he arrives, I cannot give you any idea of my prospects as to coming home. My health (thank God) still continues to improve; indeed, I may say that it is now better than at any time since my first attack of bronchitis in August, 1851. I have written more particularly to satisfy you that I am all right, than for the sake of filling a sheet, so that this must be necessarily short. This is the first fair day we have had since the opening of the month, and it is the precursor of the hot weather, which is no joke in this neighbourhood. All the foreigners have gone to "Macao" for the summer, and I hope we shall soon follow them, or the mosquitoes will eat us up. Eighty-six persons were executed two weeks since for crimes of different sorts; among them was a married woman, only fifteen years of age, who poisoned her husband and father-in-law. As this crime is one of the highest, according to Chinese law, the punishment accorded is correspondingly severe. In this

woman's case, her eye-brows were first cut off, then pieces cut out from different parts of the body, next the limbs broken, and, lastly, she was decapitated. The sufferings of the woman must have been terrible, as the least vital parts are first operated upon. After the executions are over, the bodies are removed, but the heads remain, and are piled up like cannon-shot on the ground, to serve as a warning to evil-doers. When it is recollected that these executions take place weekly, some idea may be formed of the numbers who suffer.

I hope to give you by the next steamer, definite information of my future movements, as I conceive it to be impossible for the squadron to be absent much longer, unless something has happened to it. I was very glad to hear of the passage of the "Steam Frigate Bill." I care more for the social privileges of the position, than the increased pay, though that is acceptable also. There is nothing like epaulettes and gold lace, after all, to ensure attention from the majority, (who are attracted by glitter,) as I experience every day. Solid acquisitions are at a discount with the million.

### ONE YEAR AGO.

WRITTEN ON MY TWENTY-FIRST BIRTH-DAY.

Another year is number'd with the past,  
A year of mingled happiness and woe;  
Yet life is but a changing dream at last,  
And Death the only waking we can know.

One year ago!—Who may look back a year,  
Through that dark vista and not trembling start,  
To mark the wondrous changes that appear:  
Since *then* we held communion with our heart?

One year ago! how many hopes have fled,  
That gladden'd life with fancied bliss awhile!  
How many since their flick'ring light have shed!  
How many still our erring steps beguile!

One year ago, life's stream swept gayly on,  
Without a ripple on its placid breast;  
Without a cloud to cast a shade upon  
Its crystal surface—Life was wholly blest.

One year ago! 'Tis full as lovely yet,  
To those who view it as I view'd it then:  
But now my star of happiness is set,  
The gloom that darkens, is the gloom *within*.

Yet why should Hope's bright sky seem overcast?  
Why this fair Earth a wilderness appear?  
Why should I grieve because Youth's dream is past?  
Why mourn the advent of another year?

One year ago! Perchance the one most dear,  
With whom was link'd each hope of future fame,  
Whose tear could melt us, and whose smile could cheer,  
For whom to struggle was our noblest aim—

One year—one little year, and we may view  
This Heav'n, we fondly thought to find on earth,  
Lost—lost forever, and Ambition too  
Crush'd with the fallen hope that gave it birth!

One year ago! How sad to me the strain,  
Sounding like some far off funeral knell;  
Teaching the future all its smiles are vain,  
While memory madly on the past will dwell.

### THE CONTINENTAL BUT- TONS.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

When the American army was encamped at Valley Forge, a British officer, who was quartered upon the family of a gentleman in Philadelphia, had occasion to visit the camp, with a message under a flag of truce.

The lady of the house determined to accompany him, for the purpose of taking a suit of regimentals to her husband, who had been out for some time with the Continental army; and, as it was necessary to conceal her design from the officer, the matter was accomplished by artifice.

Having taken the stuffing out of the cushions of the gig, the regimentals were inserted in its place, and things went on smoothly, until the roughness of the road suggested to the gentleman that his seat was none of the softest.

In vain were two unoffending coat-tails condemned to eternal punishment, and rudely jerked from beneath the owner, who believed that *they* were the culprits, and in vain were his pockets searched, in hopes that the removal of a stray key or pen-knife would alleviate his misery.

Perceiving the trouble, and knowing the danger of discovery, the lady taxed her powers of conversation to the utmost, in hopes of diverting his attention from so pressing a subject; but the gig would bump on, and the Continental buttons obstinately insisted on avenging their country's wrongs upon the person of the enemy, doubtless "whispering in their sleeves,"

"See his posture is not right,  
And he is not settled quite;  
Look now at his odd grimaces,  
Saw you e'er such comic faces;"

while he, poor fellow, inwardly cursed the primitiveness of Yankee cushions, and sigh-

ed for the luxurious quarters that he had left behind him.

Weary miles were travelled, the captain still suffering the penalty of his loyalty, when suddenly the truth flashed across his mind, and memory recalled certain mysterious conversations he had overheard in the house, about broad-cloth and embroidery. The secret was discovered, but his troubles were not yet over, for he now found himself on the horns of a dilemma as uncomfortable as the Continental buttons, and he rode on perplexed between his duty to his king, and his obligations to the lady.

Too much of a gentleman to betray her, and yet too loyal an officer, willingly to carry "aid and comfort" to the rebels, he hesitated long as to the course he should pursue; but his gallantry at length got the better of him, and bravely submitting to the stern infliction, he concluded not to verify his suspicions by ocular demonstration.

A significant smile and gesture alone informed his companion that the artifice was discovered, and the rebel garments were suffered to reach their destination unmolested.

Posterity may settle the question, as to whether the energy or ingenuity of the young wife deserves the more praise, and whether the duty of the *officer* should have superseded that of the *gentleman*—but one thing is certain—the *rebel gentleman* received a uniform which he sadly needed; and the memory of the lady is more fondly cherished by her descendants, whenever they think of the "Continental Buttons."

## LAY OF THE INCONSTANT.

I've listen'd to Love's 'witching strain,  
In many a distant clime;  
Yet sought 'till now the spell in vain,  
That would not yield to Time.

There's Mary with her golden hair,  
And eyes like the gazelle;  
Who 'mid the fairest was most fair,  
Yet soon I sigh'd "farewell."

There's Caroline, sweet Caroline,  
With tresses dark as jet;  
Whose lily hand had now been mine,  
Had I been faithful yet.

There's Annie with her artless smile,  
And eyes of Heav'nly blue,  
That might a stoic's heart beguile;  
Yet she's forsaken too.

Then Julia, Harriet, and Kate,  
Eliza, Rose, and Anne,  
Have shar'd their predecessors' fate,  
And mourn inconstant Man.

And thou, the last and loveliest,  
From thee I too must fly;  
Though sorrow thrills my throbbing breast,  
And tears bedim my eye.

For in thee, I the *fate* behold,  
That I've foreshadow'd seen—  
A smile as false, a heart as cold  
As mine, 'till now have been.

Then fare thee well—I will not be  
A captive in thy train;  
But in the heart's deep secrecy,  
Will wear Love's galling chain.

And though these *scenes* of joys so brief,  
I may not now forsake;  
My pride shall triumph o'er the grief—  
The heart must *bear* or *break*.

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

*Literary Recreations and Miscellanies.* By John G. Whittier. Ticknor & Fields: Boston: 1854. 12mo. Pp. 431. For sale in Philadelphia by Parry & McMillan.

John G. Whittier is somewhat of an anomaly among men, but a very pleasing and attractive anomaly. Trained up in the calm views and peaceful usages of the Quakers, yet, beyond most men, he is excited and thrilled by whatever wears the aspect of conflict and clashing forces, and he has produced many a poem, instinct with the very rousing, fiery spirit, fitted to inflame the warrior for instant battle.

He admits this temperament in himself, and can think of no other cause for it, than that his remote ancestors must have been of that old horse blood, which was perennially on fire for the fight, and that some drops of this blood are yet remaining in his veins.

With but imperfect early education and trained to a manual vocation, Whittier, by pure force of genius, energy and industry, has risen to a high and honorable eminence in literature. He is greatly distinguished alike in poetry and prose. In his peculiar sphere, he is not surpassed, if he is equalled, by any American poet. He is the veritable *cis-Atlantic minnesinger*.

His prose is lucid, fluent, graphic, and luminous with simple beauty. The present volume is a collection of ephemeral pieces on various themes, thrown off at intervals for one or another of our newspapers or journals.

It was well to gather them to be put in a more permanent shape. They present a fair specimen of his mode of thought and feeling, as well as of expression, and we can heartily commend the book to our readers each and all. We are sure they will be pleased alike with the work and its author.

*Freaks of Fortune; or, the History and Adventures of Ned Lorn.* By J. B. Jones. T. B. Peterson: Philadelphia: 1854. 12mo. Pp. 401.

In simple justice to ourselves, we must needs say, that we cannot fully endorse the extravagant praise of this work, which we find on the title page, where it is pronounced "equal to any of the productions of Thackeray or Dickens." But, in justice to the author, we do say, as we can in good faith, that he has given us a volume, which is very creditable to his powers. In the mere construction of a story, full of mysteries and darkness, all to be *plausibly* solved and brightened at the close, it is quite likely our author is superior to Dickens, since story-farming is not the latter's *forte*.

Certainly the present story is *crowded* both with incidents and persons. The former are sufficiently complicated and interesting, and are brought to an end rational enough to keep the attention alive, without affronting our sense of probability. The latter are numerous and diversified, and pretty well sketched, though we should not dare affirm, that *characterization* is our author's *strongest* point. However, he is not alone, or without multitudes of companions *here*, for the *life-like* portrayal of character is, perhaps, the rarest of literary gifts.

On the whole, then, we can warmly commend this volume to the reader.

*The North British Review.* August, 1854: Leonard Scott & Co.: New York.

The present number has much in it, that will repay the perusal, though, our own feelings being judges, we should pronounce it less interesting than many previous numbers we have examined.

The "*Life and Writings of Vinet*" will interest many, partly on account of the noble character of the man, and partly from his isolate condition, as a Protestant clergyman in the midst of Catholic and atheistic France.

"*Hugh Miller of Cromarty*" will attract, as the history of a man, who fought his way, unaided and against formidable obstacles, from ignorance and depression up to learning and eminence.

"*Greece during the Macedonian period*," will please at least classical scholars, from awakening old and delightful memories.

Of the residue of the articles we cannot honestly speak in terms of high eulogy. They are, indeed, sufficiently well written, and contain doubtless not a few things worth noting. But, as they did not engross *us* or kindle much emotion in us, perhaps our best mode were, to recommend to the reader to examine and judge for himself.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

### PULPIT PRONUNCIATION.

We cannot forbear making the subject of a few remarks the censurable vulgarities, of which some of our pulpits have lately been guilty, in the pronunciation of certain words. We know this is a harsh phrase, but we trust its use may be accepted as an evidence of our sincerity, by showing our strong sense of the evil we would wish to see cured.

If we are directed to look to the pulpit as the source of pure moral instruction, we are satisfied that the inculcations thence enforced should not be impaired, to ears polite, by gross violations of the *moralties* of pronunciation; for we believe that a clergyman who should neglect those proprieties of speech, without which, that which may be said will fail to make the impression it otherwise would, is measurably deficient in the performance of his duties.

We will at present trouble you with but a few of the inaccuracies we have noted. There are the words *nature* and *spiritual*, which, instead of being pronounced *na-tshure*, &c., we have recently heard called *na-toore* and *spiri-too-al*; so with the name Matthew. This we have heard by gentlemen who enjoy deserved reputations, metamorphosed into *Ma-thoo*. To our ears this is as harsh as would be the filing of a saw, and we are in doubt as to which of the inflections we would rather submit.

We have also remarked a quaintness not so censurable as the errors referred to, but yet which grated on our modern ears. Queen Elizabeth might have uncomplainingly listened, but it has been some time since she reigned, and things have changed somewhat. It is in dividing words into three, which should be pronounced as those of two syllables. Those noted were—*a-sha-med*, *con-fu-sed*, *prick-ed* in the heart, while others in the same discourse equally entitled to the distinction, were ignominiously overlooked. We are aware that there are a hundred arbitrary and childish inconsistencies in "*our favourite standard*," and that terminations which are the same, have two or three different pronunciations; and

we, therefore, cannot understand why, when custom and the dictionaries indicate the softest and most agreeable sound of which certain syllables are capable, the very harshest should be sought.

#### LA LINDA BOCA.

This is the title of a new and very beautiful Spanish song, to be found on the first page of the present number of BIZARRE, accompanied by a translation into English poetry, in the same metre as that of the Spanish. Its accomplished young author is equally skilled in music, the sister art of poetry, and has composed a beautiful melody, to which these verses can be sung. The song and the music, with an accompaniment for the piano, will be published presently by M<sup>r</sup> Mathieu Schmitz, 120, Walnut Street.

#### ARCHITECTURAL.

Two young men were passing along Chestnut street a few days ago in front of the new building of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank.

"What order of architecture is that?" said one of them.

"Well, I guess it must be the com-pos-it order," was the answer, with the accent strongly laid on the second syllable.

#### STONE CUTTERS' HERALDRY.

On the site of the late Mansion House Hotel, in Third street, above Spruce street, three stone dwellings have been erected with coats of arms, or what are meant for such, over the parlour windows. They contain not exactly "the bend sinister," the badge of bastardy, but "a dishonourable bearing," the next worst thing to it. An hour's work with a mallet and chisel would remove this.

#### CHURCH MUSIC.

A letter from Boulogne to a London paper, says: "Some persons in England would have been shocked to have heard, as they might have heard, on Sunday, a polka and variations from *Robert the Devil* played during high mass. The mass was chanted in Latin, and some verses were sung by the men composing the bands."

#### RELICS.

At Padua, Granger mentions the image of the Virgin, that the Catholics assert flew thither from Constantinople, when taken by the Turks.

The rock that Moses struck in the Wilderness, is among the Romish relics at Venice.

#### PRIZES OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

A prize of one thousand francs has been awarded by the French Academy to M. de Beauchesne for his work of "Louis XVII, his Life, Agony and Death."

The two prizes founded by Baron Gobert, for the best works connected with the History of France, were awarded by the French Academy, the first to M. Augustin Thierry, for his "Considerations on the Merovingian Times," and the second to M. Henri Martin, for the fourteenth and four following volumes, containing his "History of France under Louis XIV, and the first years of the reign of Louis XV." The prize of 1000 francs for acts of courage, was given to Louis Auguste Lechevalier, cooper, at Havre.

#### BUNGAY ON AMERICAN CITIES.

Boston is the bank of New England, the beacon-light of reform, the seat of science and learning, the forum of chaste, classical, thrilling, heart-quaking, soul-stirring eloquence; Baltimore is choleric, noisy and patriotic; Philadelphia is fastidious, lymphatic and metaphysical; Washington is like Babel, where there is a confusion of languages, or like a vineyard of lazy laborers, where there is a "winey" atmosphere; New York is energetic, bombastic and original; Cincinnati is slow of speech but sound at the heart; Boston is radical, forcible and eloquent.

#### ENGLISH AUTHORS.

By the return recently presented to Parliament by the English Census Commissioner, it appears that the number of persons returned to the census as "authors," "editors," or "writers," in the year 1851, was eighteen hundred and forty-four: viz: seventeen hundred and thirty-eight males, and one hundred and six females; and that of these the great metropolis swallowed up the lion's share of eleven hundred and ninety-five. It further appears that England is fortunate enough to boast no less than ninety-two authors who are under twenty years of age.

#### POPULARITY OF BULWER.

M<sup>r</sup> Rutledge, the publisher of the cheap editions of Bulwer's novels, announces in a London paper, that he has sold 35,000 copies "Pelham;" 27,000 of "Paul Clifford;" 27,000 of "Eugene Aram;" 23,000 of "Rienzi;" 23,000 of "Last Days of Pompeii;" 18,500 of "Pilgrims of the Rhine;" 18,000 of "Last of the Barons," and 18,600 of "Ernest Maltravers."

## CURIOUS APPARITION.

In a letter of Philip, the second Earl of Chesterfield, is told the following strange story:—"On a morning in 1652, the Earl saw a thing in white, like a standing sheet, within a yard of his bedside. He attempted to catch it, but it slid to the foot of the bed, and he saw it no more. His thoughts turned to his lady, who was then at Networth with her father, the Earl of Northumberland. On his arrival at Networth, a footman met him on the stairs with a packet directed to him from his wife, whom he found with Lady Essex her sister, and M<sup>rs</sup> Ramsey. He was asked why he returned so suddenly. He told his motive; and, on perusing the letters in the packet, he found that his lady had written to him requesting his return, for she had seen a thing in white, with a black face, by her bedside. These apparitions were seen by the Earl and Countess at the same moment, when they were forty miles asunder."

## MARRIAGE ADVERTISEMENT.

The following is from a late number of the *New York Tribune*:

On Wednesday, the 13th inst., by the Rev. M<sup>r</sup> T. A. Eaton, M<sup>r</sup> William Inslee, of New Orleans, to Miss Theresa Birch, of this city.

Strange! what he hated most when young,  
He dearly loves in riper years:  
And Birch, which once his boy heart wrung,  
Now proves his solace, calms his fears.  
In Birch he finds his earthly bliss,  
Nor hesitates the rod to kiss.

## SHAKSPEREAN.

There has recently arrived at New York, from the manufactory of Mess<sup>rs</sup> Kerr, Binns & Co., Worcester, England, a very interesting contribution of china to the Crystal Palace, consisting of a dessert service, illustrating the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and a copy of the celebrated Shakspeare jug, a fac simile of the original which belonged to Shakspeare, and has been in the possession of his descendants up to the present time.

## JAPONICAS FOR DINNER.

The savans of Paris are going to introduce the *Dioscorra Japonica* as a substitute for the potato. It is a tubercler vegetable, with a more delicate flavor than a potato. It will be funny, till we get used to it, to tell Betty to "peal the dioscorra japonicas" for dinner, won't it.

## THE SAVAGE.

A correspondent of BIZARRE wishes to be informed who was the author of a series of essays, published in Philadelphia in the year 1810, under the title of "The Savage. By Piomingo, a Headman and Warrior of the Muscogulgee Nation."

Some years ago he saw it mentioned in a western newspaper as the first work written by a native of Tennessee.

There is much ability in these essays; the style is clear and vigorous; but they are marred in some places by skeptical views on the subject of religion, that would not have occasioned surprise if the book was the production of one of our aborigines.

Our correspondent thinks that the late M<sup>r</sup> John Wilbank, a bell-founder of this city, republished the work shortly before his death, but he has never seen this edition.

## A "KNOW-NOTHING" GAME.

Greeny, who lives down east, and should have got his eyes open earlier, saw an advertisement in *The Boston Herald*, that any one who would send \$1 to J. Burlmount, should, in return, be told how to make lots of money. So Greeny up and did it, and received in reply the following:

BOSTON, Sept. 5, 1854.

M<sup>r</sup> —, Dear Sir: Yours of the 31st of Aug. and post-marked the 4th Sept. is at hand and in reply if you will take a horse and waggon and peddel seggars you can do as well as I told you I made some seven hundred dollars in 7 month last year.

Yours Truly, J. BURLMOUNT.

Greeny "allows" that he has got his money's worth in experience.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

## WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-PLACE.

A correspondent of the (London) *Notes and Queries*, mentions that there is a tradition at Cookham, (England,) that General Washington was born there during a visit of his parents to that place. This is altogether contrary to our notions upon the subject. We have always understood that he was a native of Westmoreland county, Virginia. Considering the use that has been lately made of his name, it would be very curious if it should turn out that he not a *Native American*.

## A MORTGAGE.

The earliest mortgage on record in Philadelphia is of a slave to secure part of his purchase money. Mortgaging a living person seems rather inconsistent with the derivation of the word.



## THE SEVENTY-SIX SOCIETY.

The Seventy-Six Society held their annual meeting on the 5th instant, when a new Council for the ensuing year was elected. A report from the old Council was received, setting forth that the Account of Silas Dean's Residence in France had gone to press. This interesting work, hitherto in manuscript, was obtained a short time ago, by a member of the Society, from the Laurens family in South Carolina. Besides this, Judge Henry's Campaign against Quebec, and the Examination of Galloway, the eminent Philadelphia lawyer, before Parliament, are in the hands of members for editing. The Society, as we have mentioned before, is on the plan of the English publishing societies, so numerous and successful; no books are sold, but every member obtains, for his yearly subscription, the books published during the year. The subscription to the Seventy-Six Society is Five Dollars a year.

## BOTH AND BETWEEN.

These two words are frequently used in a very incorrect manner by writers of the present day. They are only proper when two persons or things are spoken of. Yet we frequently meet with such sentences as these: "Peter left his property to be divided *between* his four sons and two daughters." "Both Ann and Jane and Eliza were present." Coleridge says in one of his poems,

"He prayeth best who loveth best,  
Both man and bird and beast."

## DEATH OF EMILE SOUVESTRE.

A notice of the death of M. Emile Souvestre, occurs in a late number of the *Journal des Debats*. M. Souvestre was born at Breton, and was first brought into notice by his papers on Breton popular literature, scenery, and superstitions, which, after having been published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, were collected and issued as "*Les Derniers Bretons*," in 1836. Besides other popular tales and sketches in prose, M. Souvestre was the author of several plays.

## PRESSED FOR COPY.

The following story is told of an Irish newspaper editor. The foreman called down to him from the printing office, "We want six lines to fill a column."

"Kill a child at Waterford," was his reply.

Soon after came a second message: "We have killed the child, and still want two lines."

"Contradict the same."

## MORE NOTICES OF BIZARRE BY THE PRESS.

"The well-written article on Carlyle, which appeared in Wednesday's *Register*, has had quite a run in the American press. A greater one, perhaps, because credited to the *London Bizarre*. Now there is no paper of that name in the English capital; and the article should have been credited to the *Philadelphia Bizarre*. 'Honor to whom honor is due.' 'Bizarre' numbers among the list of its contributors some of the first writers in the country. The last number fully maintains the character for excellence, which has followed the publication since its first appearance. The articles which have heretofore appeared have mostly been meritorious, and the moral tone of the work has ever been of a high character."—*Daily Register (Philadelphia)*.

"'Bizarre.'—In answer to the queries of our friends, respecting what they term the 'unknown author,' 'Bizarre,' we would state for the information of our readers, that the selections in our columns, credited to that source, are clippings from a periodical published in Philadelphia. 'Bizarre' is an original weekly journal, from which many of our selections are taken. It is sold in London and Paris, and being in octavo size, can be conveniently bound into a volume. We have few more welcome visitors to our table than the racy, unique, and original 'Bizarre.'"—*Boston Transcript*.

"'Bizarre.'—This work is published weekly at the low price of \$2 per annum. It contains sixteen pages valuable reading matter, and is well worth the price asked for it. Send on for it, and you will get an original book, conducted upon a new plan."—*The Ledger (Fairfield, Iowa)*.

"'Bizarre.'—We are still in regular receipt of this best of weeklies, and no one of them is more welcome than this. It contains a little of everything, and a better work (of the kind) is not to be found."—*Buffalo Bee*.

"'Bizarre.'—This unique periodical is full of wit, satire and scholarship. Its pages will bear preservation, and will be found as entertaining as Burton's *Anatomy*, or D'Israeli's *Curiosities*."—*Wall Street Journal (New York)*.

"'Bizarre' is one of the most agreeable publications that reaches our centre-table."—*Providence General Advertiser*.

"'Bizarre' is one of the best publications of the day—always freighted with good things."—*Columbia Spy (Pennsylvania)*.

# BIZARRE.

AN ORIGINAL, LITERARY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PART 30.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER THIRTY.

YEAR 1854.

## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.\*

During his residence in Italy, Shelley (as is plain) possessed many of the constituents, which go to make a *happy* life. Nor can it be doubted, that he *did* enjoy much of genuine happiness.

Nevertheless, his Poems and Biography both intimate, that he was visited by seasons of profound despondency and sadness,—intervals, when the "whole head was sick and the whole heart faint." I know not where to look for a piece more *touching* than his little song, commencing with

"Rarely, rarely comest thou,  
Spirit of Delight;"

in which he passes in review the *springs*, whence joy *commonly* flows, declaring that he *possesses* them all, but possesses in *vain*, and implores the "Spirit of Delight," *now absent*, to return to its forsaken haunts.

I might remark the same of his "Stanzas written in Dejection near Naples," where he exclaims,

"Alas! I have nor Hope nor Health,  
Nor Peace within, nor Calm around;  
Nor that Content, surpassing Wealth,  
The Sage in Meditation found."

"I could lie down, like a tired child,  
And weep away the life of care  
Which I have borne and yet must bear."

Such seasons are not to be wondered at. Apart from his ill health and other sources of suffering above suggested, as pertaining to him, it was part of his lot, as Poet, to *suffer* at some times, as well as *enjoy* at others, more keenly and entirely than the majority of his kind. Such is the law of *compensation*.

The Poet, by his organization, is more intensely and vividly and abundantly a man than others. What marvel, then, that *he*,—like all his kind the heaven-born,—should at times, even *more* than they, *droop* in his far exile from the Eden of his nativity, and feel

the shadow<sup>d</sup> of his *mortality* lie heavy and stifling upon him? How yearns the Swiss absentee on hearing the Ranz de Vaches, that charmed his boyhood's ear in unison with roaring winds and waterfalls, and murmuring fir-trees and pines!

"Dear is that Shed, to which his Soul conforms,  
And dear that Hill, which lifts him to the Storms.  
And, as a Child, whom scaring sounds molest,  
Clings close and closer to the Mother's breast,  
So the loud Torrent and the Whirlwind's roar  
But bind him to his native Mountains more."

The whole fair world of his young life starts up at those simple tones, and he must back to his Alps, or die!

Thus homesick does Man's Spirit sometimes pine in its earthly sojourn. The loveliness and grandeur of the natural creation, and the more transcendent grandeur and loveliness of noble sentiment and heroic action,—what are they, at the utmost, but *faint* glimpses caught from the *home* of the beautiful and bright?—feeble pulsations of the symphony, that fills eternally the whole air of the "Better Land?"

The exiled Hebrews, on hearing the Temple Songs in a "strange land," "hung their harps on the willows and sat down and wept," when they remembered Zion.

So it is with the Poet also, he, too, being the "Chosen of Heaven" for high and peculiar ends. The beautiful and sublime of both outer and inner worlds he *enjoys* with a keener gust than others, as he *discerns* more clearly than they. Yet hours *will* come, when the *actual*, however glorious, does but the more remind him of the *ideal*, far lovelier and grander, existing *only* in his shaping imagination. And then, alas!

"How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable  
Seem," to him, "all the uses of *this world*!"

Happily, however, under a benign Providence, these moods last not *forever*, or even *long*. Mostly, it is with a *gratefully-enjoying* temper he notes these *suggestive* intimations of the Spirit-Land. The tones of the spherul melody are *sweet*, as well as *mournful* to his ear, and a *solace* of his exile, not less than a

\* Concluded from Part 25, of BIZARRE.

memorial of it. His heart, like the kingly minstrels of old, grows "hot within him," as he "muses," and he, too, must "speak with his tongue" to the world, the glorious visitations, which have been accorded to himself. And so he weaves a high chant of beauty and liberty and love, and summons men to lift their eyes to a lofty ideal of the Great, the Noble and the Holy. And men listen *perforce*, as to an oracle's utterance, and feel their souls *expand*, while listening, and learn, by undoubting assurance, that within there is lodged a nature, which, despite innumerable Littlethings, is *essentially*, truly Great!

And then, too, from the magic of his Song,

"A Light, a Glory, a fair, luminous Mist,  
A Beautiful and Beauty-making Power  
Envelopeth our Earth,"—

and we feel that this mortal life, poor, wearisome, barren as it seems,—a tissue of pettiest, paltriest incidents and acts,—is, notwithstanding grand, and rich and unfathomably deep, worthy of God to *bestow* and man thankfully to accept and use!

Who shall reckon the *full* value of the service the *genuine* Poet renders to his kind? To paint existence in its *true aspects and relations*, and lay bare its hidden and profound *significances*,—to *domiciliate* in men's hearts and grave on the palms of their hands those pure and lofty sentiments, which can ennoble our Present, and so fling across our Future the splendors of immortal hope,—what mission confided to frail humanity bears parallel with this?

Such mission was entrusted to Shelley. But how strangely *conditioned* for the trust, did the summons find him! The silken child of rank and luxury,—the siren-voiced world offering numberless sweet inducements to join the brilliant throng of its servitors,—how *could* he *hear*, and hearing *obey*, that "still, small voice," that bade him *come out* from the crowd and dedicate himself to lone toils and vigils, unblest of sympathy, unguarded by present honor or power or gold, overclouded by obscurity and neglect, and, maybe, scourged by enmity and persecution,—even the task of winning over an earthly, sensual herd to discern and appreciate, to love and revere, and consecrate their lives to the service of spiritual truth and goodness and beauty?

But, as with *him*, so it is *commonly* in the mysterious order of Providence. The Prophet Elect hears his summons, now standing at a monarch's right hand, in his palace, and now sitting on a bare hill-side, watching his flock. But wherever he be, almost invariably he is hemmed in by incongruities,

and obstacles are piled mountain-high in his track!

The Hebrew Shepherd heard the voice in the wilds of Idumea, and to what task did it summon him,—a task, which was like fire in his bones, till it was fulfilled? Even *this*,—to stand before the stony-hearted monarch, (who had *banned* him for homicide) and wring from his obdurate avarice the release of millions of profitable bondmen,—and *then*, having led these millions forth from Egypt, by severe, lengthened discipline, to transform this chaotic human mass into an orderly-compacted people, furnished *with* and fast wedded to institutions civil and religious, *such* as would insure far-reaching ages of happiness and glory, and make this nation a fountain of illumination and salvation to the world!

How must have *seemed* this mission to *him*, who *now* stood looking on this horde of debased, ignorant slaves?—himself, too, at the moment, a fugitive for *bloodshed*, and outlawed by the very master of those slaves! Yet the mission *must* be accomplished, or for him there was no longer sleep nor rest. And accomplished it *was*!

So, too, the call came to a moody, melancholy monk, in his lone cloister, to go forth, and look not back or to either side, till he had overturned the spiritual domination of Christendom—a domination seemingly as fixed as the "everlasting hills," and with its summit piercing the skies—a power treading scornfully on the necks of kings, and before whose Haste earth's greatest bowed trembling, as before the adamantine decrees of fate!

What a mission for that obscure, solitary shaveling, thus to fling defiance in the face of the world's unquestioned arbitress—he, the while, divided against himself, and a conflict raging within, that drove him sometimes to the brink of *madness*! And yet the summoning voice *must* be obeyed, or there was no more "sleep for his eyes, or slumber for his eyelids."

Thus it is, we repeat, almost invariably, with the elect emissaries of Heaven. Their message *must* be delivered—and, with throes and pains, bewildered oft by perplexities and contradictions, warfare about them, and warfare within—they struggle for its utterance.

That Shelley, then, was conditioned as we find him, was but in accordance with a general law. A mission was given him. He recognized it, and strove, with even *rare* fidelity, to execute it. Oppositions, in every kind, he stemmed with *right manly* heart. Expatriation, and even the misconceptions, calumnies, and persecutions of those he laboured for, did not discourage him; and, if he fell into deplorable errors of faith,

even *these* did not hinder, that he shed upon the world much of truth, fitted to illuminate and to bless.

But his day was brief. The "loved of the gods die young." That storied Mediterranean—the constant and favourite companion of his musings and his pleasures, giving his body refreshment and his mind inspiration—so true a type of his own spirit, in its alternating beauty and grandeur, and its perpetual, yet subdued restlessness—that sea, in its hour of uproused violence, became his grave, and, at the untimely age of thirty, he passed without a moment's forewarning away!

It may perhaps be thought, that a narrative like this should not be closed, without a few words on the moral it teaches.

What *shall* we or *can* we say of Shelley's career? His life, at the outset, (one would think,) lay clear enough before him. Noble by birth and social position, in a country where such things tell—the lineal heir of vast wealth—dowered with personal beauty, a radiant genius, and the noblest moral elements—and, moreover, cultivated and accomplished by a wide and various learning—what prizes within the world's bestowment might he not have aspired to? or what happiness, which the world can yield its favourites, might he not have enjoyed! And yet he chose to forfeit these manifold and rare advantages, and to devote these extraordinary endowments of nature and education, to an object which plucked upon him the world's curses, outlawry and ban, and drove him afar from country and kin, to die an exile on a foreign shore!

And what was this object? *Truth*—as he believed it—the truth, by which alone (in *his* view) mankind could be saved and blessed! Did he (in so doing) act wisely and well? I leave the reply to the heart of each individual hearer. He certainly did *not* act *prudently*, according to the world's reckoning of *prudence*. No reformer *ever* did. To *stone* the prophets, and after death canonize them, and garnish their sepulchres, has been from the *beginning*, even until *now*, the "way of the world." The avatars of high genius and of high moral worth—alike Heaven's anointed messengers—treading with bare, bleeding feet, a rough and stony path—stormed on from inclement skies, and beaten against by fierce blasts from every point—is, for the most part, the saddest tale to be told or chanted beneath the all-beholding sun!

Suppose Shelley held and proclaimed errors of opinion—monstrous errors, if you will. What would you have had of him? In *his* eye they were *truth*. They were such in his heart of hearts. His whole life says so. His sacrifice of all the world

holds dearest says so. Should he then *publish* what he reckoned vital to man's weal, or should he have been *mute*? I leave the hearer to reply!

Suppose, again, he *acted* what the *then* majority deemed an error and a vice—an error and a vice, too, of perilous consequence to social welfare? What, nevertheless, would you have had of him? That error was, to *him*, a truth—that vice, in his estimate, a right act; and *he* held, that a truth was not merely to be thought or spoken, but *acted* and lived. Was he, from his point of vision, right or wrong? The reader—not I—must decide. With undeniable sincerity and honesty he accepted and proclaimed, and lived out what *he* believed *true*. Was he guilty, or not guilty?

Most assuredly (as I said) he was not worldly-prudent; for the world's censure pursued him while he lived, and has not yet ceased to beat upon his grave. *This* fact *alone* (however) does not settle his claims; for just so the world has done with the commissioned messengers of the New (with scarce an exception) since history began. The greatest of them all—even the anointed Messiah—was harshlier dealt with than the subject of our inquiry. "Blasphemer, drunkard, associate of harlots, traitor, foe of God and man"—such were the epithets, from which not even a life, absolutely without spot, could shield the unequalled Friend of Mankind! Nor was it the rabble merely, that so stigmatized him, but the good, religious people of the day, the priests, deacons and elders!

When I say, that precisely these same epithets were lavished on Shelley—with some few exceptions, however, to Shelley's *advantage*)—no one will understand me as comparing *him* with the Saviour of the world; but, from the nature of the case, it happens that the story of those who promulgate new opinions, assailing the existing order, must, in more or less points, resemble the story of the Great Exemplar. It makes, therefore, nothing against Shelley, that, in his life-time, his "name was cast out as evil," unless the same measure be dealt to the best and greatest among earth's departed.

Still, however, we have not come at an answer to the question, "what is the moral to be extracted from Shelley's story?" We *may* (if it be worth the while) draw from it this tritest of all lessons—that all the most brilliant endowments of mind, body and estate, do not suffice to *insure* what the world calls prosperity and happiness.

Perhaps we should to the former add *this*—that the most richly endowed man is most unfortunate, if, from whatever cause,

(and however *sincere*,) deprived by scepticism of a firm faith in the Christian Revelation. Fire *will* burn, because it *must*, however *innocently* we may fall into it; and he who in this mazy wilderness world lacks the light of Bethlehem's guiding star—the bosom trust in a loving, protecting sire—*must* have many a sad, lonely, despondent hour, even though he have all things beside.

Whether, in thus falling upon scepticism, Shelley was *faulty*—and, if so, *wherein* and *how far*, I know *not*, and will not guess. He *may* have been too self-confident and proud. Pride of reason is not an uncommon fault in *other* spheres, if in *this*. *Humility* is not only *lovely*, but *safe*, and the sole *true* attitude of frail humanity. If he erred through overmuch self-reliance, he certainly (if suffering be expiation) most deeply expiated his error.

But his faults (whatever they may be) should not blind us to his virtues, which are many and great. Pure and simple in his personal habits, he lived and laboured bravely, untiringly, heroically, for a great idea—the idea of serving, benefitting, and blessing his race—the very race that cursed and outlawed him as an infamous thing!

Certainly, if there *be* such qualities as true nobleness and heroism, *here* they are. A new star is added to the constellations that light our way across the stormy, wreck-strown sea of time. Thanks for its useful and cheering ray!

### THE FIRST BEGINNING AND FORM OF FREEMASONRY.\*

BY THREE HEATHEN MEN, WITH SOME ADDITION  
BY SOLOMON, KING OF ISRAEL.

Out of a very small mole-hill  
A great mountain did swell,  
And when it is opened  
It is nothing else but a shell;  
Young children may rise up  
And confound the wisdom of the wise;  
All earthly wisdom is foolish,  
With him who rules earth and skies.  
It is the knowledge tree  
That the Freemasons claim,  
Or a tree of knowledge,  
And also a tree of fame;  
And they claim an apron,  
The same as Adam made,  
When himself and Eve  
Both sat in Eden's shade.  
For some hundreds of years,

\* See Editor's Chapter.

Freemasonry lay fast asleep,  
Until there was a shepherd  
Tended King Hiram's sheep—  
A shepherd then had a dream  
That a tree would root and grow,  
And would spread its branches  
Far through frost and snow;  
He then went straightway  
And told Hiram the King,  
And they then undertook  
To make a very secret thing;  
They undertook a house to build,  
But two could not build alone,  
There must not be less than three,  
For wood and clay and stone;  
Then they went round about  
And found another cunning man,  
Then they three met together  
And then formed a mason's plan.  
And then they all three went,  
Each his tools they did provide,  
And also their white aprons  
Their great secrets to hide.  
Then they formed two hard oaths,  
And both oaths they did swear,  
If they disclosed any secrets  
Their lives they should not spare;  
And the other hard oath was,  
If any secrets they should tell,  
Then they solemnly swore  
Their souls should go to hell.  
When they had sworn these oaths  
They ought to tremble and fear,  
Insanity might overtake them  
Before another day would appear.  
Like Morgan some time ago,  
Insanity overtook his mind,  
Then he was bound and forced  
To divulge secrets of every kind;  
Then they took him by force  
To Lake Erie's waters deep,  
And with weights threw him in,  
No friends over him to weep—  
No protection for insanity,  
Nor provision have they made.  
Heathen men formed the oaths—  
To swear oaths were not afraid.  
At first of signs and motions  
They only formed but seven,  
Afterwards they increased them  
Till they numbered eleven.  
And when King Solomon  
Ruled over all Israel's land,  
And had King Hiram's ships  
And men at his command,  
Then Hiram sent him word  
He had a secret at heart,  
Until he could see him,  
To none durst he that secret impart.  
Then King Solomon went  
And told his Egyptian wife  
That King Hiram had a secret,  
It might be concerning his life.  
Then she prevailed over him  
To promise and to declare  
That he would that secret gain  
And with her that secret share.

And then for King Hiram  
A strict message he sent,  
Then King Hiram made ready,  
To Solomon's throne he went,  
And for three successive days  
He viewed buildings up and down.  
The evening of the third day  
He praised his works and renown;  
Then Solomon spoke to him,  
To know what that secret could be;  
He said he would show plainly  
But in the secret there must be three;  
Then Solomon went and called  
Rehoboam his kingly son,  
Then in a private place they went  
To have that great secret won;  
But when he heard those two oaths  
He was in a great surprise,  
To think that such foolish oaths  
Should meet him a king so wise;  
Then he thought but not before,  
His wife she had led him astray,  
In a weak hour he promised her—  
It was likely he must obey;  
At times Pharaoh's daughter  
Over him bore a very great sway.  
Then they dissolved the meeting  
To meet the third night again,  
That he might plead with Sheba,  
But his pleading was in vain;  
She then told him plainly  
That promise he must fulfill,  
For him to swear a few oaths  
Would do him nor her no ill.  
They then met at the appointed time,  
The oaths they both did take,  
And in swearing the last oath  
Solomon's body it did shake:  
Then for a time in silence he sat  
Under a very great concern,  
A thinking what way to hide,  
That nations should not discern.  
Hiram spoke and said to him:  
"King Solomon be not dismayed,  
For we had a noble dream,  
We began a secret mason's trade;  
A trusty shepherd had a dream,  
As he lay on the mountain side;  
He dreamed a tree would grow,  
Spread its branches far and wide,  
And far beyond the ocean  
There it would root and grow,  
And across the lofty mountains,  
Far amongst the ice and snow.  
He came and told me his dream,  
He told it so straight and plain,  
I knew he told me the truth,  
Not a doubt did there remain.  
We undertook to build a house,  
A foundation two could not lay,  
We must add another one,  
For wood and stone and clay;  
We went the country through,  
And we searched all around,  
We came to a wise man's house,  
And a wise man there we found;  
Then we all three met together,

And our tools we did prepare,  
And likewise white aprons  
With fringes around so rare;  
Then we swore two hard oaths  
That our secrets we would keep,  
Keep them through the day,  
And mind them when going to sleep;  
Then we laid out a building,  
And we laid it out very fair;  
For each one to have a corner,  
Then we laid it out three square.  
Then we had a long debating,  
But we having two to one,  
If it should be a new thing,  
Or if Adam had it first begun;  
But the shepherd and myself,  
We were both too strong;  
And the other was a wise man,  
And he contended very long;  
But the wise man gave way,  
Then all three of us did agree,  
That Adam, unknown to Eve,  
Saw a secret at the knowledge tree,  
And from Eve he hid that secret,  
At the knowledge tree he found,  
He hid it under his apron,  
And it was buried in the ground.  
And for hundreds of years  
In the ground it lay concealed,  
And now by a shepherd's dream,  
It has been to us revealed.  
It is a tradition sent to us,  
And yet only sent to the wise;  
The poor and the simple ones  
We ought not them despise;  
And to kings and to rulers,  
This tradition it was sent,  
But to every common man  
It never yet was meant;  
Also to good trading men,  
Traders of every kind,  
Not to false hearted men,  
Nor was it sent to the blind.  
Our laws and regulations  
We have made but very few,  
We leave it to thy wisdom  
And what will please thy view;  
We are bound to help a mason  
If we find him in distress;  
We have signs and motions,  
We know him by his address;  
We must notify a mason,  
If we think him in danger;  
We are apart from other men,  
Every other man's a stranger.  
We know a mason at a distance,  
When he is too far to talk;  
If we can see him plainly,  
We may know him by his walk.  
Eleven signs and motions,  
In rotation they are set down;  
Likewise we drew a picture  
Representing a morning gown.  
If all I have not told you,  
I will show you all the rest,  
With me our works I have brought,  
And they are nailed up in a chest."

Then he brought in his chest,  
 And he opened it right wide;  
 He showed Solomon his tools,  
 With all he had concealed inside.  
 Then Solomon viewed them  
 Trembling, and was afraid,  
 He viewed them a long time,  
 Then spoke to Hiram and said:  
 "Oh, Hiram, thou King of Tyre!  
 Dost thou now yet believe  
 Adam found a secret at the tree,  
 That was not known to Eve?  
 If thou wast in Adam's place,  
 And sitting like him all alone,  
 And a rib was taken from thy side,  
 That would be a bone of thy bone,  
 And give to thee a help mate,  
 Wouldst not thou then rejoice?  
 And if she were to thee a trusty wife,  
 Would she not be a goodly choice?  
 If thou was to go unto a tree,  
 And find a secret that was good,  
 Wouldst thou not tell thy wife,  
 That is thy own flesh and blood?  
 When Eve did eat of that fruit,  
 It having such a goodly taste,  
 She found it such a pleasant fruit,  
 She took some to Adam in great haste.  
 Eve ate of the forbidden fruit,  
 Some to Adam then she brought,  
 Adam and Eve were beguiled,  
 And myself have been caught.  
 Thy shepherd's dream I do believe,  
 And the truth thou hast told;  
 That part I do not believe,  
 Adam did that tree ever behold;  
 One thing thou didst not tell,  
 Thou told me not the mystic tie,  
 In uniform masons must go,  
 To bury a mason after he doth die;  
 Now since I am bound so fast,  
 A great secret it must be kept,  
 The foolishness I have done  
 In secret I have sorely wept."  
 Then they formed five more oaths,  
 And each set down in its place,  
 To make their secrets stronger,  
 So as not to come to disgrace;  
 And the first hard oath was,  
 If to a prison they were led,  
 They would not tell any secrets,  
 If they lay there till they were dead;  
 And another hard oath was,  
 If a weapon is pointed to their breast,  
 They should tell no secrets  
 If their bodies were sent to rest;  
 Next is if their eyes were put out,  
 And both sockets left bare,  
 No secrets except to masons,  
 They should ever share;  
 Next is if their limbs were lacerated,  
 Every limb taken off one by one,  
 No secrets yet should they tell,  
 If all these things were done;  
 Fifth, if alive nailed up in a coffin,  
 That coffin buried in a grave,  
 None except masons

Their secrets yet should have.  
 Then Solomon added laws,  
 Some that were very good—  
 Sustain a poor travelling mason,  
 With lodging and with food;  
 And if he is away from home,  
 And yet on his journey,  
 If we find he is in need,  
 Then offer him some money.  
 Lay not with a mason's wife,  
 And defile not his bed,  
 If she is his lawful wife,  
 And lawfully they are wed;  
 Help the widows of masons  
 And orphans when they are poor,  
 And send them not a begging,  
 Nor empty from our door;  
 Then of signs and motions  
 They added yet seven more,  
 Before they had eleven,  
 It then made two less than a score.  
 They had not signs enough,  
 Then they made yet another;  
 If a mason wronged a mason,  
 He'd know by calling him brother.  
 Then came the time that Sheba  
 That secret she must know,  
 She came to their lodge-room,  
 And then into it she did go;  
 When she had sworn those oaths,  
 She then gave out a loud laugh,  
 If she had known before,  
 She'd not have been such a silly calf;  
 Of long fringed aprons she made fun,  
 They were nothing but a sham;  
 Said she could make better ones  
 Out of the skin of a ram;  
 Said she should not stay long,  
 She would soon withdraw,  
 She cared not for their secrets,  
 Nor much for their law;  
 She found in their laws also,  
 She said, something of a bother,  
 It did not answer very well,  
 To call a female a brother;  
 Said she would leave them,  
 And at home she would stay,  
 The place did not suit her;  
 Then she went straight away.  
 Hiram was so affronted,  
 Because she spoke so rough,  
 Their laws must stop all females,  
 For the one was enough;  
 They agreed that all honest men  
 To join them should be free:  
 It has been called a mason's trade,  
 Now we name it freemasonry.  
 The signs and the motions,  
 I very well do know them all,  
 If any one wants to know them,  
 He may upon me call;  
 There are nineteen insane ones  
 Of late have been destroyed,  
 All through masonry—  
 Of mercy they are so devoid.  
 No laws can restrain them,  
 Nor no good will gain them.

## THE PURGATORY OF SUICIDES.\*

We should neither be doing justice to ourselves, nor to the talented author of this work, if we did not take a review of the events of 1840 and 1842, which took place in England, and which have since proved to have been of the very highest importance. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the years 1839—'40—'41, and '42, and part of '43, were years of the greatest commercial depression, not only in England, but in the world, generally. The position of England, in a commercial point of view, may be considered as the lever of the world; it is to her, almost exclusively, that we look to the condition of the money market, breadstuffs, cotton, and, in fact, every thing that is included in the necessities of life. If the English markets evidence a depression, it acts on the markets of the world, as surely as a heavy atmosphere acts on the barometer. She being the great fulcrum from whence the world is regulated, it will not be considered amiss if we take a review of some of the principal events in her history, but, more especially so, when it bears directly on the history of this great poem, and the principal eras in the life of its great author.

The history of Chartism is comprised almost within the years 1839—'40—'41—'42, and '43. In those years, the main strength of the body was exercised in endeavouring to accomplish its ends. The main leaders in this body were Irishmen—a very singular fact, and one which speaks well of the absence of the impartiality on the part of Englishmen, to be led by a set of men who are as alien in their feelings as they are to Americans at this day. Feargus O'Connor, Bronterre O'Brien, D'r McDowell, were the leading men in this great movement—a movement which at one time numbered in a petition to the House of Commons over 3,000,000 of signatures! There were other men connected with this body, of much ability, and among the most conspicuous were Thomas Cooper, the subject of this article, James Leach, Julian Harney, David Ross, Joseph Rayner Stephens, Collins and Lovett, who were imprisoned together; John Frost, who is now undergoing his sentence in Australia—transportation for life—for the riots at Monmouth, in Wales, and in which Williams and Jones were associated in the same county, for the same offence, at the same place and time. There were a host of

smaller stars, too many in number to notice, who lent their aid and influence for the accomplishment of the six points of the Charter.

Feargus O'Connor was the proprietor of the *Northern Star*, and wrote also a number of letters each week, addressed to the "Fustian Jackets, Blistered Hands, Unshorn Chins," &c.. The temper of these articles was of the most boisterous, clamorous, abusive, and egotistical character, that ever found vent either in Billingsgate, or (we hope we are not too profane,) in the Houses in Congress, during the debate on Slavery. The editor of the *Star*, at this time, was a Rev. M'r Hill—God save the Rev.—for never was a title more gloriously abused, than this gentleman evidenced in every week's *Star*, for several years. The proprietor and the editor were constantly trying which could use the worst Billingsgate language, not only to systems of society, but to men of the highest standing in society. Every adjective that the English language could furnish, or could be manufactured, were as profusely used as Addison used the elegant in the *Spectator*; and then we had letters from Bronterre O'Brien, a disciple of the same school, and, as his followers thought at that day, one of the most successful ones. His main forte was the Currency Question; on this point he entirely exhausted himself, and afterwards he followed in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, F. O'Connor, and for his intemperate and impolitic language he was imprisoned—we forget for what period. A personal difficulty occurred between F. O'Connor and Bronterre O'Brien, arising from jealousy of each other, but more especially from O'Connor. He thought that the popularity of O'Brien would endanger him as leader of the Chartists; and, in order to decapitate him, he was as unscrupulous as Charles the First, when he changed his ministers so often, when his power was in any way endangered. It was therefore resolved that O'Brien should not be allowed to write for the *Star*, and his influence was to be otherwise curtailed. This was done, and it caused O'Brien's friends to run to his rescue; and they assisted him, and he began a paper called the *Guardian*, if we mistake not, for we are writing altogether from memory. Thus two papers were printed every week, more to the regret of the people afterwards, than at that time they had any reason to expect. O'Brien's paper only lived a short time, but the *Star* went on, illuminating the minds of the people with the most wretched English that low grovelling minds could collect together.

About this time, the Anti-Coyne Law League, with Cobden at its head, commenced their operations with such strength,

\* The Purgatory of Suicides. A Prison Rhyme. In Ten Books. By Thomas Cooper, the Chartist. Third edition. London: Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly. 1853.



and in such a commendable spirit, as to merit the attention of all sound thinking people. This body was denounced by O'Connor and the whole Chartist body, as one that was originated by the manufacturers to destroy their chance of obtaining the Charter. It must be taken into consideration, that, at this time more particularly, when the people were actually starving for want of food, that any means which the manufacturers thought would alleviate the distress of the country, would be suspiciously looked at by them, as there was neither affinity of feeling between them at any time, nor was it at all probable that there would be unity of action.

O'Connor, confident of raising a large party against the middle class, began in the *Star*, in his usual manner of denouncing every thing and every man, as a madman only would do, and advised the people to oppose every meeting the Anti-Corn Law League held; and he followed Cobden, like a wolf would a sheep, and, wherever he could pounce on him, he would use his select language in no very measured terms. This conduct by the Chartists was carried on for a long time, until it became impossible for the Anti-Corn Law men to hold a public meeting. They no sooner commenced, than the people hooted them, until they resolved for the future to hold no meetings but by circular. This was done until the people became a little calmer, and in a few years afterwards the people united with them, and their ends were finally accomplished. The instability of the people led on by demagogues, was never better illustrated than in this case. We happened to be in England two years ago, when it was announced that Derby and his party intended to put on the Corn Law again; it was no sooner announced, than Cobden was sent for to address the people in all the great towns on this proposed measure. We were at one of those meetings, where more than five thousand people were assembled to hear the man they had so often hooted; and there they came to pay him homage for the benefits they had received from his measures! But we find we could occupy more time and room, by giving an epitome of this important movement, than would become the province of this review—so that, suffice it to say that Thomas Cooper was among the most violent of these men, and that his eloquent speaking was the cause of much mischief being done at Leicester—but more of this hereafter. We cannot inform the reader what peculiar locality Thomas Cooper was born in, further than he was born in England, of poor and humble parents; nor can we give anecdotes of his life previous to his becoming a

public lecturer; but we are informed by himself that he bent over the last and wielded the awl, till he was three and twenty years of age, struggling amidst weak health and deprivation, to acquire a knowledge of languages, and he now stands amongst the first linguists in Europe. After he quitted the last and the awl, he became a school-master, and did not enlarge beyond a laborious worker on a newspaper, until he served out his term of imprisonment in Stafford Jail.

We are indebted for the writing of the poem, "The Purgatory of Suicides," to his imprisonment; and when such high authorities as the *Electric Review*, *Edinburgh Review*, *Britannia Mail*, and a host of others have pronounced it to be one of the most original poems since Milton's "Paradise Lost," we make no apology for giving it an extensive review. It is not much known, we admit; but its heterodoxy and classical learning are the sole causes why it has not been republished here. Shelley's "Queen Mab" is more heterodox, more atheistical, and yet it is admired, in spite of these most serious objections; and, though not one of the most popular of our poets, yet there are few, however orthodox they may be, but what break the trammels of orthodox prescription, if they have any fine feelings or taste for the really beautiful.

Shelley has thrown around his atheism a fine halo of the really beautiful, which makes the reader forget the sentiment for the poetry. Cooper's atheism—we should not go quite so far, and yet we do not know what else to call it—to say it is infidelic is but vague— indefinite; so that, if we call it atheism, we may be the nearest, though it must be understood not to be Shelley's atheism—is something indefinite, very doubtful, and withal holding out hope to his orthodox admirers, that it is not at all improbable that his ideas may change for the better.

Cooper has failed, in comparison to Shelley, in giving more prominence to the poetic, than the sentiment of the verse. In reading Cooper, we find strength of thought, originality of ideas, and vast descriptive powers, which startle by their compactness, and leave the most vivid effect on the mind, as to the real object of the author; but Shelley might utter the same ideas, and, while we would not regard the subject-matter, we should be enchanted with the really beautiful, the poetic and ideal, which his genius always imparted to what he wrote. Cooper has thrown too much *Carlyleism* into his verse; and, while it may suit the admirers of Carlyle in a philological point of view, it will always be a great drawback for the great mass of readers to attempt to under-

stand what might have been made one of the most popular poems in the language. The poem is popular with the *thinkers*—not with those who are *learning to think*. One thing may be said in Cooper's favour, which the readers of Carlyle cannot claim, if they wished—that the great amount of linguistic knowledge which he had in his mind, did to a great extent infect his composition; but, we will proceed to give some illustrations, in order to show to the reader what he thinks of the claims our author has to be classed among the highest on the poetic pedestal.

The first six stanzas of the first book, contain the substance of a speech he delivered to the colliers in the Staffordshire Potteries, on the 15th of August, 1842. We may here add, that we have had the pleasure of hearing Cooper speak, and we have heard few that could equal him either in thought or soul-stirring eloquence. Cooper adds in his preface some remarks about the effects of his speech, which he shall state himself. "Without either purposing, aiding and abetting, or even knowing of an outbreak, till it had occurred, I regret to add that my address was followed by the demolition and burning of several houses, and by other acts of violence."

For this he was tried, and after very ably defending himself for upwards of four hours, the jury acquitted him on the most important charge—a charge on which poor Ellis and others were transported for life; it is the general opinion that he was indebted alone to his own able defence for an acquittal, on the charge of burning and demolishing property. Cooper says: "After being at liberty some time on bail, I was tried before Judge Erskine for a *sedition conspiracy*. My discontent rose to stern resolve, however, as soon as I found, by the opening of counsel, that it was intended, by what I considered unfairness, to revive all the old charges of 'aiding to burn and demolish' in this second trial, although under an indictment for conspiracy only. My judge acted worthily of one who bears the honoured name of Erskine, and allowed me all the fair play an Englishman desires, who had to plead his own cause, without lawyer or counsel, against four regular gownsmen with horse-hair wigs. The struggle lasted ten days, and the county papers made testy complaints of "the insolent darning of a Chartist, who had thrown the whole county business of Staffordshire and Shropshire, and Herefordshire into disorder." Cooper was convicted of conspiracy, and he suffered confinement in Stafford Jail for two years and eleven weeks.

The fruits of his confinement were the products of part of an "Historical Romance," a small "Hebrew Guide," and the "Purga-

tory of Suicides." His great work, by its title, conveys a very ominous and grave-like sensation with it, but it is entirely original, and is executed in a masterly manner. All the great men, from the remotest periods which history mentions, are assembled in grand conclave, and hold communion together.

The execution of this poem has required a most elaborate mind to conceive, and the greatest judgment to execute. An "Essay on Man" might be written, a "Don Juan," "Lake Poetry," and other poems of great merit, without that mental labour, that historical knowledge evinced by "The Purgatory of Suicides!" Here is the substance of the speech which caused his imprisonment:

"Slaves, toll no more! Why delve, and moli, and pine,  
To glut the tyrant-forgers of your chain?  
Slaves, toll no more! Up, from the midnight mine,  
Summon your swarthy thousands to the plain;  
Beneath the bright sun marshalled, swell the strain  
Of liberty; and, while the lordlings view  
Your banded hosts, with stricken heart and brain,  
Shout, as one man,—'Toll we no more renew,  
'Till the Many cease their slavery to the Few!'

'We'll crouch, and toll, and weave, no more—to weep!'  
Exclaim your brothers from the weary loom:  
Yea, now, they swear, with one resolve, dread, deep,  
'We'll toll no more—to win a pauper's doom!'  
And, while the millions swear, fell Famine's gloom  
Spreads from their haggard faces like a cloud  
Big with the fear and darkness of the tomb,  
How, 'neath its tears, are the tyrants bowed!  
Slaves, toll no more—to starve! Go forth and tame the  
Proud!

And why not tame them all? Of more than clay  
Do your high lords proclaim themselves? Of blood  
Illustrious boast they? or, that reason's ray  
Beams from the brows of Rollo's robber-brood,  
More brightly, than from yours? Let them make good  
Their vaunt of nobleness—or now confess  
The majesty of ALL! Raise ye the feud—  
Not, like their sires, to murder and possess;  
But for unbounded power to gladden and to bless.

What say ye,—that the priests proclaim content?  
So taught their Master, who the hungry fed  
As well as taught; who wept with men, and bent,  
In gentleness and love, o'er bier and bed  
Where wretchedness was found, until it fled?  
Rebuked he not the false ones, till his zeal  
Drew down their hellish rage upon his head?  
And who, that yearns for world-spread human weal,  
Doth not, ere long, the weight of priestly vengeance feel?

Away!—the bowl of wolves in sheep's disguise  
Why suffer ye to fill your ears?—their pride  
Why suffer ye to stalk before your eyes?  
Behold, in pomp, the purple prelate ride,  
And, on the beggar by his chariot's side,  
Frown sullenly, although in rags and shame  
His brother cries for food! Up, swell the tide

Of retribution, till ye end the game  
Long practised by sleek priests in old Religion's name.

Slaves, toll no more! Despite their boast, ev'n kings  
Must cease to sit in pride,—without your toll:  
Spite of their sanctity,—the surpliced things  
Who through all time, have thirsted to embroil  
Man with his neighbour, and pollute the soil  
Of holiest mother Earth with brother's gore,—  
Join but to fold your hands, and ye will foil  
To utter helplessness,—yea, to the core  
Strike their pale craft with paler death! Slaves, toll no  
more!—

The strength and power of these six stanzas are as remarkable for thought, as they are for eloquence. We do not advocate political clap-trap oratory, nor do we look upon this effusion, this strong appeal to the sense of the wrongs the working classes were labouring under, as one of those daily stereotyped speeches we can have at a few moments notice from any disinterested, aspiring politician; no,—we claim for it the most beautiful imagery and original comparisons that the language can furnish. The lines beginning with the words,

"Beneath the bright sun marshalled, &c.,"

can in reality claim to comprise one of the most effectual ideas that it was possible to apply, under the circumstances. The fifth line of the second stanza has one of the most appalling images the mind can furnish. It may not be possible for the reader to think these verses were sufficiently powerful to arouse the feelings of the audience to such an extent, as to cause them to go and burn and destroy the houses of the most detestable men in the town; but, if they hesitate in belief of such an effect, it would soon be dispelled, had they listened to that most powerful eloquence which the author can at all times infuse into his subject. We have heard him speak, and, though we have made it a point to hear all the eloquent men of the day, we have not yet heard one that equalled him in power. He is a man of small stature, not exceeding five feet five inches in height, with a common-place looking countenance, which you would pass in the streets as that of a very ordinary person; but how different when his mind is excited! You can perceive at once that his fiery soul is held by no bounds—a gleam of intuitive genius spreads around his common-place head, and he takes you where he pleases—you cannot help it—you are as irresistibly compelled to follow him, as though you had got into the Niagara stream; the power of his genius reigns supreme.

For such a man as Sir William Follet, who is known to have been one of the ablest lawyers at the English bar, to have said during the prosecution of Cooper—point-

ing to him with an austere look—"This man is the chief author of the violence that occurred, and I conjure your lordships to pass a severe sentence on the prisoner, Cooper," is sufficient to understand that his powers of oratory are of the first order. It is a rare thing for poets to be orators; and, when we find such cases, we always feel interested in knowing something about them. By a singular coincidence, another man and a lyrical poet too of the very first class, has arisen from the Chartist ranks, who is equally as eloquent an orator as Cooper. We refer to Ernest Jones. He has been imprisoned also for his defence of the people's wrongs; he may be a more dangerous man than Cooper—for lyrical songs are more subject to be read by the people than classical, learned poetry. The songs of Ernest Jones cannot be surpassed for soul-stirring eloquence; but we may refer to him at some future time.

We have not yet explained the plan of "The Purgatory of Suicides;" and it is desirable we should do so, for the author has not been so explicit on this point as Milton was, when he wrote the Arguments on which each book of his "Paradise Lost" was founded. The idea of the author is to assemble, in one grand conclave, all the great spirits of the past who have committed suicide, and he gives to each a character in accordance with historic truth. The idea is not entirely original, but the manner in which the poet uses his materials is entitled to some credit, as an original production. It may be called an historic poem, and one that does not gleam over the common occurrences and personages of ancient times, but makes us acquainted with events and persons that are not to be found in Taylor's Manual of History, nor yet in any popular epitome of history. The Reviews, and particularly the Eclectic Review, have given Cooper great praise for his extensive research into history, and the accuracy of his statements. No one can read the poem for its historic character, but must be astonished at the untiring industry the poor shoemaker has applied, in acquiring languages that could not be dispensed with, in order to illustrate the subject properly.

#### INSCRIPTION ON A CLOCK SENT AS A WEDDING PRESENT.

Like the Old Man Time  
On Eternity's path,  
The hands are incessantly moving;  
They warn ye, a life-time  
Is passing away.  
While Time is left to ye—be loving.

## THE CIPHERER.

He standeth beside that worn old desk,  
Which has seen his locks turn gray;  
Quickly he ciphers, and quickly he writes,  
But his life is passing away.

He stands as he did, when years ago  
Poor Bessie received his troth;  
And he proudly told her, "he kept the books,"  
And was earning enough for both.

Little they wanted, in that bright time,  
When every thing seemed like May,  
And little they thought that Winter might come,  
And Spring-time was passing away.

But Winter *has* come, and Bessie has gone,  
And the Cipherer's brain is weary,  
For now he travels Life's journey alone;  
And the traveller's pathway is dreary.

Ever he addeth, and ever he writes,  
As he did in a by-gone day,  
But only habit is driving the quill,  
For his heart is far away.

Far, far away from the time-worn desk,  
Where he stands from morn 'till even,  
For his only thought, is of *one that's gone*,  
And the day they'll meet in Heaven.

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

*The Position of Christianity in the United States, in its Relation with our Political Institutions, and especially with Reference to Religious Instruction in the Public Schools.* By Stephen Colwell. Lippincott, Grambo & Co.: Philadelphia: 1854. Pp. 175.

This is in many respects a remarkable pamphlet, but it is defective in its comprehension of the question of religious liberty. We meet in almost every page with the word "toleration," but nowhere with the true phrase, "religious liberty."

The author appears to labour under the idea that the denomination to which he belongs, which is about three hundred years old, tolerates another denomination which is at least thirteen hundred years old.

*Putnam's Monthly.* October, 1854: G. P. Putnam & Co.: New York.

The present may be pronounced a *fair* number of this excellent Journal, though not the *fairest*. The last number we had occasion to notice was so surcharged, so overbrimming with "fatness," that it was not to be expected we should *immediately* witness its peer.

N'o 1, "Count Stedingk," is a very interesting reminiscence of our Revolutionary days, and presents us a Swedish hero, who fought our battles, besides winning and retaining, for more than a generation, one of the loftiest positions in his native land. The name was new to us, or at any rate, we had forgotten it, so that we found these memorials exceedingly attractive.

N'o 2, "The Painter's Portfolio," shows glimpses of a fine, subtle vein of thought and sentiment, but it seemed to us that the writer had not *fully* succeeded in giving *expression* thereto.

N'o 4, "African Proverbial Philosophy," is well worth attentive examination. We suspect many readers will be astonished, as we were, to find so much advanced wisdom in that darkened region.

Without specializing further, we will say, that in the remaining articles the reader will find much to entertain and not a little to instruct, though they may not be in Putnam's *best* strain. One of the pieces is *pretentious*, and little else; one or two exhibit "commotion without movement," and some are indifferent; but these it is hardly worth the while to particularize.

## EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

## VOLUME FIFTH OF BIZARRE.

In commencing the present volume of BIZARRE on the 8th of April last, it was proposed, as the headings indicate, that the *volume* should not be terminated before the expiration of the year. It has been considered better however to conclude the volume with the present, the 26th part, making it a semi-annual volume, uniform with the preceding four.

## "THE FIRST BEGINNING OF FREEMASONRY."

We publish in the present number of BIZARRE a literary curiosity with the above title. It was written—in one of the most remarkable styles of chirography we have ever seen—by an illiterate inmate of one of our insane hospitals.

## CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE.

This well established and favorite dramatic temple opened last week, under the most favorable and gratifying auspices for the season. The lessee, Mr James Quinlan, who has so long presided over its fortunes, and to whose ability and policy it owes its present position, has left nothing undone to secure for it a continuance of its popularity. His exertions hitherto have received the

most flattering endorsements of the public; and his exertions now will be appreciated and applauded. He has thrown open his theatre for the fall and winter with a well organized company, many of them long established favorites.

The selection of M'r R. Johnson as stage manager, was a judicious one. M'r Johnson too has been pronounced one of the most accomplished and artistically natural actors in America. M'r Colin Stewart, a new comer, has made quite a favorable impression; we hope he may continue as successfully as he has begun.

The gentlemen who compose the remainder of the company seem well adapted to the posts they have been chosen for.

The ladies have been carefully selected, and have received a most flattering approval of our public. M'rs Buckland *née* Kate Horn stands at the head of the list. We congratulate M'r Quinlan on having secured the services of this beautiful and talented comedienne. The other ladies have been well received; Miss Warwick in particular, who has been quite successful in the character of Rosina Meadows.

#### A PUBLIC FEAST 350 YEARS AGO.

At the dinner of the Worshipful Company of Founders, on the 31st. of July, at the Brunswick Hotel, Blackwall, England, on the plate of each guest was placed a richly embellished bill of fare of the day, accompanied by a printed bill of the charges of an entertainment to about thirty of the Livery, in 1498, the earliest noticed in their records. M'r Williams, the Master of the Company, induced by his antiquarian predilections, presented it to his Brother Founders, and as no more were printed than for the service of those present, it is here reprinted as an historical illustration of Civic hospitality in days long since passed by.

Th' Accompt of the receipts and payments by oon hoole yere, of Robert Setcole, Edmond Birle, and John Parker, otherwise called John Sena, Wardyns of the Crafte of Foundours, made and done from [Nov. 17,] the Feest of Saint Clement the [Pope] and Martyr, in [1497] the xiiijth yere of the Reigne of Kyng Henry the vijth, unto the same Feest in [1498] the xiiijth yere of the same Kyng.

#### Payde for the Souper.

First, for brede	iij s.	vid.
Item, for ij barells of meale with the bultyng	xxxiiij s.	
Item, for ij barells of ale	vij s.	
Item, for the hire of the Halle	vij s.	
Item, for v dosen di of chekyns	iiij s.	

Item, for xxx sholders of moton	vij s.	vid.
Item, for x dosen of pegions	vij s.	vjd.
Item, for xxxij conyes	vs.	iiij d.
Item, for vij leggs of moton, and iiij whits [whitebreads?]		xviij d.
Item, for v dishes of butter		vij d. ob.
Item, for di lb. of peper		ix d.
Item, for cloues and mace ij onz.		vij d.
Item, for suger, iij lb.		ix d.
Item, for reisons of Coraunt		vi d.
Item, for di onz. of Saffron		vij d.
Item, for ij lb. of dates		vij d.
Item, for v. C. peres		xvd.
Item, for salt, vynegre and mustard		vj d.
Item, to the Mynstrells		xx d.
Item, for C. di of eggs		xvj d.
Item, to the Coke for his labor, seruants, and stuff	va.	
Item, to the boteller		xij d.
Item, for v galons of wyne	iijs.	iiij d.
Item, for iij gallons of creme		xij d.
Item, for onyons and herbes		ii d.
Item, for the waterberer		iiij d.
Item, for washyng of clothes		xx d.
Item, for scouryng of the vessells		vj d.
Item, for ij quarters of coles		vij d.
Item, for quartern of fagots		xd.
Item, for candells, tappers, and trasshes		ij d.
Item, for Porter		iiij d.
Sum payd for the Souper, iijl. xij s. vd.		

#### THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT.

The Emperor, Charles the Sixth, on the commencement of the war between Austria and the Turks, in 1717, took leave of his general, Prince Eugene, in these words: "Prince, I have set over you a general who is always to be called to your council, and in whose name all your operations are to be undertaken." The Emperor then placed in his hand a crucifix richly set with diamonds; at the foot was an inscription, "Jesus Christus Generalissimus." "Forget not," added the Emperor, "that you are fighting his battles who shed his blood for man upon the cross; under his supreme guidance attack and overwhelm the enemies of Christ and Christianity."

#### IRISH ADVERTISEMENT.

The following appeared in the *Limerick Chronicle* recently, in the shape of an advertisement: "An extensive landed proprietor on the banks of the Shannon will make a wager of £500 that he has the handsomest wife, the handsomest nine children, and the handsomest estate in Ireland. Application to be made to J. F. E. G., Eyres's Hotel, Glin, county Limerick."











DEC 5 - 1929

